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MICKLE.

Beneath a leafy Vine the nymph reclin'd

Dr. Martyn, page 100.

Drawn by J. Thurston.

Engraved by Agar.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XXII.

CONTAINING

THE POEMS OF MICKLE, SHAW, LOVIBOND, AND PENROSE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY; AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

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THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:

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CONTENTS.

Page

WLEDGE: an Ode..... 1

ELEGIES.

A Night Piece..... 9
Pollio..... 13
Mary, Queen of Scots..... 18
Liberty..... 28
On the Death of the Princess Dowager of Wales..... 33
Epitaph on General Wolfe..... 33
——— on J. H. Mortimer, R. A..... 34
To the Memory of Commodore Johnstone.... 35
Inscription on an Obelisk..... 38
Sacred to the Heirs of Radnor Castle..... 39

BALLADS.

Hengist and Mey..... 40
The Prophecy of Queen Emma..... 47
The Sorceress..... 52

SONGS.

The Shepherd in love..... 60
The Linnets..... 61
There's nae Luck about the House..... 62
Eskdale Braes..... 64

ODES.

Page

May-Day; or, The Druidical Festival..... 67
Vicissitude..... 72

FRAGMENTS.

Tell me, gentle Echo, tell..... 75
Come, gentle Peace..... [illegible]
Upbraid me not, nor thankless fly..... [illegible]

MISCELLANIES.

Almada Hill 78
To a young Lady studious of Botany..... 101
Sonnet on passing the Bridge of Alcantra 102
Stanzas on Mr. Garrick..... 103

IMITATIONS OF SPENSER.

Syr Martyn..... 104
On the Neglect of Poetry..... 149

TRANSLATIONS.

Psalm lxviii. 155
Epithalamium, from the Hebrew of Mr. Depas. 158
Sonnet from Tasso 159
——— from Petrarch..... 160

KNOWLEDGE.

AN ODE.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

Ducit in errorem variorum ambage viarum. OVID.

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease, my careless fancy stray'd,
  And o'er the landscape ran:
Reviv'd, what scenes the seasons show;
And weigh'd, what share of joy or woe
  Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat;
The oxen lowe beneath my feet,
  Along the clover'd dale;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whistles near behind,
  And breaks the new-mown vale.

'Hail, Knowledge, gift of Heaven! (I cried)
Ev'n all the gifts of Heaven beside,
  Compar'd to thee, how low!
The blessings of the earth, and air,
The beasts of fold and forest share,
  But godlike beings KNOW.

'How mean the short-liv'd joys of sense;
But how sublime the excellence
Of wisdom's sacred lore!
In death's deep shades what nations lie,
Yet still can wisdom's piercing eye
Their mighty deeds explore.

'She sees the little Spartan band,
With great Leonidas, withstand
The Asian world in arms;
She hears the heavenly sounds that hung
On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
And glows at Tully's charms.

'The wonders of the spacious sky
She penetrates with Newton's eye,
And marks the planets roll:
The human mind with Locke she scans;
With Cambray, virtue's fame she fans,
And lifts to Heaven the soul.

'How matter takes ten thousand forms
Of metals, plants, of men and worms,
She joys to trace with Boyle.
This life she deems an infant state,
A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
Beyond this mortal toil.

'What numerous ills in life befal!
Yet wisdom learns to scorn them all,
And arms the breast with steel:
Ev'n Death's pale face no horror wears;
But, ah! what horrid pangs and fears
Unknowing wretches feel!

'That breast excels proud Ophir's mines,
And fairer than the morning shines,
Where wisdom's treasures glow:
But, ah! how void yon peasant's mind,
His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd,
Nor cares he more to know.

'The last two tenants of the ground,
Of ancient times his history bound;
Alas! it scarce goes higher:
In vain to him is Maro's strain,
And Shakspeare's magic powers in vain;
In vain is Milton's fire.

'Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
Can give his soul the grand delight
To trace Almighty power:
His team thinks just as much as he
Of nature's vast variety,
In animal and flower.'

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
Accosts mine ear; I look'd around,
And, lo! an ancient sage,
Hard by an ivied oak, stood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle grey flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added solemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And Peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
  And thus the sage began:
'Godlike it is to know, I own;
But, oh! how little can be known
  By poor short-sighted man.

'Go, mark the schools where letter'd pride,
And star-crown'd science, boastful guide,
  Display their fairest light;
There, led by some pale meteor's ray,
That leaves them oft, the sages stray,
  And grope in endless night.

'Of wisdom proud, yon sage exclaims,
Virtue and vice are merely names,
  And changing every hour;
Ashley! how loud in virtue's praise!
Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays,
  And strips her of her dower.

'Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns;
Hobbes smiles on vice; Descartes maintains
  A godless passive cause:
See Bayle, oft slily shifting round,
Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
  And change, O Truth! thy laws.

'And, What the joy this lore bestows?—
Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
  Above what bestials claim:
To quench our noblest native fire,
That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
  Is all its hope, its aim.

'Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
Where ignorance her tents hath plac'd,
More dismal scenes display:
A scene where virtue sickening dies,
Where vice to dark extinction flies,
And spurns the future day.

'Wisdom, you boast, to you is given;
At night then mark the fires of Heaven,
And let thy mind explore;
Swift as the lightning let it fly
From star to star, from sky to sky,
Still, still are millions more.

'The immense ideas strike the soul
With pleasing horror, and control
Thy wisdom's empty boast:
What are they?—Thou canst never say:
Then silent adoration pay,
And be in wonder lost.

'Say, how the self-same roots produce
The wholesome food and poisonous juice;
And adders, balsams yield?
How fierce the lurking tiger glares,
How mild the heifer with thee shares
The labours of the field?

'Why, growling to his den, retires
The sullen pard, while joy inspires
Yon happy sportive lambs?
Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray;
Now weary of their gambling play,
All single out their dams.

'Instinct directs—But what is that?
Fond man, thou never canst say what:
  Oh, short thy searches fall!
By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,
The useful arts of men increase,
  But this at once is all.

'A trunk first floats along the deep,
Long ages still improve the ship,
  Till she commands the shore;
But never bird improv'd her nest,
Each, all at once of powers possess'd,
  Which ne'er can rise to more.

'That down the steep the waters flow,
That weight descends, we see, we know,
  But why, can ne'er explain:
Then, humbly weighing Nature's laws,
To God's high will ascribe the cause,
  And own thy wisdom vain.

'For still the more thou know'st, the more
Shalt thou the vanity deplore
  Of all thy soul can find:
This life a sickly woful dream,
A burial of the soul will seem,
  A palsy of the mind.

'Though knowledge scorns the peasant's fear,
Alas! it points the secret spear
  Of many a nameless woe.
Thy delicacy dips the dart
In rankling gall, and gives a smart
  Beyond what he can know.

'How happy then the simple mind
Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
  Where all is smiling peace!
No thoughts of more exalted joy
His present bliss one hour destroy,
  Nor rob one moment's ease.

'The stings neglected merit feels,
The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
  When crush'd by wayward fate;
These are not found beneath his roof,
Against them all securely proof,
  Heaven guards his humble state.

'Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But, mark, how just the ways of Heaven!
  True joy to all is free:
Nor wealth, nor knowledge, grant the boon;
'Tis thine, O Conscience! thine alone,
  It all belongs to thee.

'Bless'd in thy smiles the shepherd lives;
Gay is his morn; his evening gives
  Content and sweet repose:
Without them—ever, ever cloy'd,
To sage or chief, one weary void
  Is all that life bestows.

'Then would'st thou, mortal, rise divine,
Let innocence of soul be thine,
  With active goodness join'd:
My heart shall then confess thee bless'd,
And, ever lively, joyful taste
  The pleasures of the mind.'

So spake the sage——My heart replied,
'How poor, how blind, is human pride;
All joy how false and vain;
But that from conscious worth which flows,
Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,
And hopes an after reign!'

ELEGIES.

A NIGHT PIECE.

The scene is an old church-yard, (now the principal street of the city of Edinburgh) where the famous Buchanan, and some of the most celebrated personages of his age and nation, lie interred.

So now, the doors are shut; the busy hand
Of industry suspends her toil awhile,
And solemn silence reigns; the men of law
Nor throng the passage to the wrangling bar,
Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curse
Their cause's long delay. The labourer
Lies wrapt in sleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
Gathering new vigour for to-morrow's toil.
And happy he who sleeps! Perhaps, just now,
The modest widow, and the weak old man,
Fainting with want, recline the languid head;
While o'er their riotous debauch, the rout
Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
Applaud the witless but envenom'd jest.

At yon dim taper, poring o'er his bonds,
Or copious rent-roll, crooked avarice sits;
Or, sleepless, on his tawdry bed revolves
On plans of usury. Oh, thrice dire disease!
Unsocial madness! Wherefore all this care,
This lust of gold, that from the mind excludes
All thought of duty or to God or man?
An heir debauch'd, who wishes nothing more
Than the old dotard dead, shall throw it all
On whores and dogs away; then, cursing life,
That naught but scoundrel poverty affords,
By his own hand a mangled carcass falls.
Now, smoking with unhallow'd fires, the sons
Of brutal riot stroll along the streets,
Scenting the prostitutes: perhaps the son
Of some well-meaning countryman, entic'd
By lewd companions, midnight orgies holds,
Kennels with some abominable wretch,
Contracting foul disease; one day to strike
His hopeless parents' hearts with biting grief,
And o'er their reverend hoary cheeks to pour
The sad parental tear.
Behold how grand the lady of the night,
The silver moon, with majesty divine,
Emerges from behind yon sable cloud;
Around her all the spacious heavens glow
With living fires! In the pale air sublime,
Saint Giles's column rears its ancient head,
Whose builders many a century ago
Were moulder'd into dust. Now, O my soul,
Be fill'd with sacred awe! I tread above
The chiefs of ancient days, great in the works
Of peace, and dreadful in the ranks of war,
Whose manly harness'd breasts and nervous arms

Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land; [sons
But now, in death's blank courts, mix'd with the
Of basest deeds; and now unknown as they.
Where now, ye learn'd, the hope of all your rage
And bitter spleen? Ye statesmen, where the meed
Of all your toils, and victims at the shrine
Of wild ambition? Active Moray's bones
With Errol's dust in dreary silence rest:
The sly Buchanan and the zealous Knox
Mingle their ashes in the peaceful grave
With Romish priests, and hapless Mary's friends.
No quarrel now, no holy frauds disturb
The slumber of the dead. Yet let me ask,
And awful is the question, where, oh where,
Are the bright minds, that once to mighty deeds
The clay that now I tread above inspir'd?
Hah! 'twas a flash of fire! how bright it shone!
How soon it was no more! such is the life,
The transient life of man: awhile he breathes,
Then in a little with his mother earth
Lies mix'd, and known no more. Even his own race
Forget his name; and should the sound remain,
Ah, let ambition sicken at the thought!
Dull as a twice-told tale it meets the ear.
Founders of states, their countries' saviours, lie
In dark oblivion: others only live
In fables wild and vague. Our hoary sires,
Who saw the wave of Marlborough's sword decide
The fate of Europe and her trembling kings,
Relate his actions as a monkish tale
Without concern: and soon the days shall come,
When Prussia's hinds shall wild adventures tell
Of Frederic and his brothers, such as oft
The British labourer, by winter's fire,

Tells to his wondering children, of the feats
Of Arthur and his knights, and Celtic wars.
  Say, ye immortal sons of Heaven, who rule
This nether world, who, from old Nimrod's days,
Down to the present, have beheld the fate
Of emperors and kings, say, which the life
The ever conscious shade will like to own?
Does Cæsar boast of his immortal name,
How, wading through the blood of millions, he
Enslav'd his country? No: he drops the head,
And imprecates oblivion to enwrap
The horrid tale. Not so poor Socrates:
With everlasting smiles he humbly owns
The life, that was a blessing to mankind.
  The heroes, whose unconquerable souls
Would from their country's interests never flinch,
Look down with sweet complacence on the realms
Their valour sav'd. O Wallace, patriot chief!
Who durst alone thy country's right assert;
Betray'd and sworn away by all but thee.
And thou, great Bruce, who many a doubtful day,
For thy enslav'd and groaning country's sake,
Stray'd o'er the solitary hills of Lorn;
Say, what bold ecstasies, heroic joys,
Your mighty souls inspire, when you behold
A nation to this day bless'd by your arms!
And such the recompensing heaven of those,
The happy few, who, truly great of soul,
Are masters of themselves; who patient wait
Till virtue's endless sabbath shall arrive,
When vice shall reign no more, and virtue bleed
And weep no more: when every honest pang
Their hearts have felt, and mourn'd their efforts vain,
Shall yield high joy, when God himself applauds!

POLLIO.

WRITTEN IN A WOOD NEAR ROSLIN-CASTLE, 1762.

Hæc Jovem sentire Deosque cunctos
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.—
HORAT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been often said, that fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it is a circumstance against him. The following Elegy was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

The peaceful evening breathes her balmy store;
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among;
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
  The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
  And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters, tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
  Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
  The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale
  The gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;
  Dark solitude among the pillars lours.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
  And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
  And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
  Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
  Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade,
  Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head
  A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air
  Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
  Though, trembling, o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
  Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have [led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
  Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
  Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the Lea,
Eying their rescued fields with proud delight;
  Now lost to them! and, ah, how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
  The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,
  When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
  And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
  Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
  These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
  To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him, with her purest flames, the Muse endow'd,
  Flames, never to the' illiberal thought allied;
The sacred Sisters led where virtue glow'd
  In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
  Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
  And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
  Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
  When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
  Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
  And sainted well, have lost their cheering powers:

For thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh! where,
  Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
  Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
  The trackless shores that never were repast!
Dread separation! on the depth untried
  Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes;
  And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
  And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most sublime,
  The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
  Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here:

So plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,
  The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there's a clime where virtue shall expand,
  With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
  With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner, at midnight's darksome tide,
  With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
  In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
  Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
  Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
  And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
  Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
  And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
  Still, oh, my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,
  And swell thy breast with visionary joy:

So, to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
  In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
  While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
  The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
  The flowery mountains sung, 'Messiah reigns!'

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
  Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the Abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
  What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the Cross in hoary ruin nods,
  And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
  And soothes me wandering o'er my kindred bones,

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
  When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
  Messiah's Cross far blazing o'er the skies.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.
BUCHANAN.

The balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
  And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
  Now through the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
  The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
  And Annan murmuring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of love?
The songs of love, of innocence, and joy!

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon full oft in cheerful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear,
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the Lady of the' aërial train,
Tall as the silvan goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin-band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis, by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook, a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's guardian Genius lost in woe:
'Ah, say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow?

'Oh, stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
Your solemn rites! Here comes no foot profane:
The Muse's son, and hallow'd is his eye,
Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

'See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies!
Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these!
Ye nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
Oh, say what music will her soul appease!'

'Resound the solemn dirge, (the nymphs reply)
And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower;
Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
And melancholy wake her melting power;

'For art has triumph'd—art that never stood
On honour's side, or generous transport knew,
Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew.

'But come, ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits, come,
And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
While in this hallow'd bower we raise the tomb,
And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

'O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
Her's every charm, and every loveliest grace,
When nature's happiest touch could add no more
Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

'Oh! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
Where from the oak depends the misletoe,
Where creeping ivy shades the druid's cell,
Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow:

'Or, whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You through the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia sheds
Her silvery light o'er Esk's translucent tide:

Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
  By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come!
Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
  And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.

'And, come, ye fleet magicians of the air,
  (The mournful Lady of the chorus cried)
Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
  And through this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide:

'And let the songs, with solemn harpings join'd,
  And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!'
She spoke, and waking through the breathing wind,
  From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began—'How bright her early morn!
  What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!
To wield the awful British sceptres born!
  And Gaul's young heir her bridal bed ascends.

See round her bed, light floating on the air,
  The little loves their purple wings display;
When, sudden skrieking at the dismal glare
  Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

Far with the loves each blissful omen speeds,
  Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan,
The bridal-bed the sable hearse succeeds,
  And struggling factions shake her native throne.

No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
  May'st thou, O Queen! thy lovely form display;
No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
  Nor in Parisian bowers outshine the day.

For the cold north the trembling sails are spread;
  Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast
While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
  Thy future woes in boding sighs confess'd [1]!

A nation stern, and stubborn to command,
  And now convuls'd with faction's fiercest rage,
Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
  And asks a bridle from thy tender age.'

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
  Her native shore receives the mournful Queen:
November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
  In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene.

The House of Holy Rood, in sullen state,
  Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
Cold on the mountain's side, type of her fate,
  Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough
  O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign:
Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow
  The dreary echoes to the gales complain.

[1] The unhappy Mary, in her infancy, was sent to France to the care of her mother's family, the House of Guise. The French court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated with all the distinction due to her high rank; and as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. and on the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the House of Guise required the return of the young Queen to Scotland. She left France with tears, and the utmost reluctance; and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
  The high pil'd city rears her gothic towers;
The stern brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
  Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance lours [2].

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
  Far from her heart was seen to speed away;
Straight dark-brow'd factions entering in, destroy
  The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moonshine to the nuptial bower
  Her Francis comes, by love's soft fetters led;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour [3],
  Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

'Ah! draw the veil!' shrill trembles through the air:—
  The veil was drawn—but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch [4] the fates prepare,
  The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
  Far from the couch offended prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful faction rav'd,
  And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

[2] These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy Rood House, are local; yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

[3] Lord Darnley, the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

[4] Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, an unprincipled politician of great address.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears,
  Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
  And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick-field, deserted and forlorn,
  The beauteous Queen, all tears, is seen to fly;
Now, through the streets [5] a weeping captive borne,
  Her woe the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again, the vision shifts the woful scene;
  Again, forlorn, from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister-Queen,
  The lovely injur'd fugitive relies.

When wisdom, baffled, owns the' attempt in vain,
  Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free;
Some friend appears, and breaks affliction's chain:
  But, ah, no generous friend appears for thee!

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
  Deform'd the airy scenery as it past;
The haunt where listless melancholy dwells,
  Where every genial feeling sinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend [6]!
  'Ah, cease to tell it in the female ear!
A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend!
  Oh, generous passion, peace; forbear, forbear!

[5] When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan seems to drop a tear when he relates these circumstances.

[6] This is according to the truth of history.

'And could, oh, Tudor! could thy heart retain
No softening thought of what thy woes had been,
When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant Queen?

'And could no pang from tender memory wake,
And feel those woes that once had been thine own;
No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne?

'Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew:
Dried were the tears which for thyself had flow'd;
Dark politics alone engag'd thy view;
With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd!

'And say, did wisdom own thy stern command?
Did honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
Ah!—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed.

'The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
When first thy woful captive hours began,
Ere Heaven, ah, hapless Mary! set thee free,
That babe to battle march'd in arms—a man.'

An awful pause ensues—With speaking eyes,
And hands half-rais'd, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
While, slow and sad, the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the axe, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberds guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
  And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and pensive hang the head,
  And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene, and nobly mild, appears the Queen;
  She smiles on Heaven, and bows the injur'd head:
The axe is lifted——From the deathful scene
  The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled—

It fled: the wood-nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
  As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
So when the huntsman hears the rattling fawn,
  He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
  As Cuma's maid when by the god inspir'd;
'The depth of ages to my sight unfold,
  (She cries) and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

'On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
  Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
With sovereign pride, wherever roars the main,
  Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

'Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone,
  Age after age, through lengthening time, shall see
Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
  And either India bend to them the knee.

'But Tudor, as a fruitless gourd, shall die!
  I see her death scene!—On the lowly floor
Dreary she sits; cold grief has glaz'd her eye,
  And anguish gnaws her, till she breathes no more.

'But hark! loud howling through the midnight gloom,
Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell!
Oh, save! ye generous few, your Mary's tomb;
Oh, save her ashes from the baleful spell!

'And, lo, where Time, with brighten'd face serene,
Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky;
See Truth walk forth, majestic awful Queen!
And party's blackening mists before her fly.

'Falsehood, unmask'd, withdraws her ugly train;
And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—
Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
Of latest ages, injur'd Queen, are thine [7].'

The milky splendours of the dawning ray,
Now through the grove a trembling radiance shed;
With sprightly note the wood-lark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled.

7 The author of this little Poem to the memory of an unhappy Princess, is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration:—The Letters, which have always been esteemed the principal proofs of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Francis and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demonstration. And to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious Cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian—a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity, and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that, to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of virtue.

LIBERTY:

AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC, LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus.
VIRG.

THE wood-lark wakes, the throstle hails the dawn,
The lambkins bleating pour along the green;
In festive pomp, advancing o'er the lawn,
The nymphs of Liberty surround their Queen.

Embosom'd in a grove her temple rose,
Where oaks and laurels form'd a grateful shade;
Her walks adorn'd with every flower that blows,
Her walks where with the Loves the Muses play'd.

In awful state, on Parian columns rais'd,
With silver palms entwin'd, appear'd the throne,
In heaven's own colours, where the altars blaz'd,
The glories of her reign illustrious shone.

The first of times their native joys display!
Beneath his vine the rural patriarch sleeps;
The cattle o'er the boundless common stray,
And nature one unblemish'd sabbath keeps.

There o'er the landscape dark ambition lowers;
From council deep the awful patriots rise;
There sudden vengeance blasts the traitor's towers,
And prostrate in the dust the tyrant lies.

Here shone thy heroes, Greece, thy fathers, Rome,
Ere Persian luxe your better times defac'd;
But shone not all whose deeds your pride would plume,
Here Brutus lower'd in shades ambiguous cast.

A gloomy horror there invests the skies:
'Tis there your polish'd chiefs their trophies raise;
With mingled grief and rage the native eyes
Wide o'er his fields the hostile standards blaze;

His wife, his altars, babes, and hoary sire,
Rush on his thoughts—the battle fires his breast;
Thus glows, Caractacus, thy noble ire,
With all the goddess in thy mien confess'd.

With holy mitre crown'd, and awful eye,
There Mattathias frowns, and points the place
Where low on earth his country's altars lie,
And bids his sons revenge the foul disgrace.

The barbed spears seem trembling in their hands,
While ardour kindling in their eye-balls glows;
With sword half drawn the godlike Judas stands,
And victory fires his soul, and marks the foes.

Fair o'er the rest the shrine of Alfred shone,
From Gothic night the Muses guard his toils;
There juries sit; the laws support his throne,
And freedom o'er the piece triumphant smiles.

High o'er the dome the festive standard flows,
The nymphs obey the sign, and leave the dells
Where blooms the lilac, where the wild rose blows,
Where hermit peace with mild contentment dwells.

Sublime as Pallas, arm'd with helm and spear,
(The tyrant's dread) the goddess march'd along ;
Bare was one knee, one snowy breast was bare,
The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder hung.

Her woodland train in solemn pomp she led,
(The Muse beheld them trip the sacred ground)
Fair freedom o'er their mien its graces shed,
Their brows with oak and purple blossoms bound.

The rocky cliffs and winding dales reply,
While to their queen they raise the votive strain;
'Wide o'er the world,' they sung, 'from sky to sky,
Extend, O goddess, thy benignant reign.

'Though constant summer clothes the Indian soil,
Though Java's spicy fields embalm the gale,
Though Ganges sees unbidden harvests smile,
All, all these sweets without thee nought avail.

'The fainting native eyes with dumb despair
The swelling clusters of the bending vine,
The fruitful lawns confess his toilful care,
Alas! the fruits his languid hopes resign !

'On Tigris' banks still rise the palmy groves,
And still Euphrates boasts his fertile plains ;
Ah ! vain the boast—'tis there the murd'rer roves,
'Tis there wild terror solitary reigns !

'On Tadmore's site the lonely shepherd stands,
And as he views the solemn waste around,
With eager watch explores the Turkish bands,
And dreads the plund'rer's rage in every sound.

'Return, O queen, O patroness of joy!
With ancient splendour to thy Greece return:
Ignoble slaves thy once lov'd seats destroy,
On Pindus, thee, the silent Muses mourn!

'Nor Po's fair banks, nor Baia's sands invite;
Fallen Genius there her broken urns deplores;
Nor Gallia's fairest landscapes please the sight,—
Thy dictates exil'd from her hostile shores.

'But o'er the realms, where thy mild influence beams,
O'er Britain's plains, the Muse delighted roves,
Delighted wanders o'er the banks of Thames,
Or rests secure in Clifden's rural groves.

'There by the dawn, elate with lightsome glee,
The joyous shepherd and the hind are seen,
The voice of mirth, when evening shades the lea,
Heard loud and natural o'er the village-green.

'No tyrant there the peasant's field invades,
Secure the fold, his labour all his own;
No ravisher profanes his osier shades,
His labours wealth and independence crown.'

'Twas thus the chorus struck the Muse's ear
As through Elysian shades she sportive rov'd—
The British nymphs in mournful pomp appear,
The British nymphs to freedom best belov'd.

Loose to the wind their snow-white vestments flow,
The cypress binds their locks with darksome green;
Yet grateful raptures mid their sorrows flow,
While thus with Fred'ric's praise they hail their Queen.

'Twas not in vain thy dictates swell'd his breast,
'Twas not in vain he vow'd his heart to thee;
Fair midst thy heroes stands his name confess'd,
The friend of men, the patron of the free.

Though cypress now his lowly bed adorns,
Though long ere eve at life's bright noon he fell,
Yet shall the song, oft as this day returns,
At freedom's shrine his happy labours tell.

'The drooping spirit of a downward age
Beneath his smile with ancient splendour rose,
Corruption blasted, fled his virtuous rage,
And Britain triumph'd o'er her bosom foes.—

'Oh! whether, sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You through the haunted dells of Mona glide,
Or brush the upland lea when Cynthia sheds
Her silver light on Snowdon's hoary side.

'Hither, ye British Muses, grateful come,
And strew your choicest flowers on Fred'ric's bier!
'Tis Liberty's own nymphs that raise the tomb,
While o'er her Son the goddess drops a tear.

'Fair to his name your votive altars raise;
Your bowers he rear'd, to him your strains belong;
Even virtue joins to gain the Muse's praise,
Him loves the Muse whose deeds demand the song!'

ON THE DEATH OF

THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES,

IN 1772.

ASPERS'D by malice and unmanly rage,
Disgraceful stamp on this flagitious age,
In conscious innocence secur'd from blame;
She sigh'd—but only sigh'd o'er Britain's shame:
She saw her children throng their early tomb,
Disease slow wasting fade her Glo'ster's bloom!
She saw—but death appear'd a friendly guest,
His arrow pointing to the realms of rest!
Calmly she views him, dauntless and resign'd,
Yet drops one tear for those she leaves behind.
Warm from the heart these honest numbers flow
Which honour, truth, and gratitude bestow.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL WOLFE,

Slain at Quebec 1759; *aged* 34.

BRITON, approach with awe this sacred shrine,
And if the Father's sacred name be thine,
If thou hast mark'd thy stripling's cheeks to glow
When war was mentioned, or the Gallic foe,
If shining arms his infant sports employ,
And warm his rage—Here bring the warlike boy,

Here let him stand, whilst thou enrapt shalt tell
How fought the glorious Wolfe, how glorious fell:
Then, when thou mark'st his bursting ardours rise,
And all the warrior flashing in his eyes,
Catch his young hand, and while he lifts it here,
By Wolfe's great soul the future Wolfe shall swear
Eternal hate against the faithless Gaul,
Like Wolfe to conquer, or like Wolfe to fall.
  What future Hannibal's shall England see
Rais'd and inspir'd, O gallant Wolfe, by thee!

EPITAPH

ON JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, R. A.

Who died in 1779, *at the Age of* 40.

O'ER Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed;
Pleas'd was each Muse, for full his honours spread:
To bear his genius to its utmost shore,
The length of human days could give no more.
  Oh, Mortimer! o'er thy untimely urn,
The Arts and all the gentle Muses mourn;
And shades of English heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh.
Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
And all the poetry of painting thine.
Oh! long had thy meridian sun to blaze,
And, onward hovering in its magic rays,
What visions rose!—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
In the fir'd moments of their bravest strife,
Bursting beneath thy hand again to life!

So shone thy noon—when one dim void profound
Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness clos'd around.
Alas! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb,
Rob'd of their hope, bewail the Artist's doom,
Thy friend, O Mortimer, in grief sincere,
Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent tear;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
Forgets the honours of thy wondrous art.

TO THE MEMORY OF

COMMODORE JOHNSTONE[1].

THROUGH life's tempestuous sea to thee 'twas given
Thy course to steer, yet still preserv'd by Heaven;
As childhood clos'd thy ceaseless toils began,
And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
Thy country's cause thy ardent youth inspir'd,
Thy ripen'd years thy country's dangers fir'd;

[1] George Johnstone was one of the younger sons of Sir William Johnstone, Bart. Dumfriesshire, and early devoted himself to the sea service. After passing through the subordinate stations, he was, on the 6th of February, 1760, appointed master and commander; and on the 11th of August, 1762, was advanced to be a captain in his Majesty's service. On the peace, which soon after succeeded, he was nominated governor of West Florida, where he resided for some time. Returning to England, he took a very active part in the affairs of the East India Company, particularly in opposition to Lord Clive. In 1766 he was supposed to have contributed very materially to a pamphlet, entitled, 'A Letter to the Proprietors of East India Stock, from John Johnstone, Esq. late one of the Council at Calcutta, Bengal,' 8vo; and in 1771, he is known to have written 'Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies, par-

All life to trace the councils of the foe,
All zealous life to ward the lifted blow[2].
When dubious Peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted shade,
Thy active mind illiberal ease disdain'd;
Forth burst the senator unaw'd, unstain'd!
By private aim unwarp'd as generous youth,
Thy ear still listening to the voice of truth,
That sacred power thy bursting warmth control'd,
And bade thee at her side be only bold.
Nor toils of state alone thy cares employ'd;
The Muses in thy sunshine glow'd and joy'd.
When filial strife unsheath'd the ruthless brand,
And discord rioted on Salem's strand,

ticularly respecting Bengal,' 8vo. In 1773 he was a candidate for the Directorship, in which he did not succeed. He was chosen into Parliament, through the interest of Sir James Lowther, for Cockermouth, and in 1774 for Appleby. In the course of his parliamentary duty, he threw out some reflections on Lord George Germaine, (afterwards Viscount Sackville) which occasioned a duel between them on the 17th of December, 1770. He afterwards was named one of the commissioners to treat with America, and went there, but without success. In 1779 he resumed his naval employment, and distinguished himself by his bravery and conduct. He died May 24, 1787.

[2] The Commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He sent the first notice of the Spanish declaration of war in 1761 to Admiral Rodney, then commanding in the West Indies, in consequence of which the Havannah was taken. He sent also the first account of the sailing and destination for the West Indies of the grand Spanish fleet in 1780 to Admiral Rodney, then also commander on that station. In consequence of this intelligence, many of the Spanish transports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the West Indies retarded for that season.

Thy hands to Salem's strand the olive bore,
Alas! denied—and liberal peace no more
Smil'd on the crest of hope; thy country's weal
Again to action wak'd the patriot zeal;
Old Tagus saw the British red-cross stream
O'er Gallia's lilies and the tawny gleam
Of proud Iberia's castles: Belgia mourn'd
Her broken faith, and Afric's shores return'd [3].
Her Lisboan groans for British friendship spurn'd.
Again life's tempest beaten ocean roar'd,
And round thy head the mists of faction pour'd:
Dark lour'd the storm; but Heaven's own light rose mild,
And rescued honour on thy death-bed smil'd [4],
Soft shedding peaceful joy; the blissful sign,
That Heaven's forgiveness and its balm were thine.
All hail, sooth'd shade! The Muse that own'd thy care
Hails thee, and blesses Heaven that heard her pray'r.
For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
Shall flourish, ever white its flowery bloom;
And gratitude, oh Johnstone! round thy shrine,
And friendship, heave the sigh, and thy fair wreath entwine.

3 Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he sent into the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch Indiamen in Saldanna-bay in 1781.

4 Alluding to the sentence against him in the cause of Captain Sutton, being reversed by the House of Lords, the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.

AN

INSCRIPTION ON AN OBELISK,

AT LANGFORD IN WILTS,

The Seat of the Earl of Radnor, commemorating the unfortunate Fate of Mr. Servinton, who was formerly in possession of that Estate.

WHILE o'er these lawns thine eye delighted [strays,
Allow a pause to hear the tale of woe;
Here stood the parent elm in elder days,
Here o'er its Lord slow wav'd the wither'd bough,
While pale and cold his famish'd cheek full low
On the rude turf in death's last swooning lay.

Ev'n now methinks his anguish'd look I see,
As by the menials taunted from the door;
Fainting he wander'd—then beneath the tree
Sunk down—sweet Heaven, what pangs his bosom tore,
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more,
He roll'd his dying eyes.—Ah! what compare
To this the lessons taught of sages hoar?
By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
By all thy hopes of joy, *oh fortune's child*, beware!

SACRED TO THE

HEIRS OF RADNOR CASTLE.

O THOU, whose hopes these fair domains inspire,
  The awful lesson here bestow'd attend,
With pensive eve here let thy steps retire,
  What time rapt fancy's shadowy forms descend.

Hark! from yon hall as headlong waste purveys,
  What Bacchanalian revels loud resound,
With festive fires the midnight windows blaze,
  And fever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis past—the mansion owns another Lord,
  The ousted heir, so riotous erewhile,
Now sits a suppliant at his wonted board,
  Insulted by the base-born menials' smile.

By the base menials taunted from the door,
  With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more,
  Unknowing where, on trembling knees and slow:

Till here, beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
  Fainting he sinks—Ah! let thy mind descry,
On the cold turf, how low his humbled head,
  On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghastly eye.

By his mad revels, by his last heart-sigh,
  Oh, thou, of these proud towers the promis'd heir,
By every manly virtue's holy tie,
  By honour's fairest bloom, oh fortune's child, beware!

BALLADS.

HENGIST AND MEY.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

In ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
  Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land,
  The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
  Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
  But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
  Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer
  Her mind was lost in love.

The Abbess saw—the Abbess knew,
  And urg'd her to explain:
'O name the gentle youth to me,
  And his consent I'll gain.'

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey replied,
  'His name—how can I say?
An angel from the fields above
  Has rapt my heart away.

'But once, alas! and never more,
  His lovely form I spied;
One evening by the sounding shore,
  All by the green wood side.

'His eyes to mine the love confess'd,
  That glow'd with mildest grace;
His courtly mien and purple vest
  Bespoke his princely race.

'But when he heard my brother's horn,
  Fast to his ships he fled;
Yet while I sleep, his graceful form
  Still hovers round my bed.

'Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
  He shakes a warlike lance;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
  He leads the sprightly dance.

'His hair, as black as raven's wing;
  His skin—as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
  His lips like rose-buds glow.

'His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
  By Nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
  To love, and to command.'

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
  Her hopeless pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
  And summer cloth'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber's side
  The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle-gates
  The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
  The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
  Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
  Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
  Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
  Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
  His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
  Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
  While big with love he sighs;

'Oh! thou for whom I dar'd the seas,
  And came with peace or war;
Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
  Relieve thy lover's care!

'For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
With thee the wilds explore;
Or with thee share the British crown;
With thee the cross adore.'

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So blushing through the dews of morn
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears, from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomanry
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts, and clang of arms,
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
  Assum'd the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
  Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
  The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
  Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew
  Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
  On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
  His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
  To this, was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
  With whirlwind speed he press'd,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
  Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
  With heedless rage pursued,
Till trembling in his cloven helm,
  Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head—slow dropt his spear;
  The reins slipt through his hand,
And stain'd with blood—his stately corse
  Lay breathless on the strand.

'O bear me off, (Sir Elmer cried)
Before my painful sight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
I claim as victor's right.'

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.

'O wash my wounds, my sister dear;
O pull this Saxon dart,
That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
Has almost pierc'd my heart.

'Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,
And Britons, yet unborn,
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their solemn feasts adorn.'

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest,
'Oh, Merlin! (loud she cried)
Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love
Shall have a breathless bride!

'Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
That low my Hengist lies!
O Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
My brother bleeds and dies!'

She spake—the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirits fled:
So nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
  She lifts her languid eyes;
'Return, my Hengist, oh, return,
  My slaughter'd love!' (she cries:)

'Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
  With all his grace he moves;
I come—I come, where bow nor spear
  Shall more disturb our loves.'

She spake—she died. The Saxon dart
  Was drawn from Elmer's side,
And thrice he called his sister Mey,
  And thrice he groan'd, and died.

Where in the dale, a moss-grown cross
  O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
  Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
  With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
  Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
  All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
  And sing their hapless loves.

THE

PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

O'ER the hills of Cheviot beaming
  Rose the silver dawn of May;
Hostile spears and helmets gleaming,
  Swell'd along the mountains grey.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
  Through the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
  The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs, like torrents pouring,
  Edwin's horsemen rush'd along,
From the hills, like tempests louring,
  Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now protended,
  And the yew bows half were drawn,
When the female scream ascended,
  Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins, round her weeping,
  Wav'd aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood Queen Emma shrieking
  Ran between the dreadful bands:

'Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
  Bids you grasp the' unhallow'd spear
Heaven detests the war fraternal:
  Oh, the impious strife forbear!

'Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praise.

'O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

'Edgar! shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field?
Oh, my sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

'Ha, what sight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners braving
Thy insulted brother's spear?

'Ah, bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd,
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Through thy trembling forests prowl'd;

'When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd——
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword?

'With that sword shalt thou assail him
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee?

'Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
  And thy stern resolves forbear:
Shall revenge thy councils darken?
  Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!

'Wisdom tells and Justice offers
  How each wound may yet be balm'd:
Oh, revere these holy proffers;
  Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

'Oh, my sons'——But all her sorrows
  Fir'd their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;
  Soon the vallies reek'd with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
  Fled the Queen all stain'd with blood,
In her purple bosom quivering,
  Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended
  Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to Heaven extended,
  Scatter'd her uprooted hair:

'Ah, my sons, how impious, cover'd
  With each other's blood,' she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
  And wild scream for scream replied—

'From that blood around you steaming,
  Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
  Muster round the' offended skies.

'See what burning spears protended,
Couch'd by fire-eyed spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!

'O'er you both Heaven's lightning vollies,
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

'Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman,
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

'Ha, what signal new arising
Through the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of Justice poising
High aloft the' eternal scales.

'Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!

'Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile shower distils.

'But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky;
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies,
Distant thunders groan and die.

'O'er thy proudest castles waving,
  Fed by hell and magic power,
Denmark towers on high her raven,
  Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.

'Cursed be the day detested,
  Cursed be the fraud profound,
When on Denmark's spear we rested,'
  Through thy streets shall loud resound.

'To thy brother sad imploring,
  Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Ha, in settled darkness louring,
  Now no more the visions rise!

'But thy rancorous soul descending
  To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
  War on war shall bleed and rage.

'This thy freedom proudly boasted,
  Hapless Edgar!' loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
  Down on earth she sunk, and died.

THE SORCERESS;

OR,

WOLFWOLD AND ULLA.

Prisca fides. VIRG.

'Oh, low he lies; his cold pale cheek
Lies lifeless on the clay;
Yet struggling hope—O day-spring, break,
And lead me on my way.

'On Denmark's cruel bands, O Heaven!
Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
Before my Wolfwold's spear be driven—
O rise, bright morning hour!'

Thus Ulla wail'd, the fairest maid
Of all the Saxon race;
Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly shade,
While tears bedew'd her face.

When sudden, o'er the fir-crown'd hill,
The full orb'd moon arose;
And o'er the winding dale so still,
Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breast
Her anxious care delay;
But deep with hope and fear impress'd,
She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower, and all alone
  She trac'd the dale so still;
And sought the cave with rue o'ergrown,
  Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
  With hemlock, fenc'd the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground,
  Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spied,
  Cold horror shook her knee;
'And hear, O Prophetess! (she cried)
  A Princess sue to thee.'

Aghast she stood! athwart the air
  The dismal screech-owl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
  Asunder burst in two.

Her robe of softest yellow, glow'd
  Beneath the moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs strew'd,
  Effus'd a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the Sorceress spied,
  As in her deepest cell,
At midnight's magic hour she tried
  A tomb-o'erpowering spell.

When, from the cavern's dreary womb,
  Her groaning voice arose,
'O come, my daughter, fearless, come,
  And fearless, tell thy woes.'

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
  When whirlwinds sudden rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
  When his base army flies;

So shook, so stood, the beauteous maid,
  When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
  In matted rags obscene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
  Loose hung her ash-grey hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
  Her blue-flam'd eye-balls glare.

Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd
  Clung round her shoulder bones,
Like wither'd bark, by lightning sear'd,
  When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue
  Her ghostly length array'd,
A gaping rent, full to the view,
  Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

'And tell, my daughter, fearless, tell,
  What sorrow brought thee here!
So may my power thy cares expel,
  And give thee sweetest cheer.'

'O mistress of the powerful spell,
  King Edric's daughter see,
Northumbria to my father fell,
  But sorrow fell to me.

'My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won;
My father on him smil'd:
Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
His pride the youth exil'd.

'Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
Their gloomy black wings spread,
And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
Their dreadful squadrons sped.

'Return, brave Wolfwold, (Edric cried)
O generous warrior, hear;
My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
Awaits thy conquering spear.

'The banish'd youth in Scotland's court
Had past the weary year:
And soon he heard the glad report,
And soon he grasp'd his spear.

'He left the Scottish dames to weep;
And, wing'd with true love speed,
Nor day, nor night, he stop'd to sleep,
And soon he cross'd the Tweed.

'With joyful voice, and raptur'd eyes,
He press'd my willing hand;
"I go, my fair, my love, (he cries)
To guard thy father's land.

"By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
The daring foe we meet,
Ere three short days I trust to lay
My trophies at thy feet."

'Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
  And three long days beside,
Yet not a word from Edon's shore
  Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

'O mistress of the powerful spell,
  His doubtful fate decide;'—
'And cease, my child, for all is well,'
  (The grisly witch replied)

'Approach my cave, and where I place
  The magic circle, stand;
And fear not aught of ghastly face,
  That glides beneath my wand.'

The grisly witch's powerful charms
  Then reach'd the labouring moon,
And, cloudless at the dire alarms,
  She shed her brightest noon.

The pale beam struggled through the shade,
  That black'd the cavern's womb,
And in the deepest nook betray'd
  An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
  Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul-wing'd serpents, bore
  The altar's base obscene.

Eyeless, a huge and starv'd toad sat
  In corner murk aloof,
And many a snake and famish'd bat
  Clung to the crevic'd roof.

A fox and vulture's skeletons
  A yawning rift betray'd;
And grappling still each others bones,
  The strife of death display'd.

'And now, my child, (the Sorceress said)
  Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
To me shall render up the dead,
  And send him to my cave.

'His skeleton shall hear my spell,
  And to the figur'd walls
His hand of bone shall point and tell
  What fate his son befals.'

O cold, down Ulla's snow-like face,
  The trembling sweat-drops fell,
And borne by sprites of gliding pace,
  The corpse approach'd the cell.

And thrice the witch her magic wand
  Wav'd o'er the skeleton;
And slowly, at the dread command,
  Up rose the arm of bone.

A cloven shield, and broken spear,
  The finger wander'd o'er,
Then rested on a sable bier,
  Distain'd with drops of gore.

In ghastly writhes, her mouth so wide,
  And black the Sorceress throws,
'And be those signs, my child, (she cried)
  Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes.

'A happier spell I now shall try;
  Attend, my child, attend,
And mark what flames from altar high,
  And lowly floor ascend.

'If of the rose's softest red,
  The blaze shines forth to view,
Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
  The glimmering flame of blue!'

The witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
  And wav'd her wand on high;
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
  Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground;
  Her hands aloft were spread,
And every joint, as marble bound,
  Felt horror's darkest dread.

Her lips, erewhile so like the rose,
  Were now as violet pale,
And, trembling in convulsive throes,
  Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, erewhile so starry bright,
  Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
  Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
  And, glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame rose through the floor,
  A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
  Low from the inmost cave,
Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
  The vestments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
  His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through, his hand appear'd
  That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woful shade;
  Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
  And down she sunk, and died.

SONGS.

THE SHEPHERD IN LOVE.

WERE Nancy but a rural maid,
  And I her only swain,
To tend our flocks in rural mead,
  And on the verdant plain;
Oh, how I'd pipe upon my reed
  To please my only maid,
While from all sense of fear we're freed
  Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
  And clouds do black the sky,
Then to our oaken safe retreat
  We'd both together hie:
There I'd repeat my vows of love
  Unto the charming fair;
Whilst her dear fluttering heart should prove
  Her love like mine sincere.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west,
  And flocks are pent in fold,
Beneath an oaken tree we'd rest
  In joys not to be told.
And when Aurora's beams set free
  The next enlivening day;
We'd turn our flocks at liberty,
  And down we'd sit and play.

THE LINNETS.

As bringing home the other day
  Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
  For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
  I sprung across the mead,
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
  And warbled to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove
  In which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love
  When Chlora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
  To hear my tender tale,
But all in vain, she fled away,
  Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wounds that love had made
  Came pity to my breast,
And thus I as compassion bade,
  The feather'd pair address'd:
'Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
  Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free,
  Am caught as well as you.'

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are you sure the news is true?
  And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think of wark!
  Mak haste, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread
  When Colin's at the door!
Reach me my cloak, I'll to the quay
  And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
  There is nae luck at aw;
There's little pleasure in the house
  When our gudeman's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
  My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
  That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
  My stockings pearly blue;
'Tis aw to pleasure my gudeman,
  For he's baith leel and true.
For there's nae luck &c.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fire side,
  Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her button gown,
  And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their hose as white as snaw,
It's aw to please my ain gudeman,
  For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae, &c.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk
  Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare;
And mak the table neat and clean,
  Let every thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
  When he was far awa.
  Ah, there's nae, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like cauler air,
His very foot has music in't
  As he comes up the stair!
And shall I see his face again,
  And shall I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
  In troth I'm like to greet.
  For there's nae, &c.

[The caul blasts of the winter wind,
  That thrilled through my heart,
They're aw blawn by, I hae him safe,
  Till death we'll never part:
But why should I of parting tauk,
  It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
  The neist we never saw [1].]
  For there's nae, &c.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
  I hae nae mair to crave—
And gin I live to keep him sae,
  I'm blest aboon the lave.

[1] These lines enclosed between brackets were inserted by Dr. Beattie.

And shall I see his face again,
  And shall I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
  In troth I'm like to greet.
  For there's nae, &c.

ESKDALE BRAES[1].

By the banks of the crystal-stream'd Esk,
  Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
  And wild woodbine the shepherd's bower twines,

Maria, disconsolate maid,
  Oft sigh'd the still noon-tide away,
Or by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
  While woful she tun'd her love-lay;

Ah, no more from the banks of the Ewes
  My shepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm[2] and the Deansbanks refuse
  To echo the plaints of his song:

[1] The scene is laid on the banks where the two rivers of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Esk; on the banks of the former was anciently a castle belonging to the Knights Templars, on the ruins of which was built the house at which Mr. Mickle's father resided, and where the poet was born. It was composed at the request of Mr. Ballantyne, and was to have been set to music by Mr. Commissioner Balmaine, of the Scotch excise, had not death prevented him. Both these gentlemen were born in this district.

[2] The seat of John Maxwell, Esq. author of the celebrated 'Essay on Tune;' Deansbanks, so called from the Dean of the Knights Templars.

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
  His dog fondly barking I hear;
No more the tir'd lark he pursues,
  And tells me his master draws near.

Ah, woe to the wars, and the pride
  Thy heroes, O Esk, could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
  From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh, why did their honours decoy
  My poor shepherd lad from the shore?
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
  And oceans between us now roar.

Ah, methinks his pale corse floating by,
  I behold on the rude billows tost;
Unburied his scatter'd bones lie,
  Lie bleaching on some desert coast!

By this stream and the May-blossom'd thorn,
  That first heard his love-tale, and his vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
  And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghosts of the wars will I wail,
  In Warblaw [3] woods join the sad throng,
To Hallow E'en's blast tell my tale,
  As the spectres, ungrav'd, glide along.

[3] The skirts of this very picturesque mountain form a bank for the Esk and the Wauchope, and are covered with a beautiful and romantic wood.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,
  Old Esk still his crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
  And still green, oh Broomholm, are thy bowers!

No: blasted they seem to my view,
  The rivers in red floods combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
  And mix their sad ditties with mine!

Discolour'd in sorrow's dim shade,
  All nature seems with me to mourn,
Straight the village-bells merrily play'd,
  And announc'd her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
  The silver streams murmur new charms,
As, smiling, her Jamie drew near,
  And all eager sprung into her arms.

ODES.

MAY-DAY;

OR,

THE DRUIDICAL FESTIVAL.

'AWAKE, my sons, the milky dawn
Steals softly gleaming o'er the eastern lawn:
Already from their oaken bowers,
Scattering magic herbs and flowers,
That scent the morning gale,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
From every hill and dell around,
The Druids hasten to the sacred vale.'

'Twas thus the hoary Cadwell rais'd the strain;
Cadwell, the master of the lyric band,
The sacred Bards, who join'd the Druid's train,
When solemn feasts their hallow'd rites demand.

'Awake, my sons,' he cried, and struck his lyre:
When swelling down old Snowdon's side,
A thousand harps the note reply'd:
And soon a thousand white-robed bards
March'd round their hoary sire.

The birds of song in every grove
Awoke, and rais'd the strain of love;
The lark sprung joyous from his grassy nest,
And fluttering round, their powers confess'd,
And join'd the tuneful choir.

And now the mutter'd spell
Groan'd solemn to the sky:
And soon the dark dispersing shades
And night's foul demons with the twilight fly:
And soon the bleating race the fold forsook,
And o'er the thyme-clad mountain hoar with dew,
And o'er the willow-shaded brook
The floating mists withdrew.

When hastening to the sacred grove,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
Their mystic staves with wreaths of oak enwove,
The choral bands their sovereign chief surround.

'Twas thus while yet Monaeses liv'd,
While hoary Cadwell yet surviv'd,
Their solemn feasts the blameless Druids held:
Ere human blood their shrines distain'd,
Ere hell-taught rites their love profan'd,
'Twas thus o'er Snowdon's brow their sacred anthems swell'd.

Their chief, Monaeses, march'd before;
Monaeses, sprung from Heber's line,
Who, leaving Midian's fertile shore,
When scepter'd Belus challeng'd rites divine;
When tyranny his native fields defac'd,
Far to the peaceful west.

His kindred led—Phœnicia spread the sail;
Till where the groves of Albion rise,
Where Snowdon's front ascends the skies,
He bade his mates their happy mansions hail.

And now the sacred Morn appears,
That through the depth of rolling years
To celebrate creation claims the lay;
The Morn that gave the heavens their birth,
That saw the green, the beauteous earth
All blooming rise beneath the smiles of May.
'Then loud the hallow'd anthem raise,
And bid the mountain-summits blaze'—
The hallow'd song the Bards and Druids rais'd;
Glad echo caught the sound,
And on the mountain-tops far round,
The sacred altars blaz'd [1].

'And, hail, auspicious Morn!
Still may the lively pulse of joy
Confess thy glad return;
Still may the harp and song employ
The sacred hour when first thy trembling beams
The nodding groves and purling streams,
And shady grots adorn.'

'Twas thus the hoary Druids rais'd the song,
While by the sacred hill and grove,
Where misletoe the oaks enwove,
All clad in snowy white, august, they march'd along.

[1] May-day by the Druids, according to Dr. Stukeley, was observed as the day of the creation; and on that morn they kindled what they called holy fires on the tops of the mountains.

The fawns came trooping o'er the furrow'd land,
On Snowdon's cliffs the kids attentive stand,
While to Creation's Morn, the opening May,
The Master Druid thus resum'd the lay:
  'Awake, ye gales, your fragrance shed;
  Ye mountain cedars, bend the head;
Ye clouds of incense, from Arabia rise;
  Balmy, as after vernal rains,
Display, fair East, thy beauteous plains,
As one great altar fuming to the skies!
  'Tis nature's birth demands the lay,
Ye western isles, the grateful tribute pay;
  Ye flocks, that clothe with fleecy white
  The steep ascending mountain's height,
Or round the hamlet bleat along the lea,
  Your voices raise;—ye heifers, low,
  And from the furzy dells below,
Ye falling rivulets, swell the harmony!

  'Retain, ye hills, the solemn sound,
  Till Echo through her fairy round
Repeat it to the silent listening vale:
  Raise, raise, ye Bards, the melody,
  Wide spread the hands, low bend the knee,
And on Creation's Morn the great Creator hail!'
  'Attend,' they sung, 'ye aërial bands—
  O from the blood polluted East,
  Hither, ye guardian spirits, haste!
  Here each flower of fragrant smell,
  Each plant that aids the Druid's spell
  Your fostering care demands.

  'For you the blossom'd boughs embower
  The craggy glittering steep,
  Along whose rifts the cowslips creep,
    'And dashing fountains pour:

For you the sweet-briar clothes the bank,
For you, along the bordering mead,
The white and yellow flowers that love the dank,
Their watery carpets spread.
O come, propitious, and our rites befriend,
Till o'er the nodding towers the silent night descend!
O join the song, and far shall fly
Each demon, who beneath the midnight sky,
Rides on the screech-owl's wing, and far around
Scatters disease, and strife, and friendship's rankling wound.

'Then happy o'er our blissful bowers,
Here shall the peaceful day decline,
While fled from scenes of blood and woe,
The' aërial friendly powers,
In every stream's melodious flow,
In ev'ry concert of the grove shall join,
Shall lightly touch the shadowy lyre,
While with the dawn our joyous choir
Renew the holy rites from heaven receiv'd,
When with the sons of God our godlike fathers liv'd.

'Wave, my sons, the misletoe;
Wave the sacred branch on high:
Round our steps the spring-flowers strew,
Flowers of bright and cheerful dye,
Symbols of untainted youth,
Of glowing love and holy truth.

'Strew, my sons, the mystic grove.'
He spake—and instant round they spread
Chaplets, where the yellow hue
Was mix'd with flowers of lively blue,
Where snow-white lilies with the blossoms red,
The apple boughs enwove.

'All hail, ye venerable shades!'
Thus rose the hallow'd strain,
'Ye cloudy steeps, and winding glades;
All hail! and by your silver rills,
Your rosy dells, and thymy hills,
SHALL LASTING FREEDOM REIGN.'

VICISSITUDE.

—RAPT in thought that bids thee rise
In all thy forms before mine eyes,
I glow with joy to see thee come
In rosy health and youthful bloom:
And now cold horror trembles o'er my soul,
When thou in blank uncertainty array'd,
With iron-hearted deaf control
Throw'st all around thy awful, dubious shade.

Oh, give my song, mysterious power,
The joys and terrors of thy sway to tell,
Thy sway o'er universal nature spread,
The sweetest hope of man, and darkest dread!
Behold, where shivering in the rattling hail,
While drizzling black clouds o'er him lower,
Bent o'er his staff, with livid visage fell,
Dull Winter stays his creeping step to pause,
And wishful turns his icy eyes
On April's meads. Beckoning on flowery May,
With gentle shadowy hand thou mov'st away
The lingering churl. Swift o'er the primrose dale
The new-wak'd bee his humming labour plies;
And sudden from each budding grove,
Incense to heaven, the songs of love
Attest rejoicing nature's glad applause.

Glist'ning with dew the green-hair'd Spring
Walks through the woods, and smiling in her train,
Youth flutters gay on cherub wing,
And life exulting lifts the eye to heaven.
And crown'd with bearded grain,
And hay-grass breathing odours bland,
Bold Summer comes in manhood's lusty prime.
Anon his place is given
To veteran Autumn: yellow glows
His waving robe: with conscious mien sublime
He proudly lifts his sun-brown'd brows
High o'er the loaded clime.
For him the full-orb'd moon with orange rays
Gilds mild the night; for him her course delays;
And jolly wealth lies wide beneath his hand.
But soon decrepit age he shows,
And all his golden honours past,
Naked before October's blast,
He flies the plunder'd land.

With hoary-bearded cheek and front severe,
Of angry fretful scowl, from forest wild,
Now rheum-eyed Winter hastens to the plain;
The hollow blast low groaning in his ear,
Round his bald head the brown leaves drift amain;
And soon his snowy mantle wide he throws
O'er vale and hill, and isicles he weeps.
The sun withdraws his golden rays,
And short his cold diurnal visit pays
With faint and silvery beam,
As listless to disturb the deep repose,
While languid nature sleeps.
Anon to social mirth beguil'd,
Safe from the tempest breme

That howls without, and beating rain,
The tyrant bids the friendly hearth to blaze;
And with the feats of former days,
Of battles dread, and heroes slain,
And valiant deeds of many a knight,
And loves of ladies passing bright,
The long-contented evening sweet he cheers;
While from his day-sport on the ice-bound stream,
Weary return'd, with wonder and delight,
Unrazor'd youth the various legend hears.

These are thy grateful changes, mighty power,
Vicissitude! But far more grateful still
When now from nature's frozen sleep profound,
Invigor'd vegetation wakes,
And Spring with primrose garland crown'd,
The seeds of plenty o'er the fuming ground,
From her green mantle shakes.

FRAGMENTS.

Tell me, gentle Echo, tell,
Where and how my lover fell?
On the cold grass did he lie,
Crown'd with laurels did he die?
Echo twice gave swift reply,
'Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he did
die.'
His snow-white breast was stain'd with gore,
A cruel sword his bosom tore.
Say, with his parting vital flame,
Did he sigh Ophelia's name?
Was he constant, still the same?
Echo sigh'd 'Ophelia's name.'
When in honour's bed he lay,
And breath'd his gallant soul away,
Ye gentler spirits of the air,
Why was not Ophelia there?
Echo answer'd her despair,
'Why was not Ophelia there?'
While the full moon's paly ray
Sleeping on the hill-side lay,
Thus to Echo through the glade
The lovely maniac talk'd and stray'd:
Straight on fancy's wild wings borne
By the glimpse of opening morn,
She saw—or thought she saw, her love
Lie bleeding * * * * *

COME, gentle peace, on every breathing gale,
O come, and guard the slumbers of the vale;
Awake, gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
Wake with the morn, and o'er the landscape smile!

'UPBRAID me not, nor thankless fly
The grace I would bestow;'
(Sir Cadwal sat in window high,
King Edward stood below.)
'But friendly to thyself receive
The bounties I intend;—
A knight among my knights to live,
And be my table friend.'
Yestreen, at midnight's solemn hour,
When deep the darkness lay,
I rose my orisons to pour
Before the opening day:
When horrid yells my ears astound,
And screams of dismal cry,
Echo'd from every hill far round,
Howl on the winds and die.
And wake again:—And far and wide,
With yellow glimmering light,
The scatter'd flames on every side
Strike horror on the sight.
Ah! what a scene the sun survey'd,
When o'er yon lake he rose!
Our villages in ashes laid,
And prone in dust our brows;

Our manly brows, form'd to command,
  Low bend beneath thy rage :
Insult me not—from thy dire hand
  No offering can assuage !'
' Unbar, proud Cadwal,' Edward cried,
  ' Unbar thy gates of steel——'

* * * * * * *

Black rose the smoke with dust inflate,
  And red sparks darted through ;
With brain benumb'd, and faltering gait,
  King Edward slow withdrew.
The gilded roofs and towers of stone
  Now instant all around,
With sudden crash and dreadful groan
  Rush thundering to the ground.
Sir Cadwal's harp his hand obey'd,
  He felt a prophet's fire ;
And mid the flames all undismay'd,
  He struck the sacred lyre.

* * * * * * *

MISCELLANIES.

ALMADA-HILL:

AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental: but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages, the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the twelfth century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the

Moors. Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins show it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus below and opposite to Lisbon is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the castle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea, which, it may be allowed, was natural to the translator of the Lusiad; and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also com-

mands the adjacent country from the rock of Cintra to the castle and city of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic ocean.

WHILE you, my friend, from louring wintry plains,
Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafless woodlands, and dishonour'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the sun to play on Isis' stream;
While from these scenes by England's winter spread,
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleas'd from the threatening tempest to retire,
And join the circle round the social fire;
In other climes through sun-bask'd scenes I stray,
As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
The genial influence of the clime I taste;
Yet still regardful of my native shore,
In every scene my roaming eyes explore,
Whate'er its aspect, still, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.
  While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,

What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade,
By friends deserted, by her chiefs betray'd,
Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—I, with mind serene
As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foresee.
—Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear;
Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword
Beat down of late by Albion when it gor'd
Their own, who impious doom their parent's fall
Beneath the world's great foe, the' insidious Gaul;
Yes, not from these the' immedicable wound
Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
Destin'd alone to touch her mortal part;
Herself is sick, and poison'd at the heart.
O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes,
The gallant deeds of ancient days arise;
The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd
By Isis' hallow'd stream. Oft now the strand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted [1] band,
While Lisboa, aw'd with horror, saw him spread
The daring sails that first to India led;

[1] The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Osorius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. 'On the next day, when the

And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
The pensive Muse's visionary fires;
Almada-hill to English memory dear,
While shades of English heroes wander here.
  To ancient English valour sacred still
Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill;
The hill and lawns to English valour given,
What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the Cross subdued,
When Lisboa's towers were bathed in Moorish blood
By Gloster's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field,
Dear to the Muse that loves the fairy plains,
Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.
  Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lours,
Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers
Supinely seated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders. Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the ocean rears
Its western edge; where dimly disappears
The Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
The tower-like summits of the mountain shore;
Dappling the lofty cliffs, that coldly throw
Their sable horrors o'er the vales below.

adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems, and offered up invocations to Heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death.'

Introduct. to the Lusiad.

Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
And lawns for English valour still renown'd;
Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore;
And still their lord his English lineage boasts
From Rolland, famous in the croisade hosts.
Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
Monastic walls in every glen arise
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white [2]
Climb o'er the steeps, and through the dusky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam —
And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
Her marble palaces and temples spreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whose high-pil'd base
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.
Here, while the sun from Europe's breast retires,
Let fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,
Pursue the present and the past restore,
And Nature's purpose in her steps explore.
Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome, disdain
The' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.

[2] The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the sun.

While Italy, obscur'd in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character displays,
And languid trims her long exhausted store,
Iberia's fields, with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners, woo the traveller's eye;
And scenes untrac'd in every landscape lie.
Here every various dale with lessons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred awe,
Through Greece the tales of gorgons, hydras spread,
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The stream of Lethe [3], and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
They min'd the mountain, and explor'd the field;
Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove,
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Bœtis' flood
Were dy'd with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the lengthening plains and mountain sides
Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,

[3] The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his *Geographia Antiqua*: 'Fabulosus Oblivionus fluvius Limia, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione.' It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the river of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, Odys. ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lower'd.
  Here while the youth revolves some hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear,
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;
Where Viriatus[4] proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steep'd in gore;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound still bath'd in honour's generous tear,
While freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;
Still pouring fresh the' inexpiable stain
O'er Rome's patrician honour, false and vain!
  Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
And touch his bosom with unhallow'd fire;
If merit spurn'd, demand stern sacrifice,
O'er Evora's[5] fields let dread Sertorius rise,
Dy'd in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs reveng'd, illustrious let him ride
Enshrin'd, o'er Spain, in victory's dazzling rays,
Till Rome looks pale beneath the mounting blaze.
But let the British wanderer through the dales
Of Evora stray, while midnight tempest wails;
There, as the hoary villagers relate,
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,
Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius sinking in ambition's strife:

[4] This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain. What is here said of him is agreeable to history.

[5] Ebora, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

As forest boars entangled in a chain,
Drag'd on, as stings each leader's rage or pain;
And each the furious leader in his turn,
Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.
And say, ye tramplers on your country's mounds,
Say, who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?
Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood?
Alas! full oft, some worthless trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boast,
While noblest vessels, founder'd, strew the coast!
If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
That bear the title of our country's cause
To humanise barbarians, and to raise
Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
If these delight, Hispania's dales display
The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
Here jealous Cato [6] laid the cities waste,
And Julius [6] here in fairer pride replac'd,
Till ages saw the labours of the plough
By every river, and the barren bough
Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome;
Her's mighty bards [7], and her's the sacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.
When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debas'd in false refinement nerveless lay,
The northern hordes on Europe's various climes
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful staid,
To Seine and Loire the gay and frivolous stray'd,

[6] According to history, this different policy is strikingly characterestic of those celebrated names.

[7] Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

A sordid group the Belgian marshes pleas'd,
And Saxony's wild forests freedom seiz'd,
There held her juries, pois'd the legal scales:—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The pensive lover sought; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
Hail, favour'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire
The softest dreams of languishing desire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
Till rapt devotion to the fair, refine
And bend each passion low at honour's shrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worship of the fair with valour fraught.
Soon as Iberia's mountains fix'd his home,
He rose a character unknown to Rome;
His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
The tender fair reclines with fondest trust:
With nature's finest touch exulting glows
The manly breast which that fond aid bestows:
That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarms
Of danger then assum'd the dearest charms.
What for the fair was dar'd or suffer'd, bore
A saint-like merit, and was envied more;
Till led by love-sick fancy's dazzled flight,
From court to court forth roam'd adventure's knight;
And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supplied the triumphs and the honour'd scars

Of arduous battles for their country fought,
Till the keen relish of the marvellous wrought
All wild and fever'd; and each peaceful shade,
With batter'd armour deck'd, its knight display'd,
In soothing transport, listening to the strain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain;
Of spells all horror, and enchanters dire,
And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire,
When knights and ladies chaste, reliev'd from thrall,
Hold love's high holiday in bower and hall.
'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
Till by the Muses arm'd, in all the ire
Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's knight; and sudden fled
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
When health returning smiles from vernal skies.
But turn we now from chivalry diseas'd,
To chivalry when honour's wreath she seiz'd
From wisdom's hand. From Taurus' rugged steep,
And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
As wolves, wild howling from their famish'd den,
Rush'd the devouring bands of Saracen:
Their savage genius, giant-like and blind,
Trampling with sullen joy on human-kind;
Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to the' Atlantic wave:
In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
And human liberty expiring groan'd
When Chivalry arose:—her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
Where patience watch'd, and stedfast purpose frown'd,
Mix'd with devotion's fire, she darted round,

Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
The Cross she bore, and proudly to the field
High plum'd she rush'd; by honour's dazzling fir'd,
Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspir'd
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the crested power
Of Saracen she wing'd her javelin's way,
And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay.
Let supercilious wisdom's smiling pride
The passion wild of these bold days deride;
But let the humbler sage with reverence own
That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
Something that boasts an impulse uncontroll'd
By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fir'd at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
I tread; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
Palmela's[8] hill and Cintra's summits tell
How the grim Saracen's dread legions fell!
Turbans and scimitars in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:
Yes, let the youth whose generous search explores
The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
Let him as wandering at the Muse's hour
Of eve or morn, where low the Moorish tower,
Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,
Let him with joy behold the hills around,
With olive forests and with vineyards crown'd,

[8] *Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits*—are both seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were stormed by Alphonso the First about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
And thine, O beauteous Greece! amid the tow'rs
Where dreadful still the Turkish banner lours:
Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
And whence these woes debasing human kind?
Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclin'd,
Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd the' imperial head:
While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
All ardour, dar'd the horrors of the field.
The towers of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghast and open stood:
Low lay her peers on Fontarabia's [9] plains;
And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'met's chains:
Vain was the hope the north might rest unspoil'd;
When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the sated hounds;
So smarting with his wounds the' Iberian tore
And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array

9 The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France,

> When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia———

Milton, P. Lost.

Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks. As Sagrez[10] braves
And stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
So brav'd, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
The southern bulwark of Europa's lands.
Such were the foes by chivalry repell'd,
And such the honours that adorn'd her shield.
And ask what Christian Europe owes the high
And ardent soul of gallant chivalry,
Ask, and let Turkish-Europe's groans reply!

As through the pictur'd abbey-window gleams
The evening sun with bold though fading beams,
So through the reverend shade of ancient days
Gleam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
But let not glowing fancy as it warms
O'er these, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
Forget the stern ambition and the worth
Of minds mature, by patriot kings call'd forth;
That worth which rous'd the nation to explore
Old Ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore.

By human eye untempted, unexplor'd,
An awful solitude, old Ocean roar'd:
As to the fearful dove's impatient eye
Appears the height untried of upper sky;
So seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
Involv'd and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
As eagles fixing on the sun their eyes,
Through gulfs unknown explor'd the morning skies,
And taught the wondering world the grand design
Of parent Heaven, that shore to shore should join
In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
And Ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.

[10] The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, Duke of Visco, resided and established his naval school, is on the southern part of Portugal, opposite to Africa.

And here, my friend, how many a trophy woos
The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse!
Here bids the youthful traveller's care forego
The arts of elegance and polish'd show;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage;
Those arts which rais'd that crae of men, who shone
The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's naval school its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole wherever Ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathless boast; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the Muse
The naval pride of those bright days reviews;
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
In awful hope, evanish from the shore;
Sees from the silken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plumed with conquest, proudly bring
The eastern sceptres to the Lusian king!
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woful tale,
How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
Ah, heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on!
Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lours
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest tow'rs.
Broad was the firm-bas'd structure, and sublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:

On justice and benevolence he plac'd
Its pondrous weight, and warlike trophies grac'd
Its mountain turrets; and o'er Asia wide
Great Albuquerk [11] renown'd its generous pride.
The injur'd native sought its friendly shade,
And India's princes bless'd its powerful aid;
Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
Rose the dread demon of tyrannic power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valour reign'd,
And counsel deep, she seiz'd and foul profan'd.
Then the strait road where sacred justice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To lust of gold and self-devotion base;
Deceitful art the chief's sole guide became,
And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk-eye mark'd its prey,
Soon through the rocks that cross'd his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull fiercely he stumbled on,
Till low he lay, dishonour'd and o'erthrown.
  Others, without his valour or his art,
With all his interested rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
And undermin'd and rent the mighty pile;
Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore:
Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
Its fallen turrets desolation spread;
And from its faithless shade in horror fled
The native tribes—yet not at once subdued;
Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood;

[11] Albuquerk, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the Lusiad, and in the history of Portuguese Asia.

A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword,
Oft rais'd its turrets, and its dread restor'd.
Yet, like the sunshine of a winter's day
On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
A tyrant race, who own'd no country [12], came,
Deep to intrench themselves their only aim;
With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
With the unhallow'd rage of gain accurs'd;
Against each spring of action, on the breast,
For wisest ends, by nature's hand impress'd,
Stern war they wag'd; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
The wise and good, with indignation fir'd,
Silent from their unhallow'd board retir'd;
The base and cunning staid, and, slaves avow'd,
Submiss to every insult smiling bow'd.
Yet while they smil'd and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led;
Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway;
Till secret art assum'd the thwarting face,
And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
Clos'd the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injur'd native, and the foe
From Belgia lur'd by India's costly prey,
Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay;
And lies in desolated awful gloom,
Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

[12] Before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia, and while they were subject to Spain, the principal people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother-country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
Was ancient Lusian virtue stain'd and lost:
On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose;
Of lofty boastful look and pompous show,
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
Yet wildly starting from the gaming board
At every distant brandish of the sword;
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
Imploring peace with feeble hands outspread:—
Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
And the wide empires of the east no more
Pour'd their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.
Alas, my friend, how vain the fairest boast
Of human pride! how soon is Empire lost!
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
And shall the Briton view that downward race
With eye unmov'd, and no sad likeness trace!
Ah, Heaven! in every scene, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.
From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
That mighty scene of history's shame and praise.
Methinks I hear the yells of horror rise
From slaughter'd thousands shrieking[13] to the skies,

[13] Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasquez, a tailor. Some time after, on the death of Fernando, Adeyro, the Queen's favourite, was stabbed in her presence, the

As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore [gore.
Roll'd their dire chariot-wheels through streams of
Now throbs of other glow my soul employ;
I hear the triumph of a nation's joy[14],
From bondage rescued and the foreign sword,
And independence and the throne restor'd.

Hark, what low sound from Cintra's rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
Convulsive staggers rock the' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
Ah, Heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
Bring light; and Lisboa smoking in the dust
Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still show the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloth'd in howling darkness, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell;

Bishop of Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the Queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505 between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships then in the river, says Osorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

[14] When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honour.

And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls [15] are seen
In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor
Was trod by nobles and by kings before:
How like, alas, her Indian empire's state!
How like the city's and the nation's fate!
Yet time points forward to a brighter day:
Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
A loftier brow, and mien of promise high;
Points to the river-shore, where wide and grand
The courts of commerce and her walks expand,
As an imperial palace [16] to retain
The universal queen, and fix her reign;
Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound;
By magazines and ars'nals mounded round,
Whose yet unfinish'd grandeur proudly boasts
The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
And bids the Muse's eye in vision roam
Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.
Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
To Tago's empress-stream superior praise;

[15] This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail-cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gipsies of England.

[16] The *Praza de Commercio*, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
By nature's gift bestow'd and partial fate,
The sea-like port and central sway to pour
Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.
When from the sleep of ages dark and dread,
Thy genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant head,
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
And soon to wondering childhood sprightly rose;
And when to green and youthful vigour grown
On Tago's breast she fix'd her central throne;
Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep;
Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deforms
And rolls the northern main with storms on storms;
Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
She gives the ventrous and returning sails:
The smiling isles, named Fortunate of old,
First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold:
Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various breast,
Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves caress'd;
And Afric wooes and leads her easy way
To the fair regions of the rising day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,
Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands
From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.
When Heaven decreed low to the dust to bring
That lofty oak [17], Assyria's boastful king,
'Deep (said the angel-voice) the roots secure
With bands of brass, and let the life endure,

[17] See Daniel c. iv.

For yet his head shall rise.'—And deep remain
The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign;
Deep in the castled isles on Asia's strand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And say, while ages roll their lengthening train,
Shall nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
Has boldly promis'd the returning day
Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime
Lost by a rude unletter'd age's crime—
Now heaven-taught science and her liberal band
Of arts, and dictates by experience plan'd,
Beneath the smiles of a benignant Queen
Boast the fair opening of a reign [18] serene,
Of omen high.—And Camoens' ghost no more
Wails the neglected Muse on Tago's shore;
No more his tears the barbarous age [19] upbraid:
His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy shade

[18] Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in May 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, &c. &c. The author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

[19] Camoens, the first poet of Portugal, published his Lusiad at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portuguese empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of Books V. and VII. of his Lusiad, he severely upbraids the nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavouring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

Beheld the' Ulysses[20] of his age return
To Tago's banks; and earnest to adorn
The hero's brows, he weaves the' Elysian crown,
What time the letter'd chiefs of old renown,
And patriot heroes, in the' Elysian bowers
Shall hail Braganza! Of the fairest flowers
Of Helicon, entwin'd with laurel leaves
From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he weaves;
Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain,
That long his toil unfinish'd may remain!
The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whose glow of heart embraces human-kind,
To see a nation rise! But ah, my friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
With ample powers from ruin still to save,
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,
Through sunken rocks and ravenous whirlpools tost,
Each power to save in counter-action lost,
Where, while combining storms the decks o'erwhelm,
Timidity slow falters at the helm,

[20] This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the *Belles Lettres*, than for his extensive knowledge of history and science.

The crew, in mutiny, from every mast
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;
By faction's stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspir'd and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate forbodes
That Albion's state, the toil of demi-gods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung,
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again resume its generous fires:
No future day may such fair frame restore:
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more!

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS OF BOTANY.

Say, gentle Lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder skies:

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind?

I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside;
But April's blossoms banish'd thence,
Gave summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
  But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
  No humble floweret there.

'The flower you seek (the Nymph replies)
  Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
  Their sultry rage have shed.

''Tis now the downward withering day
  Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-star's ray
  Has shed his fiercest rage.

'Yet search yon shade, obscure, forlorn,
  Where rude the bramble grows;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
  The lingering Primrose blows.'

SONNET

ON PASSING THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTRA, NEAR LISBON,

Where Camoens is reported to have chosen his Station, when Age and Necessity compelled him to beg his daily Sustenance.

Oft as at pensive eve I pass the brook
Where Lisboa's Maro, old and suppliant, stood,
Fancy, his injur'd eld and sorrows rude
Brought to my view. 'Twas night: with cheerless look
Methought he bow'd the head in languid mood,

As pale with penury in darkling nook
Forlorn he watch'd. Sudden the skies partook
A mantling blaze, and warlike forms intrude.
Here Gama's semblance braves the boiling main,
And Lusitania's warriors hurl the spear;
But whence that flood of light that bids them rear
Their lofty brows! From thy neglected strain,
Camoens, unseen by vulgar eye it flows;
That glorious blaze, to thee, thy thankless country
owes.

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

Fair was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the god display'd:
All heaven approv'd it, ere Minerva stole
The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

So Shakspeare's page, the flower of poesy,
Ere Garrick rose, had charms for every eye:
'Twas Nature's genuine image wild and grand,
The strong mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, Nature's Pallas, came,
The bard's bold painting burst into a flame;
Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
As touch'd by heaven—and all the picture liv'd.

IMITATIONS OF SPENSER.

SYR MARTYN:

A POEM, IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS attempt in the manner of Spenser was first published in 1767, since which time it has passed through some editions, under the title of The Concubine; a title, which, it must be confessed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the Poem. It is now more properly entitled Syr Martyn, and the author is happy to find that the public approbation of the work has given him an opportunity to alter its name so much to advantage.

The first publication was not accompanied with any prefatory address, by which either the intention of the writer might be explained, or the candour of the reader solicited. To solicit candour for the poetical execution he still declines, for taste is not to be bribed; but perhaps justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner of Spenser.

It is an established maxim in criticism, 'That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem.' The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world: to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the writer which alone must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was at least the purpose of his Poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, that the subject of a poem should be *one;* that every part should contribute to the completion of one design, which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular beginning, middle, and end. Yet in attaining this unity of the whole, the necessary regularity must still be poetical, for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent Critic, 'As there must needs be a connexion, so that connexion will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnexion.'

If therefore the delineation of the character of the man of birth, who, with every advantage of

natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the public and himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following argument:

After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character—in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings, in his hours of retirement, as a man of birth and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the author will only say, that the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

SYR MARTYN.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of pleasures faerie land,
Where virtues budds are blighted as
By foul enchanters wand.

AWAKE, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
And, fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmond's [1] mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mulla's plaints renew.

O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme thy naiads once possest,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothed the gentle brest
Of haplesse Spenser: long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowsie patrons smyles decoy'd,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloy'd,
The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoy'd:

[1] The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mully in Ireland, was some time the residence of Spenser, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the Faerie Queene.

Enjoy'd each wish; while rapt in visions blest
The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse bard supine:
Oh, happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
Ah! could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
were mine!

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awed, mine eyes survey
The hallowed shades where Spenser strung his shell,
The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops; still from her moss-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay!
Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
And round your Spenser ever gladsome play!
Oh, come once more! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mystick scene—
The lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud cities rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

Towerd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastick rose;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossoms hung the wilding boughs;

On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Maye's sweete morne a fragrant grove display'd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps: for here me seem'd
I stray'd.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flow'd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye, [glow'd;
Meint with heaven's lightning, social mildnesse
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warm hart-honestie:
Such winning grace as age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering rose.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely ty'd his waist
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceal'd and half reveal'd his vest,
His vest of silk, the Faerie Queene's bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

'Younkling, (quoth he) lo, where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies;
The path of blustering fame and warlike ire,
Of scowling powre and lean-boned covetise,
Of thoughtlesse mirth and folly's giddy joys;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.'
He said, and to the field did straight his arm extend.

'Well worthy views, (quoth I) rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripen'd fruit will bear:
Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear
To see the shoots of vertue shrink and die,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works such villainy, [try.'
To tell, O reverend seer, thy prompt enchantment

'Ah me! how little doe unthinking youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, (quoth he) my bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where dissipation's cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the wizard's saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde spright,
From pleasures servile bands release the luckless wight.

'This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick eyes [scene
Was view'd from hence. Thus, though the rural
Has by a thousand artists pencil'd beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire beseene:
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

'In yonder dale does wonne a gentle knight'——
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight;
It was, I weet, a goodlie baronie;

Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood [wood.
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the

'How sweetly here, (quoth he) might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn.

'The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstock's laughing swain [1]
And Avon's bard [2] of peerlesse memorie
To saunter through the dasie-whiten'd plain, [train.
When fancy's sweetest impe Dan Spenser joins the

'Ne to Syr Martyn hight were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
Such happiness bloom'd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was form'd each joy to taste,
From him, alas! dear homefelt joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embrac'd;
Where all seem'd flowrie gay, he found a drery waste.

[1] Chaucer. [2] Shakspeare.

'Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As carelesse sauntering through the elm-fenc'd green,
He with his book beguil'd the closing day,
The dairy maid hight Katherine frisk'd that way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wish'd the lemmans part to play:
Nathlesse, unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enter'd in his heart or wish or thought unchast.

'Right plump she was, and ruddie glow'd her cheek,
Her easie waste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curl'd down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye,
With wanton merrimake she trips the knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and bye.

"I ween, (quoth she) you think to win a kiss,
But, certes, you shall woo and strive in vain."
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell: but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and 'haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse boy did look:
With cunning smyles she view'd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Katherine then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

'Fleet pass'd the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought bestow'd on what would surely be;
But well his aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And sore she fear'd her auncient familie

Should now be stain'd with blood of base degree:
For, sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

'But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud, [grace,
Whole nights she schem'd to shonne thilk foull dis-
And Katherin's bale in wondrous wrath she vow'd:
Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent.'

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he wav'd,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay
The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lav'd,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day:
Here Katherin him approach'd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The knight was touch'd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie the' enamour'd boy reviles.

Amaz'd the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultering oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
'What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.'
'And need, (quoth she) need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mothers care—
By you deserted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your aunt's fell spight, and wreakfull crueltie.'

'My aunt! (quoth he) forsooth shall she command?
No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,'
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand she shifted to her blubber'd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, 'Alas!
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell to
thee.'

Ythrill'd with horror gap'd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
'And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?
That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more? Housekeeper shalt thou be'—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied, [bride.
And Katherin was as blythe as ever blythesome

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scorn'd, and sore did pine
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallin's blood debas'd in Kathrin's line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up, rare cordial broths to make,
And cocker'd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way:

But whither will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knight's approaching days declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to desarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

'Ah! (says the Wizard) what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflam'd before,
The' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poison, brew'd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to
blight.

'So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the trader's beverage shylie tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflam'd he lusts for the delirious cheer:
So bursts the boy disdainful of restrent,
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent, [spent.
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports un-

Now fly the wassal seasons wing'd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy; [flee,
The spring's green months ycharm'd with cocking
The jolly horce-race summer's grand employ,
His harvest sports the foxe and hare destroy;
But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the boy
With England's cause, and swell his mightie soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

'Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hang many a badger's snout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
delve and dale; [pale;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

'Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing racers sweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

'While thus the knight persewd the shaddow joy,
As youthful spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitch'd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway:
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

'Her end accomplish'd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,

As, what were she the better did she so?
She conns, and freely sues her native bent;
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grim'd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went,
Though peevish were her spleen and rude her jolliment.

'As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings:
The more he flutters still the more foredone:
So fares it with the knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall: ne can he brawling shun,
For Katherin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

'Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

'On the greene banck a truant schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her merry play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,

The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies; [prize.
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless

'Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepest rock, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

'Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcom'd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
April walk'd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and dies!
Aye me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise [prize.
Have left him now, involv'd, his lemman's hapless

'See now the changes that attend her sway;
The parke where rural elegance had placed
Her sweet retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happiest freaks, that nature undefaced
Receiv'd new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgrac'd
Now lies thilke parke so sweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snow'd with washing suds now yawns beside
the dore.

'All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie coucumbers on dung recline the head.

'The fragrant orchard, once the summer's pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or, where the clear canal stretch'd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with blossomes would they brede;
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread:

'The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strew'd the plain;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of nature's steps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain; [beene,
And where the moss-floor'd filbert bowres had
Is now a turnip field, and cow yarde nothing cleane.

'An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives Thrift,
All this devis'd for trim oeconomie;
But certes ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:

Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And still she plodden round the kitchin fyre,
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and desyre.

'Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet sparing though she beene her guestes emong,
Ought by herself that she mote gormandise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise.

'Dear was the kindlie love which Katherin bore
This crooked ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise
The knight's complaints, and thriftlesse judgment ill:
Eke vers'd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill:
Though useless, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchas'd still.

'His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest-feast still first did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,

They march'd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the
rear.

'Ah, happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May-daye jollitie,
When the blythe maydens foot the dewy green;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
As these the drery times of curfeu-bell had been.

'For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same.
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires
plow'd
Eer since black Edward's days, when, crown'd with
fame,
From Cressie field the knight's old grandsire prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

'But now the orphan sees his harvest fielde
Beneath the gripe of law's stern rapine fall,
The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthern wall:
And these, perdie, were Katherins projects all:
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the knight full sore
Such sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledg'd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she will'd the same before.

'Oh, wondrous powre of woman's wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be!
Not Circe's cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
Lo, manly sense, of princely dignitie,
Witch'd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen;
Lo, high-brow'd honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

'Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the knight full deffiy can;
Ne may the knight escape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains; [chains.
So toils the powrelesse knight beneath his servile

'His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
Learn'd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high;
Pleas'd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game:
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just
claim.

'Now mortgage follows mortgage: cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The knight's gay bloome the while slid fast away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;

While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
See now what scenes his household hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall.'
So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obey'd
his call.

'See, (quoth the Wizard) how with foltering mien,
And discompos'd yon stranger he receives;
Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves.
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

'A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire;
He begs the knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyer's cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat grief, and pale disease. The poor man's wrong
Affects the knight: his inmost hart's desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confus'd, and stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his
tongue.

'See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and 'haviour shy
He steals the look to read his lemman's will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even pity turns her tear-dew'd eye,

And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
While manlie honour frowns on his unmanlie stain.

'Let other scenes now rise,' the Wizard said:
He wav'd his hand, and other scenes arose.
'See there, (quoth he) the knight supinely laid
Invokes the household houres of learn'd repose;
An auncient song its manly joys bestows:
The melting passion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breast; his wandering fancy glows,
Till into wildest reveries betray'd,
He hears the' imagin'd faire, and wooes the lovely shade.

'Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green-wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banish'd love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
"O heaven! (he sighs) what blessings dwell sincere
In love like this!"—But instant as he sigh'd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His lemman thonders, "Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man before she bees his bride!

"And must some lemman of a whiffling song
Delight your fancy!" she disdainful cries;
When straight her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, blear'd with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him cheife in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill; [will.
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn

'Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderer's bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
The knight stares round; yet good nor bad he sed.
Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies:
His present peace and ease mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks most wondrous wise,
As from himself he hop'd his grief and shame disguise.

'Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallow'd temple of content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistressè with her liefest companie,
A rude unletter'd herd! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame;
And still anon the flask of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name [dame.
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or

'One evening tide as with her crones she sate,
Making sweete solace of some scandall new,
A boistrous noise came thondring at the gate,
And soon a sturdie boy approach'd in view
With gold far glitteraund were his vestments blue
And pye-shap'd hat, and of the silver sheen
An huge broad buckle glaunst in either shoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a switch: a jolly wight I ween.

'Farre had he sail'd, and roam'd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus slacks his firie team;
(With burning golde then flames the' ethereal steepe,
And ocean's waves like molten silver seem)

Eke had he seen, with dimond-glittering beam,
The starre of morn awake the roseate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus' stream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight skyes appeares the milky
way.

'Through the Columbian world, and verdant isles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped:
Eke had he beene where flowery sommer smiles
At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spred,
Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
Where in the north the sun of noone is seene:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama sail'd, there had he beene,
Gama [3], the dearling care of beauty's heavenly
queene.

'Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
Where bold Neârch young Ammon's fleet did guide;
A task so dred the world-subduing host
Could not another for such feats provide:
And often had he seen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say
None but the immortal gods had ever spy'd;
Which sight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
That none mote see it more als he the gods did
pray [4].

'Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil, [fire,
Through stormes, through tempests, and the battel's
Through cold, through heat, cheer'd by the hope
Of yet revisiting his natal soil: [the while

[3] See the Lusiad.

[4] For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, see Q. Curtius.

And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Æthiopia's coast or Java's ile,
When glauncing over ocean's bosom pale, [sail:
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie

' Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spred wing unmov'd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdon's brow prepar'd to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promist bliss would warm the boy;
To meet his brother with each wish yblends,
And friendship's glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arriv'd his heart dilates with joy.

' Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in mery childhoode play'd:
But all was chang'd!—Unweetingly dismay'd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest:
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him embrest.

' Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made;
Then, sobbing deepe, " Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, (she gently said)
But what mishap! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breath'd, are laid in deadly plight:
What shall we do!—great were your courtesie
To lodge In yonder tenant's house to night;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should fright."

'Blunt was the boy, and to the farme-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and sly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowman's cares,
When from his rural sportes arrives the knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!—amaz'd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

'Late was the houre whenas the knight was tould
Of stranger guest: "Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there?" quoth he. "Perdie, what would
You seek?" says to the boy the messenger.
"To see the knight, (quoth he) I but requere."
"Syr knight, he scornes to come;" the servant said.
"Go, bid him still (quoth he) to welcome cheer:"
But all contrarywise the faytor made,
Till rage enflam'd the boy; and still his rage they fed.

"Your brother, (quoth the hostesse) soon will waste
His faire estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.'
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impow'r'd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrin's mind gave wondrous great content.'

CANTO II.

In museful stound Syr Martyn rews
His youthedes thoughtlesse stage;
But dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

WITH gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resum'd—'As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a banck and bowre close following
still our cue.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;
Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hybla's bees roov'd through a wilde
so sweet.

'As winds the streamlett surpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-streak'd skyes
A shatter'd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The she-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wander'd young, the call each banck replies.

'Here oft the knight had past the summer's morne
What time the wondering boy to manhood rose,
When fancy first her lawnskepes gan adorne,
And reasons folded buddes their flowres disclose,
What time young transport through the spirits flows,
When nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,
While wing'd with whirlwind speed the thoughts explore
The endlesse wylde of joys that youth beholds in store.

'The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hyacinth's bell,
For him employ'd their virtue-breathing powres,
And Cambria's genius bade his worth excell:
His youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warm'd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine, [join.
And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour

'Of these lov'd soothings this the lov'd retreat
Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy;
Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
"Oh lost to peace, (he sighs) unhappy boy!
Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!
Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!"
The' aërial genius of the cave returns, [mourns.'
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive naiad

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
'See, (quoth the Wizard) where the knight bestows
An houre to thought, and reason's whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biast will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest Shame 'gins fayne
In her reflective glass his life's ignoble straine.

'His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe:
"How oft hast thou, (she cries) indignant view'd
The titled cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind endew'd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of fame:

"Who to the patron's lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear [fire,
Those arts that quencht prowd Rome's patrician
And bow'd her prone beneath the Gothick spear;
Illustrious cares! befitting patriot peer!

Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall!
Such arts as sooth'd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall; [call.
When freedome bled unwept, and scorn'd was glory's

"While these thy breast with scorn indignant fir'd,
What other views before thee would disclose!
As fancy painted and thy wish inspir'd
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose!
Britannia's guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, smyling on their learn'd repose,
Sees manly genius in their influence smile, [the ile.
And spread the hallow'd streames of virtue round

"How blest, ah heaven! such selfe-approving houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres,
And scenes where friendship sheds her purest fire;
And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame! As lorn the spendthrift stands,
Who sees the fieldes bequeath'd him by his sire,
His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands;
So languid must I view faire honours fertile lands."

'Silence would then ensue; perhaps reclin'd
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind
The' ideal scene would hold a moment's sway,
And the domestick houre all smyles display,
Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires:
Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie ray
Where married love bids light his purest fires,
Where elegance presides, and wakes the young desires.

'Straight to his brawling lemman turns his mind;
Shock'd he beholds the odious colours rise,
Where selfishnesse, low pride, and spleen combin'd,
Bids every anguish'd thought his mate despise,
His mate unform'd for sweete affection's ties
Groveling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs;
But soon his passion bursts with sudden start:
His children strike his thoughts with lively piersant smart.

'The mother's basenesse in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest:
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crown'd with oake, with meadow flowres [ydrest,
His British chaplet, buxom summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling plains.

'Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
The fieldes still lengthening show their crowded [charms,
In fayre perspective and in richest guise:
His sweeping scythe the white-sleev'd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders seeme.

'See, now the knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Æol's blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witch'd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,

With horrid crash on All-Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;
Now aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains
repose.

'Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes:
There stretch the corney fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the sight; there, to the peaceful skyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise;
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonelie blasted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

'Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale;
And white from farre appeares the frequent sail
By traffick spread. Moor'd where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre-ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

'Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
Long gaz'd the knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours fourth his soul: "Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britannia's navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in trade's unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole sustain.

" With what superior lustre and command
May stedfast zeal in Albion's senate shine!
What glorious laurells court the patriot's hand!
How base the hand that can such meed decline!
And was, kind fate! to snatch these honours mine?
Yes! greene they spred, and fayre they bloom'd for [me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chief be thine;
Oh lost, vain trifler, lost in each degree!
Thy country never turn'd her hopeful eyes to thee.

" Yet, how the fielde of worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yeilds, nor Chily's earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the plowman's toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannia's plains;
Even on her mountains cheerful plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads:
What noble meed the honest statesman gains,
Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds,
And bids the useful artes exalt their drooping heads:

" Who, founding on the plough and humble loome
His country's greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannia's fleet! how long shall pity mourn
And stain thy honours? from his weeping bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

" Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His bride's distresse his restlesse fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.

Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie ease,
And let the brave man's wrongs, let interest plead;
Say, while his arme his country's fate decrees,
Say, shall a father's anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty
deed?

"Whatever party boasts thy glorious name,
O thou reserv'd by heaven's benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the land be free;
Oh, much humanity shall owe to thee!
And shall that palm unenvyed still remain!
Yet hear, ye lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribe sustain, [vain."
Upbraids the man of powre, and dims his honours

'While thus the knight's long smother'd fires broke
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears [forth,
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the north
Where bends the hill, the sounding chace appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray;
Away! the jolly huntsmen cries; and echoe sounds,
Away!

'Now han the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explor'd the scent:
But Reynard's cunning all in vain was spent;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,

How both the bancks he traced, then backward ply'd [aside.
His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong

' Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, harkening everie sound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hill's slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

' The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
Till plonging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

' Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
The villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The pack attonce rush on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hang many a hound;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,
Whiles weltering on the sward his breath and strength expire.

'Straight to Syr Martyn's hall the hunters bend,
The knight perceives it from his oak-crown'd hill,
Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perch'd prowdlie on the topmast spray,
The sootie blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the rooks loud cawing wing their [way:

'And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam; while on the distant east
Led by her starre, the horned moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends; while trembling on the dappled west
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy peace assumes her woodland sway.

'All was repose, all but Syr Martyn's brest;
There, passion's tearing gusts tempestuous rise:
"Are these, (he murmurs) these my friends! the best
That croud my hall! the sonnes of madning noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies?
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,
Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of joy,
And on my crimes even then their base tongued witt employ:

"Whose converse, oft as fulsom baudrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of impiety,
The sceptick's wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of philosophy

Made drunk; the cavil, the detected lye,
The witt of ignorance, and gloss unfair,
Which honest dullness would with shame deny;
The hope of baseness vaumpt in candour's air:
Good heaven! are such the friends that to my hearth repair!

"The man of worth shuns thy reputelesse dore;
Even the old peasant shakes his silver'd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled!"
Here indignation paus'd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends;
Wak'd at the sight, his brother's wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends:
And now the keene resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

'Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine,
My knight should rise the flowre of chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then should see,
Britannia's genius should his Sabra bee,
Chain'd to the rock by dragon to be slain;
But he the virgin princesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathless on the plain;
Bribery, the dragon huge, should never rise again.

'Eke should he, freed from foul enchaunter's spell,
Escape his false Duessa's magicke chafms,
And folly quaid, yclepd an hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous lady to his arms;
While bardes and minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
Of gentle love, unlike his former thrall:
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, served up by Seneschall, [hall.
To knights and ladies gent in painted bowre and

'But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of phantasie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its bliss secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where Dissipation once has fixt her footing sure.

'Such was the powre that angrie Jove bestow'd
On this faire nymph; the legend thus is told:
To Dian's care her life her mother ow'd;
Faire Dian found her naked on the wold,
Some peasant's babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the nymph was fifteen springtimes old,
Equipt her with the bow and huntresse spear,
And of her woodland traine her made a welcome fere.

'But ill her mind received chast Phœbe's lore,
Fain would she at the chace still lag behind:
One sultry noone, as Phœbe sped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclin'd,
And, "Fan my breast, (she cried) oh western wind!"
Soon at the wish'd-for word Favonius came,
From that day forth the conscious nymph declin'd
The near inspection of the sovereign dame;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betray'd her shame.

'Her throes with scorne the taunting dryads ey'd,
The nymph chang'd colour, and hung down her head;
"Still change thy blushing hue," the goddess cry'd:
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade

Her limbs; and now, with suddein leaves array'd,
A Russian poppey she transmew'd remains:
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the painter's pains;
And still her drowsie mood the beauteous nymph
retains.

'Meanwhile, his new-born elfe Favonius bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the fawns, by Peneus flowry shore,
From earliest youth the laughing imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And restlesse, as the dove Deucalian sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydlie beating round, the day in vain was spent.

'When now the nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
To fayre Parnassus' groves she took her flight;
There, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
As soon the wreath ill-sorted would she quight:
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From inspiration's fount that ever doth distill.

'Her sprightly levitie was from her syre,
He drowsy dulness from her mother sprong;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rov'd the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his starry seat,
And call'd her Dissipation: "Wylde and young
Still shalt thou be, (he said) and this thy fate,
On man thy sleights employ, on man that prowd
ingrate.

"All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injur'd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies;
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it thine to spred before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze."

'So swore the god; by Gloomy Styx he swore:
The Fates assented, and the dæmon flew
Right to the seats of men. The robe she wore
Was starr'd with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
Faire round her head play'd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor strays.

'So shone the nymph, and prankt in pleasure's guize
With wylie traines the sonnes of earth besett;
Goodnesse of heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
And still behind her march Remorse and Shame,
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whenso the fiend resigns her thralls to them:
Sad case, I weet, where still oneselfe oneselfe must blame.

'Long had the knight to her his powres resign'd;
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She softlie stole: yet, while at times he sped

To contemplation's bowre, his sight she fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did slily glide,
And still his best resolves eftsoons she scatter'd wide.

'And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smooth deceiver gan his heart assail;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre:
Old Cambria's genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair;
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the braunches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the flamen's prayer.

'The dryads of the grove, that oft had fir'd
His opening mind with many a raptur'd dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspir'd,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
Forsake him now; for all as lost they deem:
So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesome companie.

'As when the' autumnal morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen, besprent with silver hore,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But still the younkling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor quail.

'Yet still the queint excuse is at command;
The dog was rash, a swallow twitter'd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the knight his mind still satisfye:
A lazie fiend, Self-Imposition hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright:
God help the man bewitch'd in such ungracious
plight.

'On Dissipation still this treachor waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due;
And still to Discontent's accursed gates,
The house of sorrow, these ungodly two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The knight resolv'd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
And now these dæmons of the captive mind
Him to the drery cave of Discontent resign'd.

'Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay:
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning seem'd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the captives grieved sore.

'All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred;
Here sat a throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,

Some drowsie dronkards, looking black and red,
Doz'd out their days : and by the path-way green
A sprightlie troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen ; [ween.
Honours, and wealth, and powre, their butterflies I

' And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the cave they wend with sullen pace ;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares:
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
The dronkard sitts; there, shent with foul disgrace,
The thriftlesse heir ; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his friend's heart gore, in woefull cace
The duellist raves ; and there, on vetchie bed,
Craz'd with his vaine pursuits, the maniack bends his head.

' Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he scrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree
All that he wish'd, or fear'd, his ghastlie walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie.
And there, self-doom'd, his cursed selfe to flee,
The gamester hangs in corner murk and dread ;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee ;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold horror gleams athwart the' unhallow'd shade.

' Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The keeper of the cave all haggard sate,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas frett :
All with himselfe he seem'd in keen debate ;

For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew
Ghastly and fell ; and still with deepe regrate
He look'd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mourn'd full sore his sores
to view.

[blam'd,
' Yet not himselfe, but Heaven's great King he
And dar'd his wisdom and his will arraign ;
For boldly he the ways of God blasphem'd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild self-pity would his eyes distain ;
As when a wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain.
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound :
Such fierce selfe-pity still this wights dire portaunce
crown'd.

' Near by there stood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, Content did wonne ;
This now was his ; yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun ;
But ever through his neighbour's lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie seem'd,
Such was this weary wight all woe-begone ;
Such was his life ; and thus of things he deem'd ;
And suchlike was his cave, that all with sorrowes
teem'd.

' To this fell carle gay Dissipation led,
And in his drery purlieus left the knight.
From the dire cave fain would the knight have fled,
And fain recall'd the treachrous nymphe from flight :
But now the late obtruder shuns his sight,

And dearly must be wooed : hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A transient visit sometimes would he gain,
While wine and merry song beguil'd his inward pain.

' Yet, ever as he rear'd his slombering head,
The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near ;
And ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartstrings tear :
" See now, (he sayes) where setts thy vain career ;
Approching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
Thy fruitlesse autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
And aged winter asks from youth its stay ; [gray.
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonour'd

" Thou hast no friend!—still on the worthlesse traine
Thy kindnesse flow'd, and still with scorne repaid ;
Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the planter of his negroe deems ;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams :
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

" Thy children too! heavens! what a hopeless sight!
Ah, wretched syre!"—but ever from this scene
The wretched syre precipitates his flight,
And in the bowl's wylde fever shuns his teene.
So pass his dayes, while what he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne present :
So pass his dayes, while still the raven Spleen
Croaks in his eares, ' The brightest parts, misspent,
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and discontent.

'But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruin'd Mayd,
Ye who unmov'd can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the parent's head,
And rends that easie heart by you betray'd,
Boast not that ye his numerous woes eskew;
Ye who unaw'd the nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;
For worthy is he still compar'd, perdie, to you.'

GLOSSARY.

Accloyd, disgusted, cloyed
Adred, frightened. Anglo Sax. *adrædan*
Agone, ago
Albee, although
Als, also
Arread, interpret
Attonce, at once, together
Atweene, between
Ay, always

Bale, harm, sorrow
Beene, frequently used by the old poets for the indicative imperfect of the verb *to be*.
Beseene, becoming
Blin, cease, blinnan. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, *bredan*

Carle, old man
Certes, certainly, truly
Chorle, a peasant
Clept, named, called
Covetise, avarice

Dan, a prefix, *quasi*, Mr.
Dearling, darling
Defiy, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed
Dearnly, sadly, secretly
Dight, adorned, clad
Dreare, dismal, frightful

Eftsoons, by and by, forthwith
Eke, also
Eld, age
Elfe, young one, child
Erst, formerly
Eyen, eyes

Fay, fairy
Faytor, villain, deceiver
Fere, companion
Forby, beside, near to
Fordone, undone, ruined
Forefend, to guard beforehand
Fray, tumult, bustle
Frayd, afraid

Geer, furniture, tackle
Gent, fine, noble
Gin, *gan*, begin, began
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two hills
Goody, a countrywoman

Han, preterite plural of the verb *to have*
Heare, hair. Often used by Spenser
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named
Hoyden, slattern, coarse

Imp, infant, child
Jolliment, merriment

Ken, v. to see
Knare, a knotty arm of a tree. *Dryd.*
Leache, physician
Lemman, mistress, concubine
Lever, rather
Lewdly, basely, foolishly
Liefest, dearest

Malengines, persons villainously employed, toad-eaters
Meint, mingled
Merrimake, pastime
Mery, pleasant
Moe, more
Mote, v. might, *mot*. Sax.
Murk, dark

Nathemore, not the more
Nathlesse, nevertheless, *nathless*. Sax.
Native, natural
Ne, nor
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling

Perdie, an asseveration, *quasi* verily
Piersant, piercing
Portaunce, behaviour, manner

Prankt, adorned
Propine, recompense

Quaid, quelled, conquered
Quight, to quit, leave

Read, to warn, to prophesy
Recks, heeds, cares for
Requere, require. Often used by Spenser
Rew, to repent
Ruth, *ruthless*, pity, pityless.

Saleus, salutes
Sall, saddle
Semblaunce, appearance
Seneshall, master of ceremonies, steward
Sheen, bright, shining, fine
Shent, disgraced, *scende*, *scendid*. Sax.
Skyen, adj. sky
Sooth, *soothly*, truths, truly
Stownd, *stowre*, emotion, fit, stir, *seyrian*. Sax.
Straine, tenor
Sues, pursues, follows

Teen, grief, sorrow
Theuwes, habits, manners
Thilk, this, that
Traines, devices, traps
Transmewd, changed, transformed
Treachor, traitor, deceiver
Troublous, troublesome

Vild, vile

Uneath, not easy, difficult

Wareless, unsuspecting
Wassal, festive
Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed
Wend, move, go
Weet, much the same as *ween*
Weetless, thoughtless
Whilom, formerly *hwilum*. Sax.
a Whitt, a jot, any thing, a *hwit*. Sax. *aliquid*
Whyleare, erewhile, *hwilæn*. Sax.
Wight, person, *wiht*. Sax.
Wilding, the crab tree
Wonne, to dwell
Wreakfull, revengeful

Yblends, mixes
Yblent, blinded
Ybrent, burnt
Yclept, called, named
Yfere, together
Ygoe, formerly
Yode, went
Youthede, *quasi* youthhood
Youthly, lively, youthful
Ypight, placed, fixed
Ywis, truly, verily

The letter *y* in all the old English poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *n* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a substantive, it forms the plural number, as *eyen*, *eyes*, &c.

ON THE

NEGLECT OF POETRY.

A FRAGMENT.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER [1].

'HENCE, vagrant Minstrel, from my thriving farm;
Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the Sloggard's bower thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There while thy idle chaunting soothes their ear,
The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, sour wildlings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenc'd dales with fleeces torn
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

'Such ruin withers the neglected soil
When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends—
And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale want descends
In bitter shower: and taunting scorn still rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem!
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poison'd stream.'

[1] From the introduction to the English Lusiad.

'And is it thus, (the heart-stung Minstrel cried,
While indignation shook his silver'd head)
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle Bard upbraid?
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and churlish scorn?
While listless drooping in the languid shade
Of cold neglect, the sacred Bard must mourn,
Though in his hallow'd breast Heaven's purest ardours burn!'

Yet how sublime, O Bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd!
'Tis thine to humanize the savage breast,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd
Wide through the land thy forming power displays:
So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus' rays.

When Heaven decreed to soothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-ey'd Barons, whose unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair Muse; heaven bade on Avon's shore
A Shakspeare rise, and soothe the barbarous age:
A Shakspeare rose; the barbarous heats asswage—
At distance due how many Bards attend!
Enlarg'd and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of Heaven descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallow'd power,
To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn upbraid
The Muse neglected in her wintery bower;
While proudly flourishing in princely shade

Her younger sisters lift the laurel'd head.—
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, fore-doom'd in time to fade,
Shall these be vaunted o'er the' immortal page,
Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age?

And shall the warbled strain or sweetest lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour!
Ah no! their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn: in vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
The year no more restores the short-liv'd joy;
And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
Has clos'd his strain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
More to be given—But cloth'd in heaven's own light
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptur'd music of each deathless line:
For death nor time may touch their living souls divine.

And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muse of fire!
Ah! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakspeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow; as Heaven's dread energy,
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

TRANSLATIONS.

PSALM LXVIII.

PARAPHRASE.

The Majesty, the Power, the Justice, and Mercy of God.

ARISE, O GOD, assume thy might!
Shall proud oppressors still unaw'd devour,
Still trample on the poor man's right,
And lewdly scorn thy power?

When roaring from the western deep
The black-wing'd tempests rush,
When o'er the hills with headlong sweep
The inundations gush;
As then the whirling chaff is driven,
So swept away shall be
All who despise the laws of Heaven,
Nor honour pay to thee.

But, O ye just, with rapture raise
Your cheerful voices in his praise;
With sacred awe and holy mirth
Resound the GOD of Heaven and earth;
The GOD whose mercy knows no end,
The poor man's and the widow's Friend,

The helpless orphan's Sire;
Who round the meek afflicted just,
Though crush'd and humbled in the dust,
Is still a wall of fire.

When thou, O God, didst march before
Thy people to the promis'd shore,
Then shook old Earth:—The sky
Shot lightnings from on high;
The rapid Jordan bar'd his bed,
The ocean saw his God and fled,
The lofty cliffs of Sinai nod
And tremble at the presence of their thundering God.

The Lord Jehovah gave the word,
And loud the tribes resound,
And mighty kings and mighty hosts
Lay scatter'd o'er the ground:
Dispers'd as snow in Salmon's plain
So fell, so lay the mighty slain,
And with their purple spoils are crown'd
The tender virgin-train.

Thousands of angels at thy gate,
And great archangels stand,
And twenty thousand chariots wait,
Great Lord, thy dread command!
Through all thy great, thy vast domains,
With godlike honours clad,
Captivity in captive chains
Triumphing thou hast led.

That thou might'st dwell with men below,
  And be their God and King,
From Bashan and the land of woe
  Shalt thou thy people bring:
From Bashan and the desert shore
To blooming fields, and cities fair,
While sacred songsters march before,
And Jacob's princes faint no more,
  Shalt thou the way prepare.

Lo! Egypt's kings and wisest men
  Shall bend the duteous knee,
And Ethiopia, wide and great,
Through all her vast extended state,
  Shall stretch her hands to thee.

But, awful Sovereign! who can stand
Before the terrors of thy hand,
When thy right hand impends the blow
To strike a proud obdurate foe?
Yet to thy saints, O God of prayer,
  How mild thy mercies shine!
The tenderest father's ardent care
  But ill resembles thine:
Thy mercies far, oh, far above
  Thy other wonders shine,
A mother's ever watchful love
  But ill resembles thine!

EPITHALAMIUM,

WRITTEN IN HEBREW BY ABRAM DEPAS,

On the Marriage of Jacob Franca, Esq. to Miss Abigail D'Aguilar, Daughter of the late Baron D'Aguilar.

THE voice of joy this happy day demands;
  Resound the song, and in our God confide:
Beneath his canopy the bridegroom stands,
  In all her beauty shines the lovely bride.
O may their joy still blossom, ever new,
Fair as a garden to the ravish'd view!

Rejoice, O youth, and if thy thoughts aspire
  To Heaven's pure bliss, the sacred law revere;
The stranger's wants, the needy soul's desire
  Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear:
So shall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
And thy fair deeds inspire thy people's voice.

Sing from your bowers, ye daughters of the song,
  Behold the bride with star-like glory shine;
May each succeeding day still glide along
  Fair as the first, begirt with grace divine:
Far from her tent may care and sorrow fly,
While she o'erjoy'd beholds her numerous progeny.

Ye happy parents, shout with cheerful voice,
  See, o'er your son the canopy unfold;
And thou, O hoary reverend sire, rejoice,
  May thy glad eyes thy grandson's son behold.
The song of joy, ye youthful kindred, raise,
And let the people join, the living God to praise!

SONNET TO VASCO DE GAMA.

FROM TASSO.

Vasco le cui felici, &c.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
  Against the rising morn; and homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
  The wealth of India to thy native shore;

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
  The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclops wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the Harpies fought,
  Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
  Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Further than thou didst sail, his deathless song
  Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

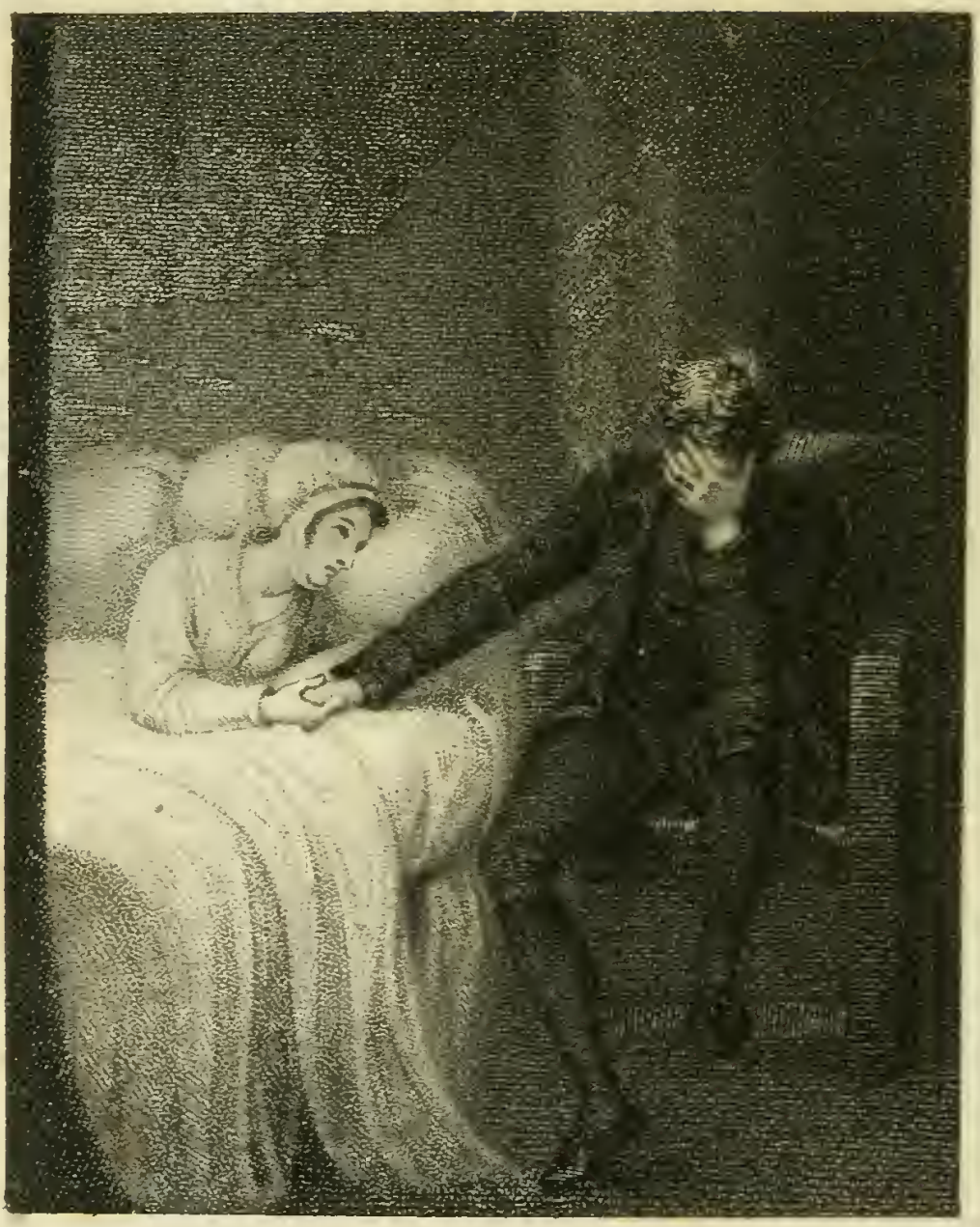
Ah! how, my friend, has foul gorg'd luxurie,
And bloated slumber on the slothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,
And slaved the age to custom's tyrannie.

The blessed lights so lost in darkness be,
Those lights by Heaven to guide our minds bestown,
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallow'd water, or the laurel tree.

Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd on sordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road;
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more:
Ah, gentle spirit, labour on unspent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the smile of God.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.



SHAW.

Wilt thou? ——
I know thou wilt — sad silence speaks assent;
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content.

Monody

Drawn by Tish Wessal R.A. Engraved by Ant. Cardon.

Published as the Act directs by John Chapman

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CUTHBERT SHAW.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Song, to Emma	5
Emma to Damon	6
The Author being in company with Emma, &c.	7
To Emma, doubting the Author's Sincerity	8
An Invitation to Emma, after Marriage, to live in the Country	9
Monody to the Memory of Emma	10
Evening Address to a Nightingale	18
The Race, a Satire	23
The Snow-Ball. A Cantata	51

SONG.

TO EMMA.

WHENE'ER to gentle Emma's praise
I tune my soft enamour'd lays,
When on the face so dear I prize,
I fondly gaze with love-sick eyes;
'Say, Damon,' cries the smiling fair,
With modest and ingenuous air,
'Tell of this homely frame, the part
To which I owe your vanquish'd heart.'

In vain, my Emma, would I tell
By what thy captive Damon fell;
The swain who partial charms can see
May own—but never lov'd like me!
Won by thy form and fairer mind,
So much my wishes are confin'd,
With lover's eyes so much I see,
Thy very faults are charms to me.

EMMA TO DAMON,

ON FINDING HIS ADDRESSES NOT FAVOURED BY HER FRIENDS, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS WANT OF FORTUNE.

FORBEAR, in pity, ah! forbear
  To soothe my ravish'd ear;
Nor longer thus a love declare,
  'Tis death for me to hear.

Too much, alas! my tender heart
  Does to thy suit incline;
Why then attempt to gain by art,
  What is already thine?

O! let not, like the Grecian dame[1],
  My hapless fortune prove,
Who languish'd in too fierce a flame,
  And died by too much love.

[1] Semele.

THE AUTHOR,

BEING IN COMPANY WITH EMMA, AND HAVING NO OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING CERTAIN DOUBTS HE HAD CONCEIVED OF HER SINCERITY, CONVEYS TO HER THE FOLLOWING LINES, AS A DEVICE TO KNOW THE SENTIMENTS OF HER HEART.

ARE all my flattering hopes at once betray'd,
And cold and faithless grown my nut-brown maid?
Have I so long indulg'd the pleasing smart,
And worn thy grateful image next my heart?
And must I thus at once all hopes resign,
When, fix'd as fate, I fondly thought thee mine?
Then go, irresolute,—and dare to prove,
To please proud friends, a rebel to thy love.
Perhaps, too long accustom'd to obtain,
My flattering views were ever false and vain!
Perhaps my Emma's lips, well skill'd in art,
Late breath'd a language foreign to her heart!
Perhaps the Muse profanely does thee wrong,
Weak my suspicions and unjust my song [1]!
Whichever is the cause, the truth proclaim,
And to that sentence here affix thy name;
So shall we both be rescued from the fear
Which thou must have to tell, and I to hear;

[1] After perusing the paper. Emma (as the reader may conjecture from the sequel) returned it to the Author, after having written her name with a pencil at the close of the following line: 'Weak my suspicions and unjust my song.'

If thou art false the Muse shall vengeance take,
And blast the faithless sex for Emma's sake:
If true—my wounds thy gentle voice shall heal,
And own me punish'd by the pangs I feel.
But O! without disguise pronounce my fate,
Bless me with love, or curse me with thy hate!
Hearts soft as mine indifference cannot bear;
Perfect my hopes, or plunge me in despair.

TO EMMA,

DOUBTING THE AUTHOR'S SINCERITY.

When misers cease to doat on gold,
When justice is no longer sold,
When female tongues their clack shall hush,
When modesty shall cease to blush,
When parents shall no more control
The fond affections of the soul,
Nor force the sad reluctant fair
Her idol from her heart to tear;
For sordid interest to engage,
And languish in the arms of age;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
When friends severe as thine shall prove
Propitious to ingenuous love,
Bid thee in merit place affiance,
And think they're honour'd by the' alliance:
And oh! when hearts as proud as mine
Shall basely kneel at Plutus' shrine,
Forego my modest plea to fame,
Or own dull power's superior claim;

When the bright sun no more shall bring
The sweet return of annual spring;
When Nature shall the change deplore,
And music fill the groves no more;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
But why from dearer objects rove,
Nor draw illusions whence I love?
When my dear Emma's eyes shall be
As black as jet or ebony,
And every froward tooth shall stand
As rang'd by Hemet's[1] dextrous hand;
When her sweet face, deform'd by rage,
No more shall every heart engage,
When her soft voice shall cease to charm,
Nor malice of its power disarm;
When manners, gentle and refin'd,
No more speak forth her spotless mind;
But the perfidious minx shall prove
A perjur'd traitress to her love:
Then—nor till then—shall Damon be
False to his vows, and false to thee!

AN

INVITATION TO EMMA,

AFTER MARRIAGE, TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

Come, my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,
Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail.
Let's fly this cursed town—a nest of slaves—
Where fortune smiles not but on fools or knaves,

[1] A celebrated dentist.

Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,
And truth and innocence are bought and sold.
An humble competence we have in store,
Mere food and raiment—kings can have no more!
A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead,
See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed;
Frequent observe the labours of the spade,
And joy to see each yearly toil repaid;
In some sequester'd spot a bower shall stand,
The favourite task of thy lov'd Damon's hand,
Where the sweet woodbine clasps the curling vine,
Emblem of faithful love, like your's and mine!
Here will we sit when evening shades prevail,
And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,
Till nature's voice shall summon us away,
To gather spirits for the' approaching day;
Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,
A pillow softer than a monarch's bed!

MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF EMMA.

Yet do I live! O how shall I sustain
  This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
  Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
        Is gone—for ever fled—
        My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes, beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore, [more.
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no

I, who the tedious absence of a day
  Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
  And fondly blame the slow return of night;
    How, how shall I endure
    (O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?
Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
  Did ever mind so much of Heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
  And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
    Though mild as evening skies,
    With downcast streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
  (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain;
  And, O! discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
    Thus, haply, as I paint
    The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the' impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of [grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell—
'How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!'
  In pity cease—alas! I know too well
How, in her sweet expressive face,
  Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
  Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,
  But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
  Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow:
Whate'er the' emotions of her heart,
  Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
  Alike to feign, or to disguise:
    And O—the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
    In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless Death! that, steel'd to human woe,
  With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
  And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
  The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
  And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverse, still on the' unweeting head
  'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of Joy.

But, oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
  Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
  Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears;

But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heaven,—oh where?
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force the' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart, [heart.
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faultering accents, spoke her fears:—

'Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain, [vain;
Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in
If it has been my sole endeavour, still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, and wish to know,
Then only truly bless'd when thou wert so;
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where, safe, thy blandishments it may partake;
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake:
Wilt thou?——
I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content!'

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
  The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
  But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven! (I cried) from memory's earliest day
  No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
  Has claim'd me for her own.
But O!—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—the' irrevocable doom is pass'd,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.
When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
  How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
  How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!

But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiss the' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.
Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge the' exulting maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.
Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven! yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!

My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste, at least, of visionary bliss.

But, ah! the' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove:
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;

No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
  Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
  Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
  Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
  Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
  Who now, with sweet complacent air,
  Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
    And soften all my woes?
  Too faithful Memory——Cease, O cease——
  How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
  To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
  And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause?
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
  When, twining round my knees, I trace
  Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
  By all the tears thou'st caus'd—O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
  Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments bless'd,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure;
Wilt thou, a father's grief to' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And, oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

EVENING ADDRESS

TO

A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe;
  Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain :——
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
  Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
  That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
  Bereft thee of thy darling young?
        Alas, for *both* I weep——
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms,
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
  And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
  The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
  By every art that Science could devise,
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
  And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.—

Then O! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt *thou* cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing Spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love.
But O! for *me* in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
Deploring still the *comfort of my soul*,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
'That *Emma's* fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy?'
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O! what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
utter more.——

'Just Heaven,' I cried——with recent hopes elate,
'Yet I will live—will live, though *Emma's* dead!
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
My little *Emma*, now my *all*,
Will want a father's care,
Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear;
And oft together we'll complain;
Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know;
From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of woe.
And O! in that auspicious hour,
When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When Death gives Misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies.'

Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead——
The flattering scene is o'er,——
My hopes for ever—ever fled——
And vengeance can no more——
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
With lenient hand, (O falsely deem'd severe!
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear!
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form the' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past;
For O! how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Ev'n he [1], the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear!

[1] Lord Lyttelton, who had highly applauded Shaw's Monody.

THE RACE.

BY

MERCURIUS SPUR, ESQ.

WITH NOTES BY FAUSTIMUS SCRIBLERUS.

1766.

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum! HOR.

ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

Ye puny things, who self-important sit
The sovereign arbiters of monthly wit;
Who, gnatling-like, your stings around dispense,
And feed on excrements of sickly sense;
Ye gentle Critics, whom, by Fancy led,
My Pegasus has kick'd upon the head,
Who, zealous to decry the' injurious strain,
While Common-sense [1] has bled at every vein;

[1] In justification of the author's severity, the reader is desired to attend to the Critical Review on the first edition of this poem, where he will find, comprised in a very narrow compass, a most wonderful variety of nonsense, both literal and metaphorical; where the Race is ingeniously discovered to be an imitation of Pope's Dunciad. Now, the only circumstance which has the least reference to that

Bewilder'd wander on, with idiot-pride,
Without or wit or grammar for your guide;
Behold! again I blot the' envenom'd page,
Come, whet your tiny stings, exhaust your rage:
Here wreak your vengeance, here exert your skill,
Let blustering Kenrick [2] draw his raven's quill:
My claims to genius let each dunce disown,
And damn all strains more favour'd than their own.
Where Pegasus, who ambled at fifteen,
No longer sporting on the rural green,
Rampant breaks forth: now flies the peaceful plains,
And bounds, impetuous, heedless of the reins,
O'er earth's vast surface madly scours along,
Nor spares a critic, gaping in the throng;
Truth rides behind [3], and prompts the wild career;
And, truth my guardian, what have I to fear?
Oh, Truth! thou sole director of my views,
Whom yet I love far dearer than the Muse!
Teach me myself in every sense to know,
Proof 'gainst the' injurious shafts of friend or foe.
When smooth-tongued flatterers my ears assail,
May my firm soul disdain the fulsome tale!

poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a passage in Homer, and was designed at the same time as a stroke of ridicule on one of the instances where that immortal bard has nodded.—This the set of gentlemen had not eyes to see, and are therefore excusable. Those gentlemen certainly cannot help their having neither genius nor literature; but blockheads may certainly help commencing critics.

[2] Dr. Kenrick, a writer at perpetual warfare with his contemporaries.

[3] Perhaps some half-witted critic may pertly inquire why should Truth ride behind, rather than before? Soft and fairly: certainly every man has a right to ride foremost on his own Pegasus.

And ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,
Though Cŏnway smile, or Chesterfield commend!
Unmov'd by squibs from all the scribbling throng,
Whom thou proclaim'st the refuse of my song;
Still may I safe between the danger steer
Of Scylla-flattery, and Charybdis-fear! [claim!)
Those foes to Genius (should'st thou grant my
Those wrecks alike of reason and of fame.

THE RACE.

And me,—some honest sister of the Nine,
Who ne'er paid court at Flattery's fulsome shrine,
A youth enlighten with thy keenest fires,
Who dares proclaim whate'er the Muse inspires,
By squint-ey'd Prejudice, or love inclin'd,
No partial ties shall here enslave the mind:
Though fancy sport in fiction's pleasing guise,
Truth, still conspicuous, through the veil shall rise;
No bribe or stratagem shall here take place,
Though (strange to tell!)—the subject is a Race.
Unlike the Race which fam'd Newmarket boasts,
Where pimps are peers' companions, whores their toasts,
Where jockey-nobles with groom-porters vie,
Who best can hedge a bet, or cog a die.
Nor like the Race, by ancient Homer told,
No spears for prizes, and no cups of gold:
A poets' Race, I sing—a poet's prize,
Who gold [4] and fighting equally despise.

[4] The poverty of poets is a well-known adage; or, to speak more poetically, their contempt of riches. They also seem

To all the rhyming brethren of the quill
Fame sent her heralds, to proclaim her will:—
'Since late her votaries in abusive lays
Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays;
To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,
The day was fix'd whereon each bard should meet.
Already had she mark'd the destin'd ground,
Where from the goal her eager sons should bound,
There, by the hope of future glory fed,
Prove by their heels the prowess of the head;
And he, who fleetest ran, and first to fame,
The chaplet and the victory should claim.'
Swift spread the grateful news through all the town,
And every scribbler thought the wreath his own.
No corporal defect can now retard
The one-legg'd, short-legg'd, or consumptive bard [5];
Convinc'd that legs or lungs could make no odds
'Twixt man and man, where goddesses or gods
Presided judges; sure to have decreed
To dulness crutches, and to merit speed.
To view the various candidates for fame,
Booksellers, printers, and their devils came.
First Becket and De Hondt came hand in hand,
And next came Nourse and Millar, from the Strand;

providentially in all ages to have possessed the most pacific tempers: no doubt, lest their lives should be endangered, whose labours are so conducive to the amusement of society. Horace confesses himself a coward:

Relicta non bene parmula, &c.

But the moderns are not quite so ingenuous.

[5] The discerning reader will at once be sensible of the necessity of this proviso; otherwise it is to be supposed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any other bodily infirmity, would never have started.

Here Woodfall—there the keen-ey'd Scott appears,
And Say[6] (oh, wonderful!) with both his ears.
Morley the meagre, with Moran the fat,
And Flexney[7] with a favour in his hat.
Williams and Kearsley[8] now afresh begin
To curse the cruel walls that held 'em in.
In rage around his shop poor Owen[9] flies,
Damning the Chevalier who clos'd his eyes;
'Oh! could he see, this day, the glorious strife,
He'd grope contented all his future life.'—
To Paternoster Row the tidings reach,
And forth came Johnny Coote[10] and Dryden Leach;
Associates in each cause alike they share,
Be it to print a prayer-book or Voltaire.
Thus leagued, how sweet the friendly pence to earn,
Like gentle Rosencrantz and Guildenstern[11]! [fled,
But Leach[12] where Churchill came still cautious
Skulk'd through the crowd, and trembled for his head.

[6] Mr. Say's boldness in asserting any thing, written in opposition even to the ministerial measures, will render the meaning of this line sufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader.

[7] Alluding to the custom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the Squire's horse wins the plate. Mr. Flexney, our hero's publisher, does the same, from strong presumption of his author's success.

[8] These two gentlemen, at the time this poem was first published, were imprisoned for publications that were deemed libellous.

[9] Owen sold books and mineral waters near Temple-Bar.

[10] Coote usually published what Leach printed.

[11] Two characters in Hamlet, where one never appears without the other.

[12] From a circumstance which Mr. Leach has the best reason to remember (as we hold *feeling* to be the most perfect of all the senses) the author must allow Mr. Churchill to be an exception to the general rule of poets being cowards, who for most part are fonder of laying on their

With his whole length of body scarce a span,
Yet aping all the dignity of man,
Next Vaillant came, erect his dwarfish mien,
He perch'd on horseback, that he might be seen;
And vow'd, with worshipful grimace [13] and din [14],
He'd back the peerless bard [15] of Lincoln's Inn.
High on a hill, enthron'd in stately pride,
Appear'd the Goddess; while on either side
Stood Vice and Virtue, harbingers of Fame,
This stamps a good, and *that* an evil name.
On flowers thick scatter'd o'er the mossy ground,
The nymphs of Helicon reclin'd around;
Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,
In silent state the Goddess sat and heard.
Not far from hence, across the path to Fame,
A horrid ditch appear'd—known by the name
Of black Oblivion's gulf. In former days
Here perish'd many a poet and his lays;
Close by the margin of the sable flood
Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* stood
In terrible array, who dreadful frown, [down.
And, arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors
Merit, alas! with them is no pretence,
In vain the pleas of poësy or sense;

blows with a pen than a cudgel; though we must confess it is a very cruel alternative where a printer must either submit to have his head broke, or run the hazard of losing his ears.

[13] The reader is not to suppose Mr. Vaillant made faces, but only that he assumed the proper air and countenance of a worshipful magistrate.

[14] No inglorious expression, as some may imagine, witness the din of war—the din of arms, &c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of consequence.

[15] A phrase common upon the turf, and consequently very applicable here.

All levell'd here, though some triumphant rise,
Shake off the dirt, and seek their native skies.
But, strange! to Dulness they deny the crown,
And damn ev'n works as stupid as their own!
Oh! be this rage for massacre withstood,
Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood.'
Foremost, the spite of Hell upon his face,
Stood the Thersites of the Critic Race,
Tremendous Hamilton! Of giant strength,
With crab-tree staff full twice two yards in length,
Near John o'Groats'[16] thatch'd cot its parent stood
Alone for many a mile—itself a wood;
Till Archy spied it, yet unform'd and wild,
And robb'd the mother of her tallest child.
I'll-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright
Their roost despoil'd, and sicken'd at the sight;
The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,
In vain—he frown'd, the birds in terror fled:
Perch'd on their thistles droop'd the mournful band,
Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.

Close wedg'd behind, in rank and file were seen,
From Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen,
A troop of Lairds with scraps of Latin hung,
Who came to teach John Bull his mother tongue.
Poor John! who must not judge whate'er he read,
But wait for sentence from these sons of Tweed.

Now coward Prudence, in the Muse's ear
Whispers—' How dar'st thou, novice, persevere

[16] The learned reader will not be surprised at this genealogy of the crab-tree stick, belonging to so illustrious a character as the printer of the Critical Review.—It is common, and Homer has often done the same, in regard to his hero's swords and spears, &c.

With headlong fury, to destruction prone,
[17] Rouse sacred Dulness, yawning on her throne?
Thus madly bold, dread'st not the harpy's claw?
Thou, scarce a morsel for so vast a maw!
Soon shalt thou mourn thy ill-star'd numbers curst.'
She scorns their malice; let them do their worst.
Where Phœbus casts not an auspicious eye,
The sickening numbers of themselves must die;
But where true genius beams conspicuous forth,
The candid few will justify its worth;
Still as it flows increasing in its course,
Till like a river, with resistless force
Rapid rolls down the torrent of applause;
Then, struck with fear, each puny wretch with-
Meanly disclaims the paths he lately trod; [draws,
Belies himself, and humbly licks the rod [18].

First enter'd in the list the laureat bard,
And thus preferr'd his suit:——'If due reward,
Goddess ador'd! to merit thou assign,
Whose verse so smooth, whose claim so just as mine?
To thee my cause I trust; oh, lend me wings,
Show wit and sack to be consistent things,
And that he rhymes the best who rhymes for kings.

[17] This alludes to a part of their criticism upon the Race above mentioned, wherein they observe: 'The author has attacked booksellers, printers, and even Reviewers—Oh! presumption! attack Reviewers! a set of gentlemen too!' We acknowledge the justice of this remark, and submit to the lash.

[18] Every ingenuous mind must conceive the utmost contempt for modern criticism, by looking back on the treatment of the late Mr. Churchill, where we find the very critics, who, at his first appearance in public, would scarcely allow him the least pretensions to genius, disavowing their former proceedings, and meanly courting his friendship. See the Critical Review, about that period.

Lur'd by a sober honest thirst for fame,
Armstrong appear'd to lay his lawful claim ;
Armstrong[19], whose Muse has taught the youth to
The sweet economy of health and love. [prove
But, when he saw what spleen each bosom fir'd,
Forth from the field he modestly retir'd.

Not so repuls'd, nor overaw'd with shame,
Next Hill stood forth, a darling child of Fame ;
But, as to Justice, Fame herself must bow,
The poets' bays shall never deck his brow :
Else who, like Hill, can save a sickly age;
Like him arrest the hand of death with sage[20]?
But this the ancients never knew[21], or sure
They ne'er had died while sage remain'd a cure.
Oh, matchless Hill! if aught the Muse foresee
Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,
Death's triumph by thy skill shall soon be o'er,
Hence dire disease and pain shall be no more ;
'Tis thine to save whole nations from his maw,
By some new tincture of a barley-straw.

[19] This gentleman has obliged the public with two poetical pieces ; the one entitled, The Economy of 'Love ;' the other 'Health ;' in which he has displayed great abilities, both in sentiment and diction.

[20] It is impossible to express the obligations of the public to the author of this discovery. We learn that the ancients had indeed the art of restoring youth, by cutting the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle ; but certainly the horror of so dismal a process (could the art be revived) might deter a person of a moderate share of courage from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. Hill has removed the scruples of the most timorous, and has promised all the good effects of so dreadful an experiment, in a discovery both simple and palatable.

[21] A favourite expression of Dr. Hill's, in all his advertisements, is, 'the Ancients knew this,—the Greeks knew this,' &c.

He bow'd, and spoke :—' Oh, Goddess, heavenly
To thy own Hill now show a mother's care ; [fair!
If I go unrewarded hence away,
What bard will court thee on a future day?
Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,
By moral essays, rhime, and water-dock?
With perseverance who like me could write
Inspector on Inspector, night by night ;
Supplying still, with unexhausted head,
Till every reader slumber'd as he read?
No longer then my lawful claim delay'—
She smil'd [22]—Hill simper'd, and went pleas'd away.

Next Dodsley spoke :—' A bookseller and bard
May sure with justice claim the first regard.
A double merit's surely his, that's wont
To make the fiddle, and then play upon't :—
But more ; to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
Behold the work on which I build my fame !
Search every tragic scene of Greece and Rome,
From ancient Sophocles to modern Home [23] ;
Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
And match, then match Cleone, if you can.
A father wretched,—husband wretched more,—
A harmless baby weltering in its gore,
Such dire distress as ne'er was seen before !
Such sad complaints and tears, and heartful throes,
Sorrows so wet and dry [24], such mighty woes,
Too big for utterance e'en in tragic ohs !'

[22] As the reader may perhaps ascertain within himself the future success of Dr. Hill, from the smile of the goddess ; he is desired to suspend his judgment, and consider that here are smiles of contempt as well as of approbation.

[23] Author of Douglas.

[24] In perusing the above piece, the readers may observe the different effects of grief here mentioned, where one cha-

Next Smollett came. What author dare resist
Historian, critic, bard, and novelist?
'To reach thy temple, honour'd Fame,' he cried,
'Where, where's an avenue I have not tried?
But since the glorious present of to-day
Is meant to grace alone the poet's lay,
My claim I wave to every art beside,
And rest my plea upon the Regicide[25].

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * * [26].

But if, to crown the labours of my Muse,
Thou, inauspicious, should'st the wreath refuse,
Whoe'er attempts it in this scribbling age
Shall feel the Scotish powers of critic-rage;
Thus spurn'd, thus disappointed of my aim,
I'll stand a bugbear in the road to Fame;
Each future minion's infant hopes undo,
And blast the budding honours of his brow.'
He said—and, grown with future vengeance big,
Grimly he shook his scientific wig[27].
To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,
Behind came Hamilton, his trusty 'squire.

racter complains of being drowned in tears, and another that he cannot shed any.

[25] A tragedy written by Dr. S. and printed by subscription, but never acted. See 'Companion to the Playhouse;' where it is said to have been offered to the managers of the Theatres, but rejected: a particular account of which the author has given, under feigned characters, in his adventures of Roderick Random.

[26] The reader is to suppose that these asterisks must certainly mean something of the utmost consequence. It is exactly of the same kind with the blank-page in 'Tristram Shandy.'

[27] Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
VIRGIL.

Awhile he paus'd, revolving the disgrace,
And gathering all the horrors of his face;
Then rais'd his head, and turning to the crowd,
Burst into bellowing terrible and loud:—
'Hear my resolve, and first by G— I swear!—
By Smollett, and his gods! whoe'er shall dare
With him this day for glorious fame to vie,
Sous'd in the bottom of the ditch shall lie;
And know, the world no other shall confess,
Whilst I have crab-tree life, or letter-press.'
Scar'd at the menace, authors fearful grew,
Poor Virtue trembled, and e'en Vice look'd blue [28].
Next Wilkes appear'd, vain hoping the reward,
A glorious patriot, an inglorious bard,
Yet erring, shot far wide of Freedom's mark,
And rais'd a flame, in putting out a spark:
Near to the throne, with silent step he came,
To whisper in her ear his filthy claim;
But ruin to his hopes! behind stood near,
With fix'd attention and a greedy ear,
A sneaking priest, who heard, and to the crowd
Blab'd, with most grievous zeal, the tale aloud.
The peaceful Nine, whom nothing less could vex,
Flew on the vile assassin of the sex,
Disown'd all knowledge of his brutal lays,
And scratch'd the front intended for the bays.
Here Johnson comes—unbless'd with outward grace,
His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face,
While strong conceptions struggle in his brain,
(For even wit is brought to bed with pain.)

[28] As *pale* is an epithet that characterises the fear of mortals, the author has made use of the Poetica Licentia, in making a goddess turn *blue*.

To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
And babes cling frighted to the nurses' breast:
With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,
And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
The Nine, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen
Aught human with so horrible a mien,
Debating, whether they should stay or run—
Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.
With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;
But, wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
Since Fame, resolv'd his various pleas to crown,
Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,
Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.
He bows; obeys—for Time shall first expire,
Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire.
Next Murphy silence broke:—'Oh, Goddess fair!
To whom I still prefer my daily pray'r;
For whose dear sake I've scratch'd my drowsy head,
And robb'd alike the living and the dead; [thin,
Stranger to fear, have plung'd through thick and
And Fleet-ditch virgins drag'd to Lincoln's-Inn;
Smile on my hopes, thy favour let me share,
And show mankind Hibernia boasts thy care.'
Here stop'd he, interrupted quick by Jones,
A poet, rais'd from mortar, brick, and stones:
'Goddess,' he cries, 'reject his pitch-patch work,
He was a butter-seller's boy at Cork [29];
On me bestow the prize, on me, who came
From my dear country in pursuit of fame:
For thus advis'd Mæcenas [30] (best of men:)
"Jones, drop the trowel, and assume the pen;

[29] See the 'Picklock,' a scurrilous poem.
[30] Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant, transplanted Jones from Ireland to England.

The Muses thrive not in this barren soil,
Come, seek with me fair Albion's happier isle;
There shall the theatres increase thy store,
And Essex[31] bleed to make thy purse run o'er."—
Thus have I fondly left the mason's care,
To build imaginary tow'rs i'the' air,
Then since my golden hopes have prov'd a cheat,
Oh, give him Fame, whom Fate forbids to eat[32];
This, this at least, to me forlorn supply,
I'll live contented on a farthing-pie.'
Next in the train advanc'd a Highland lad[33],
Array'd in brogues and Caledonian plaid,
Surrounded by his countrymen, while loud
The British Homer[34] rang through all the crowd.
Then he with mickle pride and uncouth air
His bonnet doff'd, and thus prefer'd his pray'r:
'O Fame! regard me with propitious eyes,
Give me to seize this long-contested prize;
In epic lines I shine the king of verse!
From torn and tatter'd scraps of ancient Erse,

[31] Jones's tragedy of the Earl of Essex was produced at Covent Garden in 1753.

[32] It is a mortification to which the professed patrons of merit must ever be liable, to have their benevolence abused and their hopes deceived;—but great souls have no limits, or rather disdain any; which is well expressed by Voltaire:

Repandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Meme au moins verteceux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

[33] Macpherson.

[34] There is indeed an air of originality, which, to a literary virtuoso, renders Fingal worthy of notice. But I am afraid the North Britons cannot easily be acquitted of national partiality; who, instead of a bonnet and thistle, which would have been no incompetent reward, have insisted on his right to a crown of laurel.

'Tis mine a perfect pile to raise, for all
Must own the wondrous structure of Fingal!'
No less a miracle, than if a Turk
A mosque should raise up of Mosaic work.
Next Mallet came; Mallet, who knows each art,
The ear to tickle, and to soothe the heart;
Who with a goose-quill, like a magic rod,
Transforms a Scotish peer[35] into a god.
Oh! matchless Mallet, by one stroke to clear,
One lucky stroke, four hundred pounds a year!
Long round a court poor Gay dependent hung,
(And yet most trimly[36] has the poet sung)
Twice six revolving years vain-hoping pass'd,
And unrewarded went away at last. [strain,
Again dame Prudence checks the madd'ning
And thus advises, wisely, though in vain:
'Ah, Spur! enlisted in a luckless cause,
Who pelf despising, seeks for vain applause,
Thy will how stubborn, and thy wit how small,
To think a muse can ever thrive on gall!
Then timely throw thy venom'd shafts aside,
Choose out some fool, blown up with power and
Be flattery thy arrow, this thy butt, [pride,—
And praise the devil for his cloven foot.'
The counsel's good;—but how shall I subscribe,
Who scorn to flatter, and detest a bribe?

* * * * * * *

[35] For taking part with the Earl of Bute in some political disputes, Mallet was rewarded by the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London, in the year 1763.

[36] 'He told me, once upon a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay.'
Prolog. to the Shepherd's Week.

In voice most weak, in sentiment most strong,
Like Milton, murder'd in an eunuch's song;
With honesty no malice e'er could shame,
With prejudices hunger ne'er could tame;
With judgment sometimes warp'd, but oft refin'd,
Next Cleland came—the champion of mankind!
Who views, contented with his little state,
Wealth squander'd by the partial hand of fate;
And, whilst dull rogues the joys of life partake,
Lives, a great patriot—on a mutton steak!
Dreaming of genius, which he never had,
Half-wit, half-fool, half-critic, and half-mad;
Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
With all the rage, but not one spark of fire;
Eager for slaughter, and resolv'd to tear
From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,
Next Kenrick came; all-furious, and replete
With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit.
Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refin'd;
For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
With reason's offal glut his ravening soul;
Pleas'd with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it—till it stinks.
Erect he stood, nor deign'd one bow to Fame,
Then bluntly thus:—'Will Kenrick is my name.
Who are these minions crowding to thy fane?
Poets! 'pshaw! scribblers, impotent and vain;
The chaplet's mine—I claim it, who inherit
Dennis's rage, and Milbourne's glorious spirit [37].

[37] Dennis and Milbourne, two things called Critics, damned to immortality for being the persecutors of Dryden and Pope.

Struck with amazement, Fame, who ne'er had seen
A face so brazen, and so pert a mien,
Calmly replied—' Vain-boaster, go thy way,
And prove more furious, and more dull than they.'
Then Brown appear'd:—with such an air he mov'd,
As show'd him confident and self-approv'd.
Poor, injur'd, honour'd Pope! the bard on thee
Has clapp'd a rusty lock without a key [38]:
Thus, when enraptur'd, we attempt to rove
Through all the sweets of the Pierian grove,
The gate, alas! is strongly barr'd: and all
That taste the sweets must climb the rugged wall.
Reverent he bow'd, and thus address'd the throne:
' One boon, oh! grant me, and the day's my own!
When the shrill trumpet calls the rival train
To scour with nimble feet the dusty plain;
Let not the dread professor, Lowth, appear,
To freeze thy votary's shivering soul with fear,
Tear the fine form, perhaps of all I've writ,
And drown me in a deluge of his wit.'
Next Vaughan [39] appear'd; he smil'd, and strok'd his chin,
And, pleas'd to think his carcass was so thin,

[38] Alluding to the ' Essay on Satire,' by Dr. Brown, prefixed to the second volume of Pope's works, which the reader of no discernment might mistake for the production of that immortal genius, unless he is lucky enough to stumble upon the title-page. It has often been a matter of astonishment, how it came there; as there is no such privilege in Mr. Pope's will, bequeathed to the editor, together with the property of his works.

[39] Vaughan was a friend of Murphy, and wrote two farces. Churchill introduces him in the Rosciad as

' Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will.'

So moulded for the Race, while self-dubb'd worth
Beam'd from his eyes, he hemm'd—and thus held
forth:
'Goddess, your slave;—'tis true I draw the quill,
Sometimes through anger, not to show my skill[40];
Yet all must own, spite of the Bear's[41] report,
There's obvious merit in my keen retort:
Though Flexney (oh! his ignorance confound!)
Sells its contents to grocers by the pound,
And, deaf to genius, and its pleas to fame,
Puts it to purposes——unfit to name.
Then, since no profit from the Muse I draw,
You can't refuse me praise, and so your ta—!'
The goddess laugh'd:—and who could well contain,
To see such foplings skip around her fane? [heart
Next Churchill came—his face proclaim'd a
That scorn'd to wear the smooth address of art,
Strongly mark'd out that firm unconquer'd soul,
Which nought on earth could bias or control.
He bow'd—when all sneer at his want of grace[42]
And uncouth form, ill-suited for the Race;
While he contemptuous smil'd on all around,
And thus address'd her in a voice profound[43]:

[40] *Fucit indignatio versus.*] Let no one pretend to say, that even anger has not its good effects, since we owe the immortal works both of a Juvenal and a Vaughan to their being roused by a spirit of resentment.

[41] A name by which the late Mr. Churchill was distinguished, on account (as we suppose) of the rough manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were so unlucky as to come within reach of his poetical paws.

[42] Not spiritual grace, but grace in making a bow; or, if the reader must be let into the secret, this may refer to the cavils of the critics in general, against the unharmoniousness of his numbers.

[43] Mr. Churchill, as a scholar, is here supposed well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory, *Loquere ore rotundo,* which is here rendered 'a voice profound.'

'Goddess, these gnatlings move not me at all,
I come by just decrees to stand or fall.
When first the daring bard aspires to sing,
To check the sallies of his infant wing,
Critics not only try (your pardon, Fame,
To you a stranger is the critic's name,)
But ev'ry blockhead, who pretends to write,
Would damp his vigour, and retard his flight.
Critics, oh Fame! are *things* compos'd between
The two ingredients, Ignorance and Spleen;
Who, like the daw, would infamously tear
The shining plumes they see another wear;
That, thus unfeather'd by these wretched elves,
All may appear as naked as themselves.
'Hard is the task in such a cause to' engage,
With fools and knaves eternal war to wage,
By fears or partial feelings unsubdued,
To hurl defiance at so vast a crowd;
To stand the teizing of their little spleen,
So oft to clear the witling-crowded scene;
From vice and folly tear the foul disguise,
And crush at once the Hydras as they rise.
Yet on I will—unaw'd by slavish fears,
Till gain'd the glorious cause, or lost my ears.'
Next from the temple six poetic cubs,
With him whose humble Muse delights in shrubs [44],
And commentator Fawkes—let Woty tell,
Alone who sees, how much he can excel,
Who wipes all doubts from sacred texts away,
Clear as the skies upon a misty day;
Bard, critic, and divine—with upturn'd eyes
Dejected virtue to the goddess cries,
'What ways and means for raising the supplies!'

[44] The Shrubs of Parnassus were published in 1760.

Awhile demurring who should move the pleas,
Fawkes claim'd the right, from having ta'en degrees:
'Combin'd, dear Woty, sure we ne'er can fail,
Ill speak—do thou hold up the cassock's tail.'
He hemm'd—then haw'd—then bow'd, and thus began:
'Oh Fame! propitious view the friendly plan.
See Law on Gospel cast a social look,
And Moses side with Lyttelton and Coke:
Let not a partnership, unknown before,
In vain for favour and for bays implore [45];
But guide thy votary's feet across the plain,
While gentle Woty bears the sable train;
And crown'd with conquest, amply to reward
So mean an office in so great a bard;
Six days in seven I'll the wreath resign,
Only on Sundays be its honours mine.'
Reverent he bow'd:—then Bickerstaff [46] advanc'd
His sing-song Muse, by vast success enhanc'd;
Who, when fair Wright [47], destroying Reason's fence,
Inveigles our applause, in spite of sense,
With syren voice our juster rage confounds,
And clothes sweet nonsense in delusive sounds;
Pertly commends the judgment of the town,
And arrogates the merit as his own;
Talks of his taste! how well each air was hit!
While printers and their devils praise his wit;
And, wrapp'd in warm surtout of self-conceit,
Defies the critic's cold, and poet's heat.

[45] Fawkes and Woty published the Poetical Calendar in editorial conjunction.

[46] Isaac Bickerstaff, the writer of many popular English operas.

[47] Afterwards Mrs. Arne.

He ey'd the rabble round, and thus began:
'Goddess! I wonder at the pride of man!
Fellows, whose accents never yet have hung
On skilful Beard's or Brent's harmonious song,
Dare here approach, who chatter like a parrot,
But hardly "know a sheep's head from a carrot[48];"
Whose tasteless lines ne'er grac'd a royal stage,
Nor charm'd a tuneful crotchet-loving age!
Prove then, oh Goddess! to my labours kind,
And let the sons of Dulness lag behind,
While hoity-toity, whisky-frisky[49], I
On ballad-wings spring forth to victory.'
So sure!—but justice stops thee in thy flight,
And damns thy labours to eternal night,
Brands that success which boasts no just pretence
To genius, judgment, wit, or common sense;
But who for taste shall dare prescribe the laws,
Or stop the torrent of the mob's applause?
In thought sublim'd, next Elphinston came forth,
And thus harangu'd the goddess on his worth:
'Tis mine, oh Fame! full fraught with Attic lore,
Long-lost pronunciation to restore,
Of letters to reform each vile abuse,
And bring the Grecian *kappa*[50] into use,
Tully once more his proper name shall know,
Restor'd its ancient sound of Kikero.

[48] See Love in a Village, a comic opera, printed in 1762.

[49] A favourite word of this author. See Education, a poem.

[50] Mr. Elphinston intends to lay before the public his reasons for giving C a'ways the sound of the Grecian K. which will certainly give a softness and dignity to the expressions of many other sounds in our language, as well as this instanced by the author.

First, from my native tongue, 'tis mine to' expel
The superfluities of E and L,
To' unveil the long conceal'd recess of truth,
And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth;
To point the means of proper recreation,
And prove no " whetter equals emulation [51]?"
In song didactic as I move to draw
The proper rules for study and for taw,
In taste for sacred writings to refine us,
And show the odds 'twixt Daniel and Longinus;
To criticise, instruct, and prove, in metre,
Tully's a perfect blockhead to St. Peter:
Deign then, oh Fame! to satisfy my lore,
Who've wrote as mortal man ne'er wrote before;
Broke through all pedant rules of mood and tense,
And nobly soar'd beyond the reach of sense.
He bow'd:—then Arne swift bolted through the throng,
Renown'd for all the various powers of song:
Sweet as the Thracian's whose melodious woe
Mov'd the stern tyrant of the shades below;
Or that, by which the faithless syren charms,
And woos the sailor, shipwreck'd in her arms:
Soft as the notes which Phœbus did employ
To raise the glories of ill-fated Troy;
Or those which banish'd Reason could recall,
And bring the Devil capering out of Saul.
But, not contented with his crotchet-praise,
Lo! he adventures for the poets bays!
No more is genius rear'd in classic schools,
But falls, like Fortune, on the heads of fools:
Dull dogmas, thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
No more shall tire the ear-belabour'd youth;

[51] See his poem entitled 'Education.'

Since bards now spring without the pains of lashing,
Like Arne and Duck, from fiddling and from
thrashing.
'Oh, Fame!' he cries, 'with kind attention hear
The cause why I thy candidate appear.
Ere yet the outwitted Guardian crawl'd to light,
Four smother'd brats I doom'd to endless night [52]:
Abash'd, lest any thing less fair should prove
Unworthy Arne and thy maternal love.
But here behold a babe, to whom belong
The double gift of eloquence and song;
Who, not like other infants born or bred,
Sprung forth, like Pallas, from its daddy's head;
On me then, Fame, oh! let thy favours fall,
And show that Tommy Arne outwits 'em all!'
Here F * * s rais'd his head, though last not least,
A wanton poet, and a solemn priest;
By turns through life each character we mark,
A priest by day, a poet in the dark;
Yet each at will the Proteus can forsake,
Now politician, now commences rake,
Nay worse—(if Fame says true) panders for love,
And acts the Mercury to a lustful Jove.
Now grave he sits, and checks the' unhallow'd jest,
Whilst his sage precepts cool each amorous breast;
Now strips the priest's disguise, awakes desire,
Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire:
All poz'd, despair his character to paint,
And wonder how the devil they lost the saint!
Next from the different theatres came forth
A score at least, of self-sufficient worth;
Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,
A prologue this had wrote, and that a song;

[52] See the preface to the 'Guardian Outwitted.'

Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,
To see such triflers arrogate the prize;
But fully bent this day the Goddess came,
To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.
  Here endless groups on groups from every street,
Popes, Shakspeares, Johnsons——in their own conceit,
With hopes elate advance, and ardour keen,
Whom not one Muse had ever heard or seen;
Who still write on, though hooted and disgrac'd,
And damn the public for their want of taste.
  Oh, Vanity! whose far-extended sway
Nations confess, and potentates obey,
How vast thy reign!—Say, where, oh! where's the man
His own defects who boldly dares to scan?
Just to himself—Ev'n now, whilst I incline
To paint the votaries kneeling at thy shrine,
Whilst others' follies freely I impart,
Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,
Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
(Myself the very coxcomb I expose.)
And, ah! too partial to my lays and me,
My kind—yet cruel friends—soon shall you see
The culprit-muse, whose idle sportive vein
No views can bias, and no fears restrain,
(Thus female thieves, though threaten'd with disgrace,
Must still be fingering dear forbidden lace,)
Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar
Where Spleen with Genius holds eternal war;
And there, her final ruin to fulfil,
Condemn'd by butchers, pre-resolv'd to kill,
In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,
Ev'n for a syllable the wretch shall bleed;

And, spite of all the friendship you can show,
Be made a public spectacle of woe.
But hold, though sentenc'd—manners! and be [mute—
Derrick appears to move his kingly suit.
'Goddess, I come not here for fame to vie,
(A master of the ceremonies I.)
Since re-enthron'd at Bath I now appear,
This day appoint me to that station here;
In nicest order I'll conduct the whole,
All riot and indecency control. [soul!
For know, this pigmy frame contains a mighty
Nay, let me urge a more important claim,
'Twas I first gave the strumpets' list [53] to fame,
Their age, size, qualities, if brown or fair, [hair.
Whose breath was sweetest, whose the brightest
Display'd each various dimple, smile, and frown,
Pimp-generalissimo to all the town!
From this what vast advantages accrue!
Thus each may choose the maid of partial hue;
Know to whose bed he has the best pretensions,
And buy the Venus of his own dimensions.
'Nor yet a stranger to the tuneful Nine,
Songs, prologues, and meandering odes are mine,
Such jeux d'esprit as best becomes a king,
And gentle epigrams—without a sting.
The fam'd Domitian still before my eyes,
Who ne'er for pastime murder'd aught but flies;
Nay—let my Muse boast gentler sport than he,
Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me;
By me, though seated in monarchal state,
And, spite of Harrington [54], whose will is fate.'

[53] A most infamous pamphlet, entitled 'Harris's List.'
[54] The musical and well-known Dr. Harrington of Bath.

Here rais'd the little monarch on his toe,
And smil'd contempt on printers' boys below.
He spoke:—The goddess thus replied:—'My son,
'Tis time the business of the day were done;
Enjoy what thou demand'st—up yonder tree
Climb expeditious, that the crowd may see;
This flag, the signal to begin, hang out,
And quell the tumult of the rabble rout.
'But stay, methinks, while round the field I gaze,
Amid the various claimants for the bays,
One favourite bard escapes my notice—say,
My dear Melpomene, on such a day,
Why is not thy beloved Shenstone here?'—
The Muse was silent—sob'd—and dropt a tear.
And now the trumpet's sound, by Fame's command,
Proclaims the hour of starting is at hand.
Now round the goal the various heroes press,
While hope and fear alternately possess
Each anxious breast: in order here they rise,
And panting stand impatient for the prize:
Scarce can they wait till Derrick takes his place,
And waves the flag, as signal for the race.
But, lo!—a crowd upon the plain appear,
With Descaizean slow-pacing in the rear;
Mason and Thompson, Ogilvy and Hayes,
And he whose hand has pluck'd a sprig of bays
On Rhœtia's barren hills [55]:—onward they move;
But now too late their various powers to prove,
Some future day may fair occasion yield
To weigh their several merits in the field:
For see! the bards, with expectation rife,
Stand strip'd, and ready for the glorious strife:

[55] See the Traveller, a poem, by Goldsmith.

And monarch Derrick would attempt in vain
Their furious ardour longer to restrain.
The flag display'd, promiscuous forth they bound,
And shake with clattering feet the powder'd ground;
Equal in flight there two dispute the race,
With envious strife, and measure pace for pace.
Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din;
This tumbles down, another breaks his shin;
That swears his puffing neighbour stinks of gin.
Each jostles each, a wrangling, madding train,
While loud, 'To order,' Derrick calls in vain.
Stuck fast in mire here some desponding lay,
And grinning yield the glories of the day.
For, maugre all primeval bards have sung,
Steep is the road to Fame, and clog'd with dung.
Borne on the wings of hope now Murphy flies,
Vain hope! for Fate the wish'd-for boon denies;
Arriv'd where scavengers, the night before,
Had left their gleanings from the common shore,
With head retorted, as he fearful spied
The giant Churchill thundering at his side,
Sudden he tript, and, piteous to tell!
Prone in the filth the hapless poet fell. [57]
'Distanc'd, by G—!' roars out a rustic 'squire,
He must give out, thus sous'd in dung and mire.'
Lord March replies, 'I'll hold you six to ten,
Spite of the t—d, he'll rise and run again.'

[57] The very same misfortune happens to Oilean Ajax, in the Iliad, who also makes a speech to the same effect:

> Accursed Fate, the conquest I forego,
> A mortal I, a goddess was my foe!
> She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way;
> And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.

A noble precedent, and sufficient for authorizing so low an incident in this poem.

A burst of laughter echoes all around,
While, sputtering dirt, and scrabbling from the ground,
'Cease, fools, your mirth, nor sneer at my disgrace,
This cursed bog, not Churchill, won the race;
And sure, who such disasters can foresee,
Must be a greater conjurer than me.'
While Churchill, careless, triumphs in his fall,
Up to the gulf his jaded rivals crawl;
Here some the watchful harpies on the shore
Plunge in—ah! destin'd to return no more!—
While others, wondering, view them as they sink,
And, scar'd, stand quivering on the dreadful brink.
Now rous'd the hero, by the trumpet's sound,
Turns from his rueful foe, and stares around;
No bard he views behind—but all have pass'd
Him, heedless of their flight, and now the last.
Stung at the thought, with double force he springs,
Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings:
The ground regain'd—'Stand clear,' he sternly said,
'Who bars my passage, horror on his head!'—
Unhappy Dapper! doom'd to meet thy fate,
Why heard'st thou not the menace ere too late?
Fir'd with disdain, he spurn'd the witling's breech,
And headlong hurl'd him in Oblivion's ditch;
Then instant bounding high with all his main,
O'erleap'd its utmost bounds, and scour'd along the plain.
Sour critics, frowning, view'd him as he fled;
Spite bit her nails, and Dulness scratch'd her head.
The gulf once pass'd, no obstacle remains,
Smooth is the path, midst flower-enamell'd plains;
Unrival'd now, with joyful speed he flies,
Performs the destin'd race, and claims the prize.

Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine
The' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.
Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch;
Hill call'd the goddess whore, and Jones a bitch;
Each curs'd the partial judgment of the day,
And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.

THE SNOW-BALL.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As Harriot, wanton as the sportive roe,
Was pelting Strephon with the new-fall'n snow;
The' enamour'd youth, who'd long in vain admir'd,
By every look and every gesture fir'd,
While round his head the harmless bullets fly,
Thus breathes his passion, prefac'd with a sigh.

AIR.

'Cease, my charmer, I conjure thee,
Oh! cease this pastime too severe;
Though I burn, snow cannot cure me,
Fix'd is the flame that rages here.

'Snow in thy hand its chillness loses,
Each flake converts to glowing fire;
Whilst thy cold breast all warmth refuses,
Thus I, by contraries, expire.'

RECITATIVE.

'At humble distance thus to tell your pain,
What should you meet but coldness and disdain?'

Replied the laughing fair—' Observe the snow,
The sun retir'd, broods o'er the vale below,
But when approaching near he gilds the day,
It owns the genial flame and melts away.'

AIR.

' Whining in this love-sick strain,
Strephon, you will sigh in vain;
For your passion thus to prove,
Moves my pity, not my love.
Phœbus points you to the prize,
Take the hint, be timely wise:
Other arts perhaps may move,
And ripen pity into love.'

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

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COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

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CONTENTS.

Page

ENCOMIUM ON LOVIBOND.

On his Death. By Miss G—— 5

The Tears of old May-Day..... 7
To the Reverend Mr. Wooddeson..... 12
Dedication of Julia's Letter..... 13
Julia's printed Letter..... 14
To Mrs. B—, reading Julia..... 23
On converting the late Mr. Wooddeson's House, &c..... 24
On rebuilding Combe-Neville.. 26
On Lady Promfret, &c..... 29
On Rural Sports..... 31
Ode to Captivity..... 35
Ode to Youth. 38
Imitation from Ossian's Poems..... 40
On a Present to the Author, &c 42
On the Subject of the Monument in Arcadia. 43
On the same .... ib.
Hitchin Convent, a Tale 44
To a young Lady, a very good Actress..... 43
To an accomplished Lady, &c..... 51
Address to the Thames..... ib.
To Lady F————, on her Marriage..... 52
Song 54
To a Lady..... ib.
Stanzas..... 55
To a young Lady..... 56
A Dream 58

Pag
The Mulberry Tree, a Tale 59
To a Lady..... 62
On a very fine Lady..... 64
On Men being deprived, &c..... 65
To a young Lady, &c..... 67
On the Death of an Infant..... 68
To Miss N———M, written at Brighthelmstone..... ib.
To the Mrs.'s R———s, at Brighthelmstone.. 69
Verses written at Brighthelmstone..... 70
To Miss G———, from Brighthelmstone..... 71
Answer to the foregoing Verses, &c..... 73
On the Death of a young Gentleman..... 74
Inscription for a Fountain..... ib.
To the Thames..... 75
To Miss K—— P——..... 76
To the same..... 78
To the same..... ib.
To the same..... 79
To the same..... 80
To the same, with Anson's Voyage..... 81
The Complaint of Cambria. To the same.... 82
On an Asiatic Lady..... 83
To the same, on her Dress..... 84
To the same..... 85
On reading the foregoing Verses..... 86
Song..... 87
Laura's Answer..... ib.
Reply to Miss G———..... 88
To Miss G———..... 90
To Laura, &c..... 92
To the same, on Politics..... 94
To Laura. Farewell to the Rose..... 95
Song to * * * *..... 96

ENCOMIUM ON LOVIBOND.

ON HIS DEATH.

BY MISS G——.

Ah! what avails—that once the Muses crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,
That letter'd Science mark'd it for her own!
Cold is that breast that breath'd celestial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!
O could my Muse but emulate thy lays,
Immortal numbers should record thy praise,
Redeem thy virtues from Oblivion's sleep,
And o'er thy urn bid distant ages weep!—
Yet though no laureat flowers bestrew thy hearse,
Nor pompous sounds exalt the glowing verse,
Sublimer Truth inspires this humbler strain,
Bids Love lament, and Friendship here complain:
Bids o'er thy tomb the Muse her sorrows shed,
And weep her Genius, number'd with the dead!—

THE

TEARS

OF

OLD MAY-DAY[1].

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
  And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
  That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
  And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With every shifting gleam of morning light
  The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
  A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern Storm,
  And that unlocks the Summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
  The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
  And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

[1] Written on the 25th of July, 1754, when our style or calendar was rendered conformable to the usage of the rest of Europe.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
  Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite, [lawn.
  Brush the light dew-drops[2] from the spangled

To her no more Augusta's[3] wealthy pride
  Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
  A purer offering at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
  To valour's games the' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
  Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
  Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
'O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
  My maiden honours, whither gone?' she cried.

'Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
  The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coëval and the star of morn,
  The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

'Then, when at Heaven's prolific mandate sprung
  The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
  Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

'Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
  And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The Sun exulted in his glorious round,
  And shouting Planets in their courses sung.

[2] Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

[3] The plate-garlands, which the London milk-maids dance round.

'For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

'No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,
Three sister Seasons danc'd the' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring softness gently vied
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

'Too soon, when man profan'd the blessings given,
And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native Heaven
I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage:

'Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

'Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the watry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis [4] sunk beneath the main.

'No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd the' Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits, and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

'No more to dwell in silvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quickening powers the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumbering atoms into birth.

[4] See Plato.

'And every echo caught my raptur'd name,
And every virgin breath'd her amorous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Shower'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

'But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denied,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

'Ah me! for now a younger Rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

'O say what yet untasted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, violets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

'Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does evening fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

'Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

'Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When Silence listens at the midnight hour.

'Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,
And opening charms, her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of the' unripen'd year?

'With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treacherous peace;
With blushes, harbouring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the Spring's increase.

'Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By Europe's laws, and Senates' stern command[5]?
Ungenerous Europe, let me fly thy soil,
And waft my treasures to a grateful land:

'Again revive on Asia's drooping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embowering shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

'Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life:

'Then Britain'—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs, her faultering tongue suppress'd:
Veil'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

[5] The alteration of style was enforced by act of parliament.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER PASSING THROUGH FINDON, SUSSEX, 1768.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON, OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES [1].

WOODDESON! these eyes have seen thy natal earth,
  Thy Findon [2], sloping from the southern downs;
Have bless'd the roof ennobled by thy birth,
  And tufted valley, where no ocean frowns.

Thou wert not born to plough the neighbouring main,
  Or plant thy greatness near Ambition's throne,
Or count unnumber'd fleeces on thy plain:
  —The Muses lov'd and nurs'd thee for their own!

And twin'd thy temples here with wreaths of worth,
  And fenc'd thy childhood from the blights of morn,
And taught enchanting song, and sent thee forth
  To stretch the blessing to an age unborn:

[1] The author of these poems had been educated under this gentleman, for whom he ever retained the most affectionate regard. Mr. Wooddeson was one of those amiable beings whom none could know without loving. To the abilities of an excellent scholar was united a mind so candid, so patient, so replete with universal benevolence, that it glowed in every action. His life was an honour to himself, to religion, to human nature. He preserved to his death such a simplicity of manners as is rarely to be met with. He judged of the world by the standard of his own virtuous heart; and few men who had seen such length of days ever left it so little acquainted with it.

[2] Findon is a village on the side of the South Downs, Sussex.

Best blessing!—what is Pride's unwieldy state?
  What awkward wealth from Indian oceans given?
What monarchs nodding under empires' weight,
  If Science smile not with a ray from Heaven?

Witness yon ruins, Arundel's high tower,
  And Bramber, now the bird of night's resort!
Your proud possessors reign'd in barbarous power;
  The war their business, and the chase their sport;

Till there a minstrel, to the feast prefer'd,
  With Cambrian harp, in gothic numbers charm'd,
Enlighten'd chiefs grew virtuous as they heard—
  —The Sun of Science in its morning warm'd.—

How glorious, when it blaz'd in Milton's light,
  And Shakspeare's flame, to full meridian day!
Yet smile, fair beam! though sloping from that height,
  Gild our mild evening with a setting ray.

DEDICATION OF JULIA'S[1] *LETTER.*

TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON, OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES, AND THE LADIES OF HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

O THOU who sit'st in academic schools,
  Less teaching than inspiring ancient art,
Thy own example nobler than your rules,
  Thy blameless life, best lesson for the heart.

[1] Julia was the new Eloise of Rousseau.

And ye, who dwell in peaceful groves around,
Whose voice, whose verse enchants, harmonious
Maids!
Who mix the lyre with harps of Cambrian sound;
A mournful Muse, ah! shelter in your shades!

Nor you she rivals nor such magic strain
As rescued Eloise from oblivion's sleep;
Enough, if one, the meekest of your train,
'Poor Julia!' cries,—and turns aside to weep!—

JULIA'S PRINTED LETTER.

TO LORD ——.

—'And darst thou then, insulting lord, demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?
Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen
Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men?
To one, and one alone, again impart
The soft effusions of a melting heart!—
No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,
And print false kisses, dreamt sincere in vain;
No more thy eyes with sweet surprise pursue
Love's secret mysteries, there unveil'd to you.
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—
Hear it in public characters relate
An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate!
Yes, public let it stand;—to warn the Maid
From her that fell, less vanquish'd than betray'd

Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate other's treasons, not her own:
A race of shame in Honour's paths to run,
Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone;
Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs,
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs;
Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general view,
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
'What Vice would perpetrate and Fraud disguise,
I come to blaze it to a nation's eyes;
I come—ah! wretch, thy swelling rage control,
Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—
True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis Love that pleads!—
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!—
Enough to honour, and revenge be giv'n,
This truth reserve for conscience, and for Heav'n!—
'Talk'st thou, ingrate, of Friendship's holy pow'rs?
What binds the tiger and the lamb, be ours!
This cold, this frozen bosom, can'st thou dream,
Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?
What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to prove
Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou can'st not love—
Remember thee!—repeat that sound again!—
My heart applauding echoes to the strain;
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live!—
Still swell my rage—uncheck'd by time, or fate,
Nor waken memory but to kindle hate!—
'Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,
Hear Conscience call, while flattering passions sleep!—

Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim
To Love's indulgence and to virtuous Fame!
Where harbour Honour, Justice, Faith, and Truth,
Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught my youth.
How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best,
Should build its mansion in a noble breast?
How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine
That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,
Boast not, deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;
Easy the traitor saps an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:
Not by superior wiles, successful proves,
But fond credulity in her that loves.—
'Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Britain's peer,
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—
His fraud in Virtue's fairest likeness paint,
And hide his nobleness in base constraint.
What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!
What wealth, what honours, from illustrious sires!
Can Virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
Shall annals mark a village-maid's disgrace?
Ev'n the sad secret, to thyself confin'd,
Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek,
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
And spirits flutter on the verge of life,
When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,
And eyes throw faint accusing beams to Heav'n,

Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress'd,
Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast;
Explain to her, from others hide my care,
Thought Nature's weakness, and not Love's despair,
The sprightly youth in gloomy languor pine,
My portion misery, yet not triumph thine—
Ah! whence derives thy sex its barbarous pow'rs
To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours?
Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,
A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die?—
Where sprightly Morn on downy pinions rose,
And Evening lull'd me to a deep repose?
Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,
The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.
Ah! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,
Essay on me thy fatal arts to please?
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud wealth and greatness to thy arms!
How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize, had fann'd thy fickle flame?
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind!
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—
Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,
Nor felt a wound to fester to the grave—
Oh! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,
But half reluctant, heard thy vows explain'd,
This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not complain'd—
But ah! with tears and crowded sighs to sue
False Passion's dress in colours meant for true;
Artful assume Confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,
Steal their sweet language that no words impart,
And give me back an image of my heart;

This, this was treachery, fated best to share
Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—
Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of Pity's voice and Beauty's sighs,
" That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,
And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love."—
' No—'tis the villain's plea, his poor pretence
To seize a trembling prey, that wants defence.
' No—'tis the base sensation cowards feel;
The wretch that trembles at the brave man's steel,
Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears,
That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and tears;
That helpless sex, by Nature's voice address'd
To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,
Protection pleads in vain—the' ungenerous slave
Insults the virtue he was born to save.—
' What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign,
Bind man to man in Honour's sacred chain?
And oaths to us not sanctify the' accord,
Not Heaven attested, and Heaven's awful Lord?
Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
Equal from one indulgent hand we came,
For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,
With manly vigour tempering female grace,
Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain
Your solitary pleasures sullen reign;
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store,
How sweet Ambition's slumbers gorg'd with gore!
'Tis our's the' unsocial passions to control,
Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul;
From Wealth, from Power's delusive, restless [dreams,
To lure your fancy to diviner themes.—
Confess at length your fancied rights you draw
From force superior, and not Nature's law;

Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,
By native gentleness, not man we fail;
With brave revenge a tyrant's blood to spill,
Possessing all the power—we want the will.
'Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Not lurks in fraudful thickets from the day;
While man, with snares to cheat, with wiles perplex,
Weakens, already weak, too soft a sex;
In laws, in customs, fashion's fetters binds,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,
Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart
First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—
'Are these reflections then that Love inspires?
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?
From whose example could I dream to find
A claim to curse, perhaps to wrong mankind?
Ah! long I strove to burst the' enchanting tie,
And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die;
Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,
And eyed the ocean where my wealth was lost!
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain—
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true;
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,
I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd, believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom? Ah! whither should I flee,
Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee!
On whom but you my fainting breast repose?
With whom but you deposit all its woes?—
To whom but you explain its stifled groan?
And live for whom? but Love and you alone?

What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal?—but his that gave the wound?—
O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind!
Lost to itself, to virtue, humankind!
From earth, from heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
Link'd to no system, to no world allied;
A blank of Nature, vanish'd every thought
That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,
Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,
Where Love alone can fill the mighty void:
That Love on unreturning pinions flown,
We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—
From one ador'd and once adoring dream
Of Friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold esteem
(Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,
Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,
More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,
Plead for a look, a momentary glance,
A latter token—on Destruction's brink
We catch the feeble plank of Hope, and sink.—
'In those dread moments, when the hovering flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,
Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dried my eyes, with your's again to stream;
When treacherous tears your venial faults confess'd,
And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,
Sighs I return'd, and echo'd groan for groan;
Your self-reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.
'Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,
If prompt to pardon, not forget its wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self, deserting to his side:

Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its Heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care,
To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,
And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains;
Too just the rights another claims to steal,
Too good its feelings to wish Virtue feel,
Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—
I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface,
That cold, insensible, thy soul appears
To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears;
But ah! a heart whose tenderness you knew,
That offer'd Heaven, but second vows to you,
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear;
Was this a heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind?
Was this an heart?—O shame of honour, truth,
Of blushing candour, and ingenuous youth!
What means thy pity? what can it restore?
The grave that yawns till general doom's no more,
As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,
Rock'd on the lap of Innocence and Peace,
As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,
And smooth the traces by Affliction made,
Flames once extinguish'd Virtue's lamp divine,
And visits Honour, a deserted shrine!
No, wretch, too long on Passion's ocean tost,
Not Heaven itself restores the good you lost;
The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,
A Fiend pursues thee that an Angel seem'd;

Impassive to the touch of Reason's ray
His fairy phantom melts in clouds away;
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,
The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!
Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,
To blend in dreadful union Love and Hate;
Chiding the present moment's slumbering haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past;
Like me condemn the' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, and retain the love.
Yes, Love—even now in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy pow'r.
The Sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds
In browner horrors than when veil'd in clouds;
The Moon, faint light that melancholy throws,
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose;
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And vallies laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, Love, whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own.
O thou of generous passions purest, best!
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,
Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,
And aching vision drank thy lovely light;
A new creation brighten'd to my view,
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew;
New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious rose,
And beat sweet unison to others' woes;
Slumbering no more, a Lethe's lazy flood,
In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,
No longer now to partial streams confin'd,
Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind;
No more concentering in itself the blaze,
The soul diffus'd Benevolence's rays,

Kindled on earth, pursued the' ethereal road,
In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—
'Yes, Love, thy star of generous influence cheers
Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears.
What? if a tyrant's blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,
Converts to poison what for life was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native Heaven,
Still Love victorious triumphs, still confess'd
The noblest transport that can warm the breast;
Yes, traitor, yes; my heart, to Nature true,
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

TO MRS. B——,

READING JULIA WITH TEARS, DURING A HARD FROST.

WHAT, though descending as the dews of morn,
On misery's sighs your tear of virtue waits;
Forget the fallen Julia! you were born
For heart-expanding joys and smiling fates.

To soothe with social pleasures human cares,
To call the Muse to Thames's frozen glades,
To wake the slumbering Spring with vernal airs,
And plant an Eden in December's shades;

To deck, like Eve[1], with soft officious haste,
Your banquet, worthiest of her angel-guest;
Amid the flowers that crown the fair repast
A flower yourself, the fairest of the feast.

[1] See Milton's Paradise Lost, book v. from line 303.

There the great Giver for his bounties given,
  Your grateful consort blessing, blesses too
The sweet dispenser of the gifts of Heaven,
  In wonder's silent prayer he blesses you :

Your infants there reflecting round the board,
  Maternal graces while his eye approves;
One tear to rapture give!—then sit ador'd
  The gentle mother of the Smiles and Loves.

ON CONVERTING THE

LATE MR. WOODDESON'S HOUSE,

AT KINGSTON, INTO A POOR-HOUSE, AND CUTTING DOWN THE GREAT WALK OF HIGH TREES BEFORE IT.

WHERE the broad path-way fronts yon ancient seat,
Approach not, stranger, with unhallow'd feet,
Nor mock the spot, unshelter'd now, and bare!
The grove's old honours rose majestic there:
Its giant arms extending to defend
Thy reverend temples, man's and virtue's friend!
Secure thy walk, that unpierc'd gloom along,
No storm approach'd to silence Homer's song;
No beam to wound thy Heaven-directed eye:
The world's near tumult swept unheeded by.
Now, low as thine, these towering heads are laid,
Nor more embower the mansion in their shade;
Time-honour'd pile! that, owning thee its lord,
Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, restor'd;

In renovated youth beheld again
Saturnian days, the good Eliza's reign.
With thee too sheltering many an angel-guest,
For what, but Heaven, serener than thy breast?—
Bless'd mansion then, Simplicity's abode,
Where smiling Innocence look'd up to God;
Where Nature's genuine graces charm'd the heart,
Or Nature, polish'd but by classic art. [beams,
There Fancy, warm'd with brightest, chastest
The saint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,
While Virtue left, delighting there to dwell,
The pensive mountain, and the hermit's cell.—
There the good teacher held by turns to youth
The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,
Who, less by precept than example fir'd,
Glow'd as he taught, inspiring and inspir'd.
Nor think, gay revellers, this awful roof
Echoed no sounds but Wisdom's harsh reproof;
The social board, attendant Mirth, was there,
The smile unconscious of to-morrow's care,
With every tranquil joy of wedded life,
The gracious children, and the faithful wife.
In dance, in song, in harmless sports approv'd,
There youth has frolic'd, there soft maids have lov'd.
There one, distinguish'd one—not sweeter blows
In simpler ornament attir'd, the rose,
The rose she cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,
Herself as fair—a transitory flower.—
Thus a short hour—and woods and turrets fall;
The good, the great, the beauteous, perish all.
Another age a gayer race supplies,
Less awful groves, and gaudier villas rise.
See Wisdom's place usurp'd by Folly's sons,
And scorners sit on Virtue's vacant thrones.

See neighbouring Combe's old genius quit its bowers,
Not Warwick's [1] name preserv'd his gothic towers;
Nor distant [2] see new royal domes deride
What half remains of Wolsey's ancient pride!
While yet this humbler pile survives to prove
A mansion worthy of its master's love:
Like him, still welcomes to its liberal door
Whom most he honour'd, honouring most the poor;
Like him, the lisping infant's blessing shares,
And age's gratitude in silent prayers.—
While such partake the couch, the frugal feast,
No regal chambers boast an equal guest;
For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,
Receiving mercy is receiving Thee!—

ON

REBUILDING COMBE-NEVILLE,

NEAR KINGSTON, SURREY, ONCE THE SEAT OF THE FAMOUS KING-MAKING EARL OF WARWICK, AND LATE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF HARVEY.

Ye modern domes that rise elate
O'er yonder prostrate walls,
In vain your hope to match the state
Of Neville's ancient halls.

[1] Combe-Neville, near Kingston, built by the king-making Earl of Warwick.

[2] The new apartments at Hampton-Court, raised on the ruins of part of Wolsey's palace.

Dread mansion! on thy gothic tower
  Were regal standards rais'd;
The rose of York, white virgin flower,
  Or red Lancastria's blaz'd.

Warwick, high chief, whose awful word
  Or shook, or fix'd the throne,
Spread here his hospitable board,
  Or war'd in tilts alone.

When Combe her garter'd knights beheld
  On barbed steeds advance,
Where ladies crown'd the tented field,
  And Love inspir'd the lance.

Historic heralds here array'd
  Fair acts in gorgeous style,
But heroes' toils were best repay'd
  By bashful Beauty's smile.

So flourish'd Combe, and flourish'd long
  With lords of bounteous soul;
Her walls still echoed to the song,
  And Mirth still drain'd her bowl.

And still her courts with footsteps meek
  The fainting traveller press'd,
Still Misery flush'd her faded cheek
  At Harvey's genial feast.—

Lov'd seat, how oft, in childish ease,
  Along thy woods I stray'd,
Now ventrous climb'd embowering trees,
  Now sported in their shade.

Along thy hills the chase I led
  With echoing hounds and horns,
And left for thee my downy bed,
  Unplanted yet with thorns.

Now, languid with the noontide beams,
  Explor'd thy [1] precious springs
That proudly flow [2], like Susa's streams,
  To temper cups for Kings.

But soon, inspir'd with nobler pow'rs,
  I sought thy awful grove;
There frequent sooth'd my evening hours,
  That best deceiver, Love.

Each smiling joy was there, that springs
  In life's delicious prime;
There young Ambition plum'd his wings,
  And mock'd the flight of Time.—

There patriot passions fir'd my breast
  With Freedom's glowing themes,
And Virtue's image rose confess'd
  In bright Platonic dreams.—

Ah me! my dreams of harmless youth
  No more thy walks invade,
The charm is broke by sober Truth,
  Thy fairy visions fade.—

No more unstain'd with fear or guilt
  Such hours of rapture smile,
Each airy fabric Fancy built
  Is vanish'd as thy pile!—

[1] Hampton-Court Palace is supplied with water from the springs on Combe-Hills.

[2] There Susa by Choapes' amber stream,
  The drink of none but Kings. MILTON.

ON LADY POMFRET'S

PRESENTING THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD WITH HER COLLECTION OF STATUES.

WELCOME again the reign of ancient Arts!
Welcome fair modern days from gothic night,
Though late, emerging! sun of Science hail!
Whose glorious rays enlighten'd Greece and Rome,
Illustrious nations!—Their's was empire's seat,
Their's Virtue, Freedom, each enchanting grace;
Sculpture with them to bright perfection rose,
Sculpture, whose bold Promethean hand inform'd
The stubborn mass with life—in fretted gold
Or yielding marble, to the raptur'd eye
Display'd the shining conclave of the skies,
And chiefs and sages gave the Passions form,
And Virtue shape corporeal: taught by her
The obedient brass dissolv'd;
In Love's soft fires thy winning charms she stole,
Thou mild retreating Medicean Fair.
She mark'd the flowing Dryads lighter step,
The panting bosom, garments flowing loose,
And wanton tresses waving to the wind.—
Again by Pomfret's generous care, these stores
Of ancient Fame revisit Learning's seats,
Their old abode. O reverence Learning's seats,
Ye beauteous Arts! for know, by Learning's smiles
Ye grew immortal—Know, however fair
Sculpture and Painting, fairer Poetry
Your elder Sister, from the' Aönian mount,
Imagination's fruitful realm, supplied
The rich material of your lovely soil.
Her fairy forms, poetic Fancy first

Peopled the hills, and vales, and fabled groves,
With shapes celestial, and by fountain side
Saw Fauns with wanton Satyrs lead the dance
With meek-ey'd Naïds; saw your Cyprian Queen
Ascending from the Ocean's wave;
Poetic Fancy in Mæonian song
Pictur'd immortal Jove, ere Phidias' hands
Sublime with all his thunders form'd the God.
Here then uniting with your kindred art,
Majestic Grecian Sculpture deign to dwell,
Here shades of Academe again invite,
Athenian philosophic shades, and here
Ye Roman forms, a nobler Tyber flows.
Come, Pomfret, come; of rich munificence
Partake the fame, though candid blushes rise,
And modest virtues shun the blaze of day.
Pomfret, not all thy honours, splendid train,
Not the bright coronet that binds thy brow,
Not all thy lovely offspring, radiant queens
On Beauty's throne, shall consecrate thy praise
Like Science, boasting in thy genial beam
Increasing stores: in these embowering shades
Stands the fair tablet of eternal Fame;
There Memory's adamantine pen records
Her sons; but each illustrious female's name
In golden characters engrav'd, defies
Envy and Time, superior to their rage.—
Pomfret shall live, the generous Pomfret join'd
With Caroline, and martial Edward's Queen.
And great Eliza, regal names, like thee
Smiling on Arts and Learning's sons they reign'd.—
And see where Westmorland adorns the train
Of Learning's princely patrons! lo, I see
A new Pantheon rise, as that of old

Famous, nor founded by ignobler hands;
Though thine, Agrippa, sway'd the helm of Rome:
I see enshrin'd majestic awful forms,
Chiefs, legislators, patriots, beauties, gods.
Not him by superstitious fears ador'd
With barbarous sacrifice and frantic zeal,
Yet not uncelebrated nor unsung, for oft
Thou, slumbering Cupid, with inverted torch
Betokening mildest fires, shall hear the sighs
Of virtuous love-sick youths. You too shall reign,
Celestial Venus, though with chaster rites,
Address'd with vows from purer votaries heard.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

The sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
Whose levell'd thunder frightens Morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins;
A general groan the general anguish speaks,
The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
—I call in vain—They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize;
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground,
And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's pow'r,
Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Thou the Morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
[1] Vigil to fasts, and penitence, and prayer.

Must fatal wars of human avarice, wage
For milder conflicts, Love their palm design'd?
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,
Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are these your sovereign joys, Creation's lords?
Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathising chords
For concord, order, for the harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood! [vere!
Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven re-
Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
Or see the panting spaniel try the fields,
While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

[1] Shrove Tuesday.

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
  Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind control;
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
  And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
  Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
  Of evil fled and all Creation bless'd!

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
  Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
  To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
  The turkey, strut with valour's red pretence,
And duck, row on with waddling honest gait,
  And goose, mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect, in simple pride,
  Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call;
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
  That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
  Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly;
  A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,
  Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense;
And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
  Let Heaven's best joy be thine, benevolence!

While flocks' soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
  The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath;
Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
  Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
  Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
For not their fury, a consuming flood
  Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
  Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start;
Now from a brother's side the dagger draw,
  Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See, as they reach Ambition's purple fruits,
  Their reeking hands in nation's carnage died!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
  They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
  With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last!
See festering in the bosom where they sprung
  The fury passions that laid Nature waste!

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
  And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
  Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
  He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
  The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
  To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee;
  Each being's bliss consummates general good.

ODE TO CAPTIVITY.

WRITTEN IN THE LAST WAR.

O STERN Captivity! from Albion's land
  Far, far, avert the terrors of thy rod!
O wave not o'er her fields thy flaming brand!
  O crush not Freedom, fairest child of God!—
    Bring not from thy Gallic shore
    The galling fetters, groaning oar!
    Bring not hither Virtue's bane,
    Thy sister Superstition's train!
O spare from sanguine rites the silver floods!
Nor haunt with shapes obscene our unpolluted
    woods!—

Is yet too weak, rapacious Power, thy throne?
  While the chain'd Continent thy vassal waits,
The Rhine, the Danube, and the sounding Rhone,
  Proclaim thy triumphs through an hundred states.
    See Valentia's smiling vales
    Courted for thee by Ocean's gales!
    Through yawning vaults [1] on Tagus' streams,
    Thine Revenge's dagger gleams:
Thy fury bursts on Rome's devoted head,
In vain the Scipios liv'd, the Decii, Cato bled!

Be these thy bounds—whose laws with monarchs
  To this fair isle how impotent thy hate! [reign,
Where Pitt, so righteous Heaven and George ordain,
  In wisdom guides the thunder of the state.

[1] The late conspiracy against the Portuguese government was planned amid the ruins of that unfortunate capital.

That thunder shook on Afric's [2] shore,
The howling wild where lions roar;
In western [3] worlds its awful powers
Sunk astonish'd Bourbon's towers:
That thunder sounding o'er the Celtic main,
Roll'd to Lutetia's walls along the' affrighted Seine.

Daughters of Albion! strew his paths with flowers,
O wake for him the lute's harmonious chord!
His name be echoed in your festal bowers,
Who guards Britannia from a foreign Lord!
Happy Fair, who seated far
From haughty conquerors, barbarous war,
Have heard alone in tragic songs,
Of cities storm'd and virgins' wrongs,
There felt the daughter's, parent's, consort's groan,
And wept historic woes, unpractis'd in your own!

Have you not heard how Sion's daughters mourn'd
Their prostrate land?—how Greece her victims tore
From flaming altars?—captive queens they turn'd
From Troy reluctant—on the sea-beat shore
Their eyes to Heaven were roll'd in vain,
Their eyes—for not the victor's chain
Indulg'd thy privilege, Despair!
Their hands to rend their flowing hair;
Behind them Troy a smoaking ruin lies,
Before lie unknown seas, and black incumbent skies.

'Ye gales [4]!' they cried, 'ye cruel eastern gales!
Adverse to Troy, conspiring with the foe,
That eager stretch the victor's swelling sails,
To what unfriendly regions will ye blow?

[2] Senegal. [3] Louisbourg.
[4] An imitation of the first chorus in the Hecuba of Euripides.

Shall we serve on Doric plains?
Or where in Pithia Pyrrhus reigns?
Shall Echo catch our captive tales?
Joyless in the sprightly vales
Apidanus thy beauteous current laves,
Say, shall we sit and dream of Simois' fairer waves?

'Shall Delos, sacred Delos, hear our woes?
Where when Latona's offspring sprung to birth,
The palm spontaneous, and the laurel rose,
O Dian, Dian, on thy hallow'd earth;
With Delian maids, a spotless band,
At Virtue's altar shall we stand,
And hail thy name, with choral joy,
Invok'd in vain for falling Troy?
Thy shafts victorious shall our songs proclaim,
When not an arrow fled to spare thy votaries shame.

'To Athens, Art's fair empire, shall we rove
There for some haughty mistress ply the loom,
With daring fancy paint avenging Jove,
His forked lightnings flaming through the gloom,
To blast the bold Titanian race:
Or deaf to Nature, must we trace
In mournful shades our hapless war?
What art, dread Pallas, to thy car,
Shall yoke the' immortal steeds? what colours tell
By thine, by Pyrrhus' lance, how lofty Ilion fell?

'Yes, cruel gods, our bleeding country falls,
Her chiefs are slain—see brothers, sires expire!
Ah see, exulting o'er her prostrate walls,
The victor's fury, and devouring fire!
Asia's haughty Genius broke,
Bows the neck to Europe's yoke,

Chains are all our portion now,
No festal wreaths shall bind our brow,
Nor Hymen's torches light the bridal day: [prey!
O Death, and black Despair, behold your destin'd

ODE TO YOUTH.

YOUTH, ah stay, prolong delight,
Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight!
Youth, disdaining silver hairs,
Autumn's frowns and Winter's cares,
Dwell'st thou but in dimple sleek,
In vernal smiles and Summer's cheek?
On Spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold, [gold.
They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch is

Graver years come sailing by:
Hark! they call me as they fly;
Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams!
Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice!
Deserting Virtue, yet assume her state; [to Hate.
Thy smiles, that dwell with Love, ah! wed them now

Or in Victory's purple plain
Triumph thou on hills of slain!
While the virgin rends her hair,
Childless sires demand their heir,
Timid orphans kneel and weep:
Or, where the unsunn'd treasures sleep,
Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose, [woes.
There mock at human joys, there mock at human

Years away! too dear I prize
Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies;
Come, ye gales that swell the flow'rs,
Wake my soul's expanding pow'rs;
Come, by streams embower'd in wood,
Celestial forms, the Fair, the Good!
With moral charms associate vernal joys!
Pure Nature's pleasures these—the rest are Fashion's toys.

Come, while years reprove in vain,
Youth, with me, and Rapture reign!
Sculpture, Painting, meet my eyes,
Glowing still with young surprise!
Never to the Virgin's lute
This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!
Come, Beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,
—Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else my heart.

Still my soul, for ever young,
Speak thyself divinely sprung!
Wing'd for Heaven, embracing Earth,
Link'd to all of mortal birth,
Brute or man, in social chain
Still link'd to all, who suffer pain.
Pursue the' eternal law!—one Power above
Connects, pervades the whole—that Power divine is Love.

IMITATION FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS,

LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE TITLE OF FINGAL, &c.

BROWN Autumn nods upon the mountain's head,
  The dark mist gathers; howling winds assail
The blighted desart; on its mineral bed
  Dark rolls the river through the sullen vale.
    On the hill's dejected scene
    The blasted ash alone is seen,
    That marks the grave where Connal sleeps;
    Gather'd into mouldering heaps
    From the whirlwind's giddy round,
    Its leaves bestrew the hallow'd ground:
Across the musing hunter's lonesome way
Flit melancholy ghosts, that chill the dawn of day.

Connal, thou slumber'st there, the great, the good!
  Thy long-fam'd ancestors what tongue can trace?
Firm, as the oak on rocky heights, they stood;
  Planted as firm on Glory's ample base.
    Rooted in their native clime,
    Brav'd alike devouring time,
    Full of honours, full of age,
    That lofty oak the winter's rage
    Rent from the promontory's brow,
    And Death has laid the mighty low.
The mountains mourn their consecrated tree;
His country Connal mourns;—what son shall rival
    thee?
Here was the din of arms, and here o'erthrown
  The valiant!—mournful are thy wars, Fingal;
The caverns echo'd to the dying groan,
  The fatal fields beheld the victor fall;

Tall amidst the host, as hills
Above their vales and subject rills,
His arm, a tempest louring high,
His sword, a beam of summer's sky,
His eyes, a fiery furnace, glare,
His voice that shook the astonish'd war,
Was thunder's sound: he smote the trembling foes,
As sportive infant's staff the bearded thistle mows.

Onward to meet this hero, like a storm,
A cloudy storm, the mighty Dargo came;
As mountain caves, where dusky meteors form
His hollow eye-balls flash'd a livid flame!
And now they join'd, and now they wield
Their clashing steel—resounds the field,
Crimora heard the loud alarms,
Rinval's daughter, bright in arms,
Her hands the bow victorious bear,
Luxuriant wav'd her auburn hair;
Connal, her life, her love, in beauty's pride, [side.
She follow'd to the war, and fought by Connal's

In wild despair, at Connal's foe she drew
The fatal string, impatient flew the dart;
Ah, hapless maid!—with erring course it flew;
The shaft stood trembling in her lover's heart.
He fell—so falls by thunder's shock
From ocean's cliffs the rifted rock.
That falls and ploughs the groaning strand—
He fell by Love's unwilling hand.
Hapless maid! from eve to day,
Connal, my love; the breathless clay
My love, she calls—now rolls her frantic eyes—
—Now bends them sad to earth—she sinks, she
faints, she dies.—

Together rest in Earth's parental womb,
  Her fairest offspring; mournful in the vale
I sit, while, issuing from the moss-grown tomb,
  Your once-lov'd voices seem to swell the gale—
    Pensive Memory wakes her powers,
    Oft recals your smiling hours
    Of fleeting life, that wont to move
    On downy wings of youth and love;
    The smiling hours no more return;
    —All is hush'd—your silent urn
The mountain covers with its awful shade,
Far from the haunts of men in pathless desart laid.

ON A

PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR,

OF TWO IMPRESSIONS FROM A FINE ANTIQUE SEAL OF THE HEAD OF ALEXANDER.

The one by Lady P——, on Paper: the other by Miss J—— P——, in Wax.

Fair sculpture of Ammon's young graces!
  My lady with whim shall we tax;
On paper who marks thy faint traces,
  Which Stella stamps lively in wax?

Of their hearts they make mutual confession:
  That, cold to emotions once felt,
The mother's scarce yields to impression—
  —The daughter's can soften and melt.

ON THE SUBJECT OF

THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA.

O YOU, that dwell where shepherds reign,
  Arcadian youths, Arcadian maids,
To pastoral pipe who danc'd the plain;
  Why pensive now beneath the shades?

Approach her virgin tomb, they cry,
  Behold the verse inscrib'd above,
Once too in Arcady was I,—
  Behold what dreams are life and love!

ON THE SAME.

SWEET Arcady, where shepherds reign,
  Your simple youths, your simple maids,
With pastoral dance still cheer the plain,
  Their pastoral pipe still charms the shades:

This only song still meets our ear,
  It swells the breeze, it fills the grove;
'What joys so sweet as Nature's here?
  What joy of Nature sweet as Love?'

HITCHIN CONVENT.

A TALE.

WHERE Hitch's gentle current glides,
  An ancient convent stands
Sacred to prayer, and holy rites
  Ordain'd by pious hands.

Here monks of saintly Benedict
  Their nightly vigils kept,
And lofty anthems shook the choir
  At hours when mortals slept.

But Harry's [1] wide reforming hand
  That sacred order wounded;
He spoke—from forth their hallow'd walls
  The friars fled confounded.

Then wicked laymen entering in,
  Those cloisters fair profan'd;
Now Riot loud usurps the seat
  Where bright Devotion reign'd.

Ev'n to the chapel's sacred roof,
  Its echoing vaults along,
Resounds the flute, and sprightly dance,
  And hymeneal song.

Yet Fame reports, that monkish shades
  At midnight never fail
To haunt the mansion once their own,
  And tread its cloisters pale.

[1] Henry the Eighth, who suppressed the religious houses in England,

One night, more prying than the rest,
It chanc'd a friar came,
And enter'd, where on beds of down
Repos'd each gentle dame.

Here, softening midnight's raven gloom,
Lay R——e, blushing maid;
There, wrapt in folds of cypress lawn,
Her virtuous aunt was laid.

He stop'd, he gaz'd, to wild conceits
His roving fancy run;
He took the aunt for Prioress,
And R——e for a Nun.

It hap'd that R——'s capuchin,
Across the couch display'd,
To deem her sister of the veil,
The holy sire betray'd.

Accosting then the youthful fair,
His raptur'd accents broke;
Amazement chill'd the waking nymph:
She trembled as he spoke:—

'Hail halcyon days! Hail holy Nun!
This wondrous change explain:
Again Religion lights her lamp,
Reviews these walls again.

'For ever bless'd the power that check'd
Reformists' wild disorders,
Restor'd again the church's lands,
Reviv'd our sacred orders.

'To Monks indeed, from Edward's days,
Belong'd this chaste foundation;
Yet sister Nuns may answer too
The founder's good donation.

'Ah! well thy virgin vows are heard:
For man were never given
Those charms, reserv'd to nobler ends,
Thou spotless spouse of Heaven!

'Yet speak what cause from morning Mass
Thy lingering steps delays:
Haste to the deep-mouth'd organ's peal,
To join thy vocal praise.

'Awake thy abbess-sisters all;
At Mary's holy shrine,
With bended knees and suppliant eyes
Approach, thou Nun divine!—'

'No Nun am I,' recovering cried
The nymph; 'no Nun, I say,
Nor Nun will be, unless this fright
Should turn my locks to grey.

'Tis true, at church I seldom fail
When aunt or uncle leads:
Yet never rise by four o'clock
To tell my morning beads.

'No mortal lover yet, I vow,
My virgin heart has fix'd,
But yet I bear the creature's talk
Without a grate betwixt.

'To Heaven my eyes are often cast,
(From Heaven their light began)
Yet deign sometimes to view on earth
Its image stamp'd on man.

'Ah me! I fear in borrow'd shape
Thou com'st, a base deceiver;
Perhaps the Devil to tempt the faith
Of orthodox-believer.

'For once my hand, at masquerade,
A reverend Friar press'd;
His form as thine, but holier sounds
The ravish'd saint address'd.

'He told me vows no more were made
To senseless stone and wood,
But adoration paid alone
To saints of flesh and blood.

'That rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes,
And tresses like the morn,
Were given to bless the present age,
And light the age unborn:

'That maids, by whose obdurate pride
The hapless lover fell,
Were doom'd to never-dying toils
Of leading apes in hell.

'Respect the first command, he cried,
It's sacred laws fulfil,
And well observe the precept given
To Moses—*Do not kill.*

'Thus spoke, ah yet I hear him speak!
My soul's sublime physician;
Then get thee hence, thy doctrines vile
Would sink me to perdition.'

She ceas'd—the Monk in shades of night
Confus'dly fled away;
And Superstition's clouds dissolv'd
In sense, and beauty's ray.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

A VERY GOOD ACTRESS.

Powerful is beauty, when to mortal seats
  From Heaven descends the heaven-created good,
When fancy's glance the fairy phantom meets,
  Nymph of the shade, or naiad of the flood.

So blooms Celena, daughter of the skies,
  Queen of the joys romantic rapture dreams;
Her checks are summer's damask rose, her eyes
  Steal their quick lustre from the morning's beams.

Her airy neck the shining tresses shade;
  In every wanton curl a Cupid dwells:
To these, distrusting in the Graces' aid,
  She joins the mighty charms of magic spells.

Man, hapless man, in vain destruction flies,
  With wily arts the' enchantress nymph pursues;
To varying forms, as varying lovers rise,
  Shifts the bright Iris of a thousand hues.

Behold the' austere Divine, oppress'd by years,
  Colics, and bulk, and tythes engender'd care;
The sound of woman grates his aching ears,
  Of other woman than a scripture fair.

Sudden she comes, a Deborah bright in arms,
  Or wears the pastoral Rachel's ancient mien;
And now, as glow gay-flushing eastern charms,
  He sighs like David's son for Sheba's Queen.

To Change the China-trader speeds his pace,
  Nor heeds the chilly North's unripening dames ;
'Tis her's with twinkling eyes, and lengthen'd face,
  And pigmy foot, to wake forgotten flames.

She oft, in likeness of the' Egyptian crone,
  Too well inform'd, relates to wondring swains
Their amorous plaints prefer'd to her alone:
  Her own relentless breast too well explains.

See, at the manor's hospitable board
  Enters a Sire, by infant age rever'd ;
From shorten'd tube exhaling fumes afford
  The incense bland that clouds his forky beard.

Conundrums quaint, and puns of jocund kind,
  With rural ditties, warm the' elated 'Squire,
Yet oft sensations quicken in his mind,
  Other than ale and jocund puns inspire.

The forms where bloated Dropsy holds her seat
  He views, unconscious of magician's guiles;
Nor deems a jaundic'd visage lov'd retreat
  Of graces, young desires, and dimpled smiles.

Now o'er the portal of an antique hall
  A Grecian form the raptur'd patriot awes,
The hoary bust and brow severe recal
  Lycurgus, founder of majestic laws.

Awhile entranc'd, he dreams of old renown,
  And freedom's triumph in Platean fields,
Then turns—relaxing sees the furrow'd frown,
  To melting airs the soften'd marble yields.

'I see the lips as breathing life,' he cries,
  'On icy cheeks carnation blooms display'd:
The pensive orbs are pleasure-beaming eyes,
  And Sparta's lawgiver a blushing maid.

'There, at the curtains of the shuddering youth,
Stiff, melancholy, pale, a spectre stands,
Some love-lorn virgin's shade—O! injur'd truth,
Deserted phantom, and ye plighted hands.'

He scarce had utter'd—from his frantic gaze
The vision fades—succeeds a flood of light:
'O friendly shadows, veil him, as the blaze
Of beauty's sun emerging from the night.

'Here end thy triumphs, nymph of potent charms,
The laurel'd bard is Heavens immortal care;
Him nor illusion's spell nor philter harms,
Nor music floating on the magic air.

'The myrtle wand this arm imperial bears,
Reluctant ghosts and stubborn elves obey:
Its virtuous touch the midnight fairy fears,
And shapes that wanton in Aurora's ray.'

I ceas'd; the virgin came in native grace,
With native smiles that strengthen beauty's chain:
O vain the confidence of mortal race!
My laurel'd head and myrtle wand are vain.

Again wild raptures, kindling passions rise,
As once in Andover's autumnal grove;
When looks that spoke, and eloquence of sighs,
Told the soft mandate of another's love.

TO

AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY.

IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.

O NYMPH! than bless'd Pandora honour'd more,
What gods to grace thee lavish all their store!
We see thy form in awful beauty move,
At once repelling and inviting love;
We see thy mind each bright perfection reach
That Genius kindles, and the Graces teach;
Pallas to form that matchless mind, conspires
With Wisdom's coolness, tempering Fancy's fires:
Here, as in Eden's blissful garden, shoot
The tree of Knowledge and forbidden Fruit.

ADDRESS TO THE THAMES.

O THAMES! thy clear majestic stream
Shall ever flow my raptur'd theme;
Not because Augusta's pride
Builds her greatness on thy tide,
Courted by worlds in other oceans found;
Not because proud Cliefden laves
His pendent beeches in thy waves;
Not because thy limpid rills
Reflect on Hampton's towers, or Richmond's hills;
Or Cooper's[1] mountain, by the Muses crown'd,

[1] Cooper's Hill; the well-known subject of Sir John Denham's descriptive poem.

Or catch the blaze from Windsor's beaming
star,
Sacred to patriot chiefs, the boast of peace and war.

Nor yet because thy current loves
The haunt of Academic groves;
And still with lingering fond delay
Through Egham's vales delights to stray,
Once scene of Freedom's claims, heroic cares:
But hail thee, Thames! while o'er thy meads
Eliza with Louisa leads
Each winning grace of Love and Youth,
Ingenuous forms, fair Candour and fair Truth:
Oh! fan their evening walk with mildest airs;
So Gallic spoils shall crowd thy wealthy side,
And Commerce swell her stores with each revolving tide.

TO LADY F——,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

Though to Hymen's gay season belong
Light airs, and the raptures of youth;
Yet listen to one sober song;
O listen, fair Stella, to truth.

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,
To the soft serenade at your bow'r,
To the lover's idolatrous duty,
To his vigils in midnight's still hour.

To your frowns darting amorous anguish,
  To your smiles chasing every care,
To the power of your eyes' lively languish,
  To each glance waking hope or despair.

Farewell to soft bards, that in Heaven
  Dipt the pencil to picture your praise,
And blended the colours of even
  With morning's gay opening rays:

They no longer on Thames shall proclaim you
  A naiad new sprung from the flood,
Nor to Bushy's soft echoes shall name you
  Bright Dian, the queen of the wood.

Farewell to Love's various season,
  Smiling days hung with tempests and night;
But welcome the reign of fair Reason,
  O! welcome securer delight.

O! welcome, in Nature's own dress,
  Purest pleasures of gentler kind;
O! welcome the power to bless,
  To redeem Fortune's wrongs on mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow
  From Plenty's unlimited store,
To gild the wan aspect of Sorrow,
  To cheer the meek eyes of the poor.

When your virtues shall mix with the skies,
  When your beauty, bright phœnix, decays:
In your image new graces shall rise,
  And enlighten Posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air;
  Every virtue deriv'd to your blood,
Shall remember that Stella was fair,
  Shall remember that Stella was good.

SONG.

No gaudy Rubens ever dare
  With flaunting Genius, rosy Loves,
To crowd the scene, in sunshine's glare,
  Exposing her the Muse approves.

Let, chaste Poussin, thy shaded stream
  Reflect her pensive, tender air;
Let evening veil, with sober beam,
  In bashful night the bashful Fair.

TO A LADY.

The simple swain, where Zembla's snows
  Are bound in frozen chains,
Where scarce a smile the sun bestows
  To warm the sullen plains;

Not once conceives that sun to rise
  With kinder, brighter ray;
Nor southern vales, Hesperian skies,
  To bask in smiling day.

As weak my thoughts respecting thee:
  Must thou, my better sun,
Because but smiling cold on me,
  Be therefore warm to none?

STANZAS.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
MILTON.

THE bird of midnight swell'd her throat,
The virgins listen'd round
To Sorrow's deeply-warbled note,
To sweet but solemn sound:

When soon the lark ascending high,
In sun-beams idly play'd;
As soon to greet him, see, they fly—
One pensive virgin stay'd.

She stay'd to hear the mourner sing;
The rest, to Nature true,
The flutter of the gayer wing
The vacant song pursue.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

WHO OBJECTED TO SUP WITH A PARTY OF BOTH SEXES THAT MET AT A COFFEE-HOUSE.

O Far from Caroline, so soft a maid,
  Be cruel coyness, pride, and cold disdain!
Who now of man, the monster man, afraid,
  Flies the gay circle of the social train.

Away vain fears! away suspicious dreams,
  From Beauty, Virtue, Tenderness, and Truth;
From eyes that dawn with Wisdom's mildest beams,
  From harmless smiles that wait on gentle Youth.

Far other years and other nymphs befit
  The prudish form, and high forbidding brow;
With others dwell, or frowns or scornful wit,
  With nymphs less innocent, less fair than thou:

With her, whose youth, of Virtue's mild control
  Impatient, rush'd on wanton wild desires;
Now Prayer or Scandal cheers the gloomy soul,
  That pines in secret with forbidden fires:

Or her that triumph'd in her lover's sighs,
  As round their brows the willow garlands bend;
She now dejected, now deserted lies,
  Without a lover, and without a friend!

Another fate is youthful Virtue's share:
  Come with the Graces, gentle maid, along;
Come, fairest thou among the young and fair,
  To lead the dance, or join the virgin's song,

Come, listen to the tale that youths complain,
  To thousand vows, in amorous sighs address'd ;
Propitious listen to the raptur'd strain,
  When chaste majestic passions swell the breast.

Too long exterior charms of radiant eyes
  And blushing cheeks, the captive sense control;
Thy forms, fair Harmony, too long we prize,
  Forget the fairer, more harmonious soul.

Too long the lovers for an empty Fair
  At heedless ease inglorious arts advance ;
Enough for them to deck the flowing hair,
  Or flutter gaudy with the pride of France.

From Worth with Beauty nobler lessons taught,
  Each youth that languishes, his flame shall prove
By generous action or heroic thought,
  And merit fame by arts that merit love.

Shall once again the Grecian lyre be strung,
  Restoring Hymen's mild Arcadian reign?
Shall patriot Eloquence instruct the tongue,
  And spoils be gather'd from the martial plain?

O ! far unlike to such celestial flame
  The passion kindled from impure desires ;
Fatal to Friends, to Fortune, and to Fame,
  The momentary flash in night expires.

Love's lambent fire that beams from Virtue's rays,
  Each sordid passion as it burns, refin'd,
Still bright and brighter with benignant blaze
  Embraces friends, a country, humankind.

A DREAM.

With bridal cake beneath her head,
  As Jenny press'd her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
  Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
  And goblins kept their station;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore
  To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the beau,
  The 'squire, the captain trips;
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
  The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,
  For some she felt it smart;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
  To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd,
  And Fancy play'd her farce on)
That, soft reclin'd in elbow-chair,
  She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but, O rash Muse! forbear,
  Nor virgins' dreams pursue;
Yet bless'd above the gods is he
  Who proves such visions true.

THE MULBERRY-TREE.

A TALE.

For London's rich city, two Staffordshire swains,
Hight Johnson, hight Garrick, forsaking their plains,
Reach'd Shakspeare's own Stratford, where flows by his tomb
An Avon, as proudly as Tiber by Rome.
Now Garrick, (sweet imp too of Nature was he)
Would climb and would eat from his Mulberry-tree;
Yet as Johnson, less frolic, was taller, was older,
He reach'd the first boughs by the help of his shoulder;
Where, shelter'd from famine, from bailiffs, and weather,
Bards, crities, and players sat crowded together;
Who devour'd in their reach, all the fruit they could meet,
The good, bad, indifferent, the bitter and sweet:
But Garrick climb'd high to a plentiful crop,
Then, heavens! what vagaries he play'd on the top!
How, now on the loose twigs, and now on the tight,
He stood on his head, and then bolted upright!
All features, all shapes, and all passions he tried;
He danc'd and he strutted, he laugh'd and he cried,
He presented his face, and he show'd his backside!
The noble, the vulgar, flock'd round him to see
What feats he perform'd in the Mulberry-tree:
He repeated the pastime, then open'd to speak,
But Johnson below mutter'd strophes of Greek,

While Garrick proclaim'd—' such a plant never grew,
So foster'd by sun-shine, by soil, and by dew.
The palm-trees of Delos, Phœnicia's sweet grove,
The oaks of Dodona, though hallow'd by Jove,
With all that antiquity shows to surpass us,
Compar'd to this tree, were mere shrubs of Parnassus.
Not the beeches of Mantua, where Tityrus was [laid,
Not all Vallombrosa produc'd such a shade;
That the myrtles of France, like the birch of the schools,
Were fit only for rods to whip Genius to rules;
That to Stratford's old Mulberry, fairest and best,
The Cedars of Eden must bow their proud crest!
Then the fruit—like the loaf in the Tub's pleasant Tale[1],
That was fish, flesh, and custard, good claret, and [ale—
It compris'd every flavour, was all, and was each,
Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and peach;
Nay he swore, and his audience believ'd what he told,
That under his touch it grew *apples of gold.*——
Now he paus'd!—then recounted its virtues again—
'Twas a wood for all use, bottom, top, bark, and grain:
It would saw into seats for an audience in full pits,
Into benches for judges, episcopal pulpits;
Into chairs for philosophers, thrones too for kings,
Serve the highest of purposes, lowest of things;
Make brooms to mount witches, make May-poles for May-days,
And boxes, and ink-stands, for wits and the ladies.'—

[1] The Tale of a Tub, by Swift. See Section IV.

His speech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their superiors,
By Johnson stopt short,—who his mighty posteriors
Applied to the trunk—like a Sampson, his haunches
Shook the roots, shook the summit, shook stem, and shook branches!
All was tremor and shock!—now descended in showers
Wither'd leaves, wither'd limbs, blighted fruits blighted flowers!
The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,
Who held by weak branches, and let go the strong;
E'en Garrick had dropt with a bough that was rotten,
But he leapt to a sound, and the slip was forgotten.
Now the plant's close recesses lay open to day,
While Johnson exclaim'd, stalking stately away,
'Here's rubbish enough, till my homeward return,
For children to gather, old women to burn;
Not practis'd to labour, my sides are too sore,
Till another fit season, to shake you down more.
What future materials for pruning, and cropping,
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping, and topping!
Yet mistake me not, rabble! this tree's a good tree,
Does honour, dame Nature, to Britain and thee;
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,
Makes a noble desert, where the dinner's roast-beef!'

TO A LADY.

Yes; Wedlock's sweet bands were too bless'd, in her lover
If Virtue her likeness could find,
What Plato [1] has fabled, could Julia recover
Her lost other half, from mankind.

What joy to receive all the good you impart,
Thy cares on another recline,
Another's fond bosom, and feel that his heart
Beats all the same measures with thine!

The features, the virtues of both, in your race,
How sweet the confusion, enjoy!
Yet more of thyself in the daughter still trace,
And more of thy lord in the boy.

Such bliss rivals Heaven—yet what grief, what disgrace,
Were riot's low follower thy lot,
Were he whose loud pleasures are wine and the chase,
All love's silent pleasures forgot!

What misery to hear, without daring reply,
All folly, all insolence speaks;
Still calling the tear of reproach to thy eye,
The flush of disdain to thy cheeks!

[1] Plato's fable is, that man and woman originally were one being, divided afterwards by Jupiter for their punishment; that each part, in perpetual search of the other, never recovers happiness till their reunion.

Would soft macaronies have judgment to prize,
Whom arts and whom virtues adorn,
Who learnt every virtue and art to despise,
Where Catos and Scipios were born?

Would Wealth's drowsy heir, without spark of Heaven's fire,
Enshrin'd in his dullness completely,
Awake to the charmer, her voice, and her lyre,
Ah! charm they though ever so sweetly?

But what with the gamester, ah! what were thy fate,
What Fortune's caprices thy share!
To sleep upon down under canopied state,
To wake on the straw of Despair!

The timid free-thinker, that only defies
Those bolts which his Maker can throw;
Would he, when blaspheming the Lord of the skies,
Yet reverence his image below?

Would slaves to a court, or to Faction's banditti,
Thy temperate spirit approve;
So proud in their chains of the court and the city,
Disdaining no chains, but of Love?

O! mild as the zephyr, like zephyr that throws
Its sweets on the sweet-breathing May;
But not on the lap of cold Winter bestows,
What Winter will never repay.

So turn thee from Folly's cold aspect, ah! turn
From Vice's hard bosom away;
The wise and the virtuous thy sweets will return,
As warm and as grateful as May.

ON

A VERY FINE LADY.

Fine B—— observes no other rules
Than those the Coterie prize;
She thinks, whilst Lords continue fools,
'Tis vulgar to be wise:

Thinks rudeness wit in noble dames,
Adultery, love polite;
That ducal stars shoot brighter flames
Than all the host of light.

Yet sages own that greatness throws
A grace on Spencer's charms;
On Hagley's verse, on Stanhope's prose,
And gilded Marlborough's arms.

For titles here their reverence ends,
In general Wisdom thinks
The higher Grandeur's scale ascends,
The lower Nature's sinks.

ON

MEN BEING DEPRIVED,

FROM CUSTOM AND DELICACY, OF ENJOYING SOCIAL FRIENDSHIP WITH THE FAIR-SEX.

HAD soft Aspasia's sex been man,
  What Friendship's holy chains
Had link'd our beings, Fortune's plan,
  Our pleasures and our pains?

Alike our ruder, milder sports,
  Our studies too the same;
Companions both in shades and courts,
  In paths of love or fame.

By bright collision, patriot beams
  Had flush'd from soul to soul;
And War had seen, in Union's streams,
  Our tide of glory roll.

There Fate, that strikes the noblest breast,
  Had surely reverenc'd thine;
The thirsty lance I then had bless'd
  For only wounding mine.

But ah! my sweeter downy hours,
  Had I been chang'd, not you;
What tranquil joys, if kinder powers
  Had made me woman too!

Made each the other's softer care,
  One table then had fed,
One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,
  Ah, do not blush!—one bed.

Both sitting at one busy loom
  In Nature's vernal bow'r,
Had rivall'd Nature's vernal bloom,
  Creating both one flow'r.

Both screen'd from summer's sultry view,
  In shades by haunted stream,
Had own'd the moral vision true
  That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wisdom, couch'd in mystic rhyme,
  Yet bending o'er the brook,
Had gather'd morals more sublime
  From great Creation's book;

And felt our mixing souls refine
  In purer wisdom's ray,
The being Virtue's friend and thine
  Had clear'd our mists away.

My morning incense, evening pray'r,
  With thine had soar'd above,
With thine ascending sweeter there
  On wings of song and love.

Vain dreams! for custom's laws, combin'd
  With Virtue's stern decree,
Divide the beings Nature join'd,
  Divide my fair from me.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

FAINTING AT THE NEWS OF HER FRIEND'S MISFORTUNES.

Ah! maid too gentle, while thy tears deplore
The virtuous exile on a foreign shore,
Thy pulse forgets to beat, thy cheek to glow,
Dim the bright eye, fix'd monument of woe;
Lost every function, vanish'd every sense:
Is this thy lot, divine benevolence?
Approach no more, such bitter anguish, near
So soft a bosom; flow alone the tear,
That dew of Heaven, O maid! to Heaven allied,
Thy great Redeemer shed for man, and died.
Good angels mourn Creation's glories lost,
And mourning, please, resemble him, the most;
Flow then thy tear, ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
For bliss to others, sweeter bliss to thee!
With Pity's pangs her dear sensations feel;
The shaft that wounds thee, drops a balm to heal.
Thy soul expanding, like a vernal flower,
Shall glow the brighter in Affliction's shower.
For every tear to suffering Virtue given,
Itself approving, and approv'd by Heaven.
Weep then, but weep another's fate alone;
Let smiles be still attendant on thy own!

ON THE

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How bless'd is he whom Nature's gentle hand
Has snatch'd from human life and human woes,
Ev'n in his childish days, ere yet he knew
Or sin, or pain, or youthful passion's force!
In Earth's soft lap, beneath the flowery turf,
His peaceful ashes sleep; to Heaven ascends
The' unspotted soul, declar'd by voice divine
A guest well pleasing—Then no longer mourn,
Thou drooping parent, nor bewail him lost—
In life's first bloom, when infant reason dawn'd,
And the young mind, unfolding every power,
Gave promise fair of manhood, transport fill'd
The mother's bosom, pondering every word
And action there. She now lamenting loud
Deplores him, from her vain embraces torn
By unrelenting fate, and fierce disease;
Like eastern storms that blast the opening year.

TO MISS N———M,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Lovely N——m! rise, and see
Modest morn resemble thee!
Ocean smiles with your repose,
Come to seas, where Venus rose!

Bathing, Dr. Pool observes,
Braces all the optic nerves.
'Heavens,' she cries, 'what idle whim!
Youthful eyes are seldom dim;
Mine can mark the distant sail,
Or lowing herds in Sussex vale;
Scarce a spire or cottage smoke,
Or cloud embracing mountain oak:
An object scarce of land or sea
Rises unperceiv'd by me.'
True—but eyes that distant roam,
Frequent fail for scenes at home.
Let example make me clearer,
Place yourself at Shergold's mirror!
Every mild reflected grace,
That angel form, that angel face,
A world of wonders all can view,
Envy only blind and—you.

TO

THE MRS.'S R——S.

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

No, gentle Ladies!—he on Brighton's flood,
Who deck'd with N——s' name a feeble page;
For you, the guardians of the fair and good,
Has arm'd no bitter stings of Satan's rage.

On impious necks the Muse of Vengeance treads,
For shameless Folly dips her shafts in gall;
While, dropping odours on your virtuous heads,
The dews of praise, a precious ointment, fall.

Your N———m's mind in every virtue grew,
  In every grace, beneath your sweet control;
In genuine lustre were preserv'd by you
  Her polish'd form, reflecting all the soul.

Her candid smiles, unconscious of their worth,
  Her blush of nature, without other dye;
You taught her modest eyes to love the earth,
  Or soar in flaming rapture to the sky.

Her, the best gift of Heaven, its gracious love
  Permitted to your guidance—come and share
The joy of virtuous souls, whose toils improve
  The talents [1] trusted to their fruitful care;

'Come, faithful servants'—hear a voice proclaim
  Your hymn of triumph—'tis no song of mine;
'Tis Heaven that calls you to partake your fame
  With God the giver, and this gift divine.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Here Charles lay shelter'd, from this desart shore
He launch'd the bark, and brav'd the tempest's roar;
He trusted here the faith of simple swains,
And ocean, friendlier than the Worcester [2] plains.
No beauteous forms, as now, adorn'd it then,
The downs were pathless, without haunt of men.

[1] Matthew xxv.
[2] Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, escaped to France in a fishing-boat, from Brighthelmstone.

One shepherd wander'd on the lonely hill,
One village-maid explor'd the distant rill.
But mark the glittering scenes succeeding these;
See peopled all the shores, and healing seas;
Yet, friend to Britain, flows alike the wave
With India's treasures, and defrauds the grave.
Had Fate now plac'd him on this fairy land,
The thoughtless Charles had linger'd on the strand,
Nor danger chill'd, nor high ambition fir'd
That wanton bosom, by the loves inspir'd:
His languid sails the monarch here had furl'd,
Had gain'd a N——m's smile, and lost the world.

TO MISS G———,

FROM BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Come, Stella, let us climb the heights
  Where purer spirits flow,
And upward point our mental flights,
  And mock the scenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds
  Of Pleasure's wanton chase,
But range beyond material bounds,
  Eternity, and space!—

Come, read in ocean's ample page,
  Explain the cause that guides,
That bridles now, and now to rage
  Precipitates the tides.

In glory see the planets roll,
  Their laws, their measure, scan:
Nor there confin'd, explore the soul,
  And liberty, and man!

On soaring pinions let us shoot,
  Like him, the bird of Jove!
—'What waste,' she cries, 'in such pursuit,
  An age of life and love!

'With eagle flight and eagle view
  Let Newton sail the sky!
But what am I? or what are you,
  Philosopher?—a fly:

'Vain insect! now aloft he springs
  To drink the liquid light,
And quenches now his flagging wings
  In angry seas and night.

'Ah, fool! to quit his reptile state
  Amid fresh dews and flowers!
Be his the justly purchas'd fate,
  The sober lesson ours.

'From clouds descending, let us try
  What humbler regions give!
Let others soar to fall and die!
  'Tis ours to creep and live.'

ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G———.

No more let science tempt thy searching eyes.
  Beyond the bounds prescrib'd to mortal sight,
No more adventrous mount the lofty skies,
  And, daring, penetrate the realms of light.

With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand
  In every smiling valley, fertile plain;
Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,
  Revere his wisdom in the stormy main!

Nor thoughtless view the vast tremendous sea,
  Whose course impetuous power divine restrains;
Whose rushing tide, control'd by Heaven's decree,
  Forbears to violate the flowery plains.

Nor yet confine to these thy wandering sight,
  While splendid gems the face of Heaven adorn;
Nor heedless view the radiant lamps of night,
  Nor heedless view the sun that gilds the morn:

But turn with praise to HIM who reigns above,
  Supreme o'er works that speak Almighty power;
O! turn a grateful bosom breathing love,
  And learn the noblest lesson—to adore!

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Go, mournful spirit, wing thy dreary way,
Leave a lov'd mansion, leave the cheerful day;
A naked wanderer on the winter's wind,
Ah leave, reluctant, youth and strength behind!
Not long a wanderer, to that happier shore
Be Heaven thy guide, where mourning is no more!
In purer mansions, in a form divine,
Immortal youth, immortal joy be thine!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

O YOU, who mark what flowerets gay,
  What gales, what odours breathing near,
What sheltering shades from summer's ray
  Allure my spring to linger here:

Yet see me quit this margin green,
  Yet see me deaf to pleasure's call,
Explore the thirsty haunts of men,
  Yet see my bounty flow for all.

O, learn of me—no partial rill,
  No slumbering selfish pool be you:
But social laws alike fulfil;
  O flow for all creation too!

TO THE THAMES.

NEARER to my grove, O Thames!
Lead along thy sultry streams,
Summer fires the stagnant air,
Come and cool thy bosom there!
Trees shall shelter, zephyrs play,
Odours court thy smiling stay;
There the lily lifts her head,
Fairest child of nature's bed.
  Oh! Thames, my promise all was vain:
Autumnal storms, autumnal rain,
Have spoil'd that fragrance, strip'd those shades,
Hapless flower! that lily fades.—
What? if chance, sweet evening ray,
Or western gale of vernal day,
Momentary bloom renews,
Heavy with unfertile dews
It bends again, and seems to cry,
'Gale and sunshine, come not nigh!
Why reclaim from winter's pow'r
This wither'd stalk, no more a flow'r!'
Such a flower, my youthful prime,
Chill'd by rigour, sapp'd by time,
Shrinks beneath the clouded storm:
What? if Beauty's beaming form,
And Cambrian virgins' vocal air
Expand to smiles my brow of care:
That beam withdrawn, that melting sound,
The dews of death hang heavier round,
No more to spring, to bloom, to be,
I bow to fate and Heaven's decree.

Come then, Cambrian virgin, come,
With all thy music seek my tomb,
With all thy grace, thy modest state,
With all thy virtues, known too late!
Come, a little moment spare
From pious rites and filial care!
Give my tomb—no heartfelt sigh,
No tear convulsing pity's eye!
Gifts of too endearing name
For you to grant, for me to claim;
But bring the song—whose healing sounds
Were balm to all my festering wounds.
Bring the lyre—by music's pow'r
My soul entranc'd shall wait the hour,
The dread majestic hour of doom,
When through the grave, and through the gloom,
Heaven shall burst in floods of day:
Dazzled with so fierce a ray,
My aching eyes shall turn to view
Its milder beams reflect from you.

TO MISS K—— P——.

Gentle Kitty take the lyre
Thy magic hands alone inspire!
But wake not once such swelling chords
As rouse Ambition's stormy lords,
Nor airs that jocund tabors play
To dancing youth in shades of May,
Nor songs that shake old Picton's tow'rs,
When feast and music blend their pow'rs!

But notes of mildest accent call,
Of plaintive touch and dying fall;
Notes, to which thy hand, thy tongue,
Thy every tender power is strung.—
Cambrian maid, repeat that strain!
Soothe my widow'd bosom's pain!
Its passions own thy melting tones;
Sighs succeed to bursting groans;
Soft and softer still they flow,
Breathing more of love than woe;
Glistening in my eye appears
A tenderer dew than bitter tears;
Springing hope despair beguiles,
And sadness softens into smiles.
  I quit thy lyre—but still the train
Of sweet sensations warms my brain.
What? though social joy and love
Forget to haunt my sullen grove:
Though there my soul, a stagnant flood,
Nor flows its own or others good,
Emblem of yon faded flow'r,
That, chill'd by frost, expands no more:
The dreary scene yet sometimes closes,
When sleep inspires, on beds of roses,
Such dear delusions, fairy charms,
As Fancy dreams in Virtue's arms.
For see, a gracious form is near!
She comes to dry my falling tear:
One pious hand, in pity spread,
Supports my else unshelter'd head;
The other waves, to chase away
The spectres haunting all my day:
She calls—above, below, around,
Sweet fragrance breathes, sweet voices sound—

Such a balm to wounded minds,
Gentle Kitty, slumber finds;
Such a change is misery's due—
—Who wakes to grief should dream of you.

TO MISS K—— P——.

Ah! bow to music, bow my lays
To beauty's noblest art!
To reach the bosom mine the praise,
But thine to melt the heart.

'Tis mine to close Affliction's wounds,
To brighten Pleasure's eye:
But thine, by sweet dissolving sounds,
To make it bliss to die.

My notes but kindle cold desire,
Ah! what you feel for me!
Diviner passions thine inspire,
Ah! what I feel for thee!

Associate then thy voice, thy touch,
O wed to mine thy pow'rs!
Be such at least, nor blush at such,
Connubial union our's!

TO MISS K—— P——.

Why, Kitty, with that tender air,
Those eyes to earth inclin'd,
Those timid blushes, why despair
Of empire o'er mankind?

Ah! know, that Beauty's surest arms
  Are candour, softness, ease;
Your sweet distrust of pleasing charms
  Is half the charm to please.—

Respect your own harmonious art!
  For love securest wounds,
Securest takes the' imprison'd heart,
  Entranc'd by magic sounds!

If flowers of fiction's growth, you call
  This wreath that truth bestows;
Survey around your Attic wall
  Each pencill'd [1] form that glows:

And ask the youths! what heavenly fair
  Their tenderest vows inspires?
If Juno's more than regal air,
  Or fierce Minerva's fires?

'Tis bashful Venus they prefer,
  Retiring from the view;
And what their lips address to her,
  Their bosoms feel for you.

TO MISS K—— P——.

Your bosom's sweet treasures thus ever disclose!
  For believe my ingenuous confession,
The veil meant to hide them, but only bestows
  A softness transcending expression.

'Good Heaven!' cries Kitty, 'what language I hear!
  Have I trespass'd on Chastity's laws?
Is my tucker's clear muslin indecently clear?
  Is it no satin apron, but gauze?'

[1] Drawings from antique statues.

Ah, no!—not the least swelling charm is descried
Through the tucker, too bashfully decent;
And your apron hides all that short aprons can hide,
From the fashion of Eve to the present.

The veil, too transparent to hinder the sight,
Is what modesty throws on your mind:
That veil only shades, with a tenderer light,
All the feminine graces behind.

TO MISS K—— P——.

Si un arbre avoit du sentiment, il se plairoit a voir celui qui le cultive se reposer sous son ombrage, respirer le parfum de ses fleurs, gouter la douceur de ses fruits: Je suis cet arbre, cultive par vous, et la Nature m' a donne une ame. MARMONTEL.

Amid thy native mountains, Cambrian fair,
Were some lone plant supported by thy care,
Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chilling powers,
In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers,
By thee reviving: did the favour'd tree
Exist, and blossom and mature by thee:
To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,
With vegetable life, a nobler sense:
Would it not bless thy virtues, gentle maid?
Would it not woo thy beauties to its shade?
Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,
To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit,
Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy rest,
Give all its flowers to languish on thy breast,
Reject the tendrils of the' uxorious vine,
And stretch its longing arms to circle thine?

Yes; in Creation's intellectual reign,
Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain,
Dividing, blending, form the' harmonious whole:
—That plant am I, distinguish'd by a soul.

TO MISS K—— P——,

WITH ANSON'S VOYAGE.

RAPTUR'D traveller, cease the tales
Of Tinian's lawns, Fernandes' vales;
Of isles, concentering Nature's charms,
Lapt in peaceful Ocean's arms;
Of that Hesperian world, which lies
Beneath the smile of southern skies,
Where Zephyr waves unflagging wings,
Where Albion's Summers, Latian Springs
Join thy autumns, smiling France,
And lead along the' eternal dance!
  These enchanting scenes, and all
That wake to form at Fancy's call,
And all the sportive pencil traces,
Are feeble types of living graces;
Of moral charms, that mental throne
Unclouded Beauty calls her own:
Where all the Sun's meridian blaze
Is twilight gloom to Virtue's rays.
There with richer blended sweets
Wedded Spring her Autumn meets;
There Fernandes' brighter shore,
There a purer Chili's ore,
Fruits and flowers are there combin'd
In fairer Tinian—Kitty's mind.

THE

COMPLAINT OF CAMBRIA.

TO MISS K—— P——, SETTING TO MUSIC, AND SINGING ENGLISH VERSES.

DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE WELSH ORIGINAL.

DEGENERATE maid, no longer ours!
Can Saxon ditties suit thy lyre?
Accents untun'd, that breathe no pow'rs
To melt the soul, or kindle martial fire?
It ill becomes thee to combine
Such hostile airs with notes divine,
In Cambrian shades, the Druids hallow'd bounds,
Whose infant voice has lisp'd the liquid Celtic sounds.

Revere thy Cambria's flowing tongue!
Though high-born Hoel's lips are dumb,
Cadwallo's harp no more is strung,
And Silence sits on soft Lluellyn's tomb:
Yet songs of British bards remain,
That, wedded to thy vocal strain,
Would swell melodious on the mountain breeze,
And roll on Milford's wave to distant echoing seas.—

O sing thy sires in genuine strains!
When Rome's resistless arm prevail'd,
When Edward delug'd all my plains [1],
And all the music of my mountains fail'd;

[1] Edward I. put to death all the Welsh Bards.

When all her flames Rebellion spread,
Firmly they stood—O sing the dead!
The theme majestic to thy lyre belongs,
To Picton's lofty walls, and Cambrian virgins' songs.

ON AN ASIATIC LADY.

O you who sail on India's wealthy wave,
Of gems and gold who spoil the radiant East;
What oceans, say, what isles of fragrance gave
This fairer treasure to the joyful West?
What banks of Ganges, and what balmy skies
Saw the first infant dawn of those unclouded eyes?

By easy arts while Europe's beauties reign,
Roll the blue languish of their humid eye;
Rule willing slaves, who court and kiss the chain,
Self-vanquish'd, helpless to resist or fly;
Less yielding souls confess this Eastern Fair,
And lightning melts the heart that milder fires would spare.

Of gods, enamour'd with a mortal dame,
Let Grecian story tell—the gifts display
That deck'd Cassandra, and each honour'd name
Lov'd by the god, who guides the golden day:
See! Asia triumphs in a brighter scene;
A nobler Phœbus woos her Summer's smiling Queen.

Sublimer sense, and sprightlier wit to please,
That Phœbus gave; he gave the voice and lyre,
That warble sweeter than the spicy breeze,
He gave what charms meridian suns inspire;

What precious rays from Light's pure fountain stream,
What warm the diamond's blaze and ruby's flaming beam.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER DRESS.

Ah, envious robe! to frustrate Heaven's intent,
Concealing beauty from the eye of day;
Beauty to man by gracious Nature sent
To cheer the wanderer on his lonesome way.

One Power who wak'd Aurora's smiling light
Gave skies their azure, and gave vales their green,
Form'd the quick sense for wonder and delight,
Made eyes to see, and Laura to be seen.

Curs'd be the' eclipse that plunges morn in night,
And jealous clouds that shade the landscape's [scene;
On envious robes severer curses light;
That veil the beauties of my summer's queen!

Ah, Laura! cruel Laura! why constrain
In Art's fantastic drapery, Nature's ease?
Why, form'd to empire, empire's arts disdain?
Why, born for pleasure, still refuse to please?

Nor yet these folds on folds, this load of dress,
Shall bar approaches to poetic love;
No—where the Graces sport in sweet recess,
'Tis Fancy, bold intruder, joys to rove:

Fancy, pursuing where my Laura flies,
With wanton gales forbidden charms reveals;
Betrays her slumbers, and with eager eyes
The panting breast devouring, dreams it feels.

Fancy, indulgent to her votary's prayer,
  Shows where, sequester'd from the sultry beam,
The limpid wave but ill conceal'd the fair,
  With virgins sporting in her Ganges' stream.

TO THE SAME.

Ah, Laura! while graces and songs,
  While smiles, winning smiles you impart;
Indulgence but nurses desire,
  I sigh for that treasure, your heart.

'Yes, take, too presumptuous,' she cries,
  'All that Virtue can wish to receive;
Yes, take all that Virtue can grant,
  A heart I had never to give.

'The Maid of the North, like the lake
  That sleeps by her peaceable cot,
Too languishing lives but for one,
  Forgetting the world, and forgot.

'But born where my Ganges expands,
  To no partial channels confin'd,
Unfix'd to no object, I flow
  With innocent smiles on mankind.

'Our Asia's bright dames, like their sun,
  Cheer all with benevolent reign,
Coy moons Europe's daughters but light
  A single disconsolate swain.'

ON

READING THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

Ah! Dorimant, victim to Love,
  Too fatally caught in his wiles,
Can you in fair Laura approve
  Those diffusive, those general smiles?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire
  Which the sun-beams of Asia impart;
Can a daughter of Europe desire
  To change with your Laura a heart?

No!—happier the temperate mind,
  Which, fix'd to one object alone,
To one tender passion confin'd,
  Breathes no wishes, no sighs, but for one.—

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,
  Though secluded she lives in a cot;
Yet, rich in the love of her swain,
  She's contented, and blesses her lot.—

Ah! say, if deserving thy heart,
  The too undistinguishing fair,
Who to thousands can raptures impart,
  And the raptures of thousands can share?

Ah! say, does she merit those lays?
  Those lays which true passion define?—
No—unworthy the Fair of thy praise,
  Who can listen to any but thine.

SONG.

HANG my lyre upon the willow,
  Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn:
Or, along the foamy billow
  Float the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Sprightly sounds no more it raises,
  Such as Laura's smiles approve;
Laura scorns her poet's praises,
  Calls his artless friendship love:

Calls it love, that spurning duty,
  Spurning Nature's chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
  Sports with fallen Virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning
  Truth with dark Suspicion's wound;
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
  Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love—that name is given,
  Angels, to your purest flames:
Such a love as merits Heaven,
  Heaven's divinest image claims.

LAURA'S ANSWER,

TO MISS G——.

SOON be thy lyre to winds consign'd,
  Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep,
For while such strains seduce my mind,
  How shall my heart its purpose keep?

Thy artful lays, which artless seem,
  With too much fondness I approve;
Ah! write no more on such a theme,
  Or Laura's friendship—ends in love.

REPLY TO MISS G———.

Sappho, while your Muse of fire,
  Listening to the vocal spheres,
Sits and tempers to her lyre
  Airs divine for mortal ears:

Viewing higher orbs that glow,
  Ever constant, ever true,
Still she dreams to find below
  Perfect forms, as Heaven and you.

Blame not Asia's fair, who glances
  Random smiles in heedless ease,
Shifts at will her wayward fancies,
  Pleasing all, whom all can please;

Blame her not—no envied treasure
  Is the tenderer, feeling heart,
Bosoms quick to keener pleasure
  Beat, alas! as quick to smart.

Who with eyes that ever languish,
  Still to desarts sighs alone?
Who consumes her youth in anguish?
  She who keeps a heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treason,
  Fortune's frowns, parental power,
Blast her in the vernal season,
  Bend her, unsupported flower.

Happier she, with pliant nature
  Fleeting, fickle as the wind;
She, who proving one a traitor,
  Turns to meet another kind.

Blame her not—with Asian rovers
  What can Asia's fair pursue?
What? but lessons taught by lovers,
  Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why should faith, obsequious duty,
  Soothe an eastern tyrant's scorn?
Who but rifles joyless beauty,
  Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadness sits by Ganges' fountains;
  How can echo cheer the vale?
What repeat from fragrant mountains?
  What but grief and horror's tale?

What but shrieks of wild despair?
  What but shouts that murder sleep?
There the struggling, fainting fair;
  There—but see my Sappho weep!

Change the strain!—this mournful measure
  Melts, oppresses virtuous hearts—
Sappho, wake thy lyre of pleasure!
  Sing of Europe's happier arts!

Sing of all the mingled blessing
  Reason, tempering passion, knows;
All the transport of possessing
  Unpluck'd beauty's willing rose!

Sing of that refin'd sensation
  Mutual melting bosoms prove,
Souls exchang'd, sweet emanation,
  Separate being lost in love!

Rapture's tears, voluptuous stream!
  Languor stealing sorrow's sighs;
Sing of love—thyself the theme!
  Sing of love—thyself the prize!

TO MISS G———.

Ah! leave, you cry, the harp unstrung,
  For Fortune shifts her fickle wind:
Resume thy lyre, on willows hung,
  To sing the fair, no longer kind.

No—nearer view my alter'd state,
  For fear too high, for hope too low;
Beneath the victor's joyful fate,
  Yet far above the captive's woe.

The charms of sense no more beguile;
  On Reason's lap I lay me down:
If claiming now no beauties' smile,
  Appears it just to meet their frown?

Light insects they, of gaudy hues,
  Admire the glare of youthful day,
Still bathe in morn's, not evening's dews,
  From shades of autumn fleet away.

Behold their train of captains, beaux!
  Disdain my breast, disdain to sigh!
To these the fair, the rivals those,
  The son of Jove's be my reply:

'Ah, why desert the' Olympic games?
  Aspire to victory!' Philip cries:
'I come,' young Ammon fierce exclaims,
  'If kings my rivals, thrones the prize.'

Yes, letter'd maid! my soul approve,
  The seat no more of vain desires:
Extinguish'd there the flame of love,
  Extinguish'd there Ambition's fires!

To save from vice, from folly save,
  What aid can beauty, power, afford?
Unworthy love to call thee slave,
  Unworthy crowds to call thee lord!

Pure reason, yes; pure truth—but why,
  Ah, why! rebellious heart declare,
With flattering pulse and stifled sigh,
  That other tenants harbour there?

Go—tranquil Hope, by turns to dwell,
  Expelling Reason Pleasure's court,
Expelling Passion Wisdom's cell:
  Go—Reason's, Passion's mutual sport.

Vain dreamer!—rather both revere,
  But neither's sole dominion own:
When Heaven assign'd to each their sphere,
  It never meant excluding one:

Excluding which?—objections wait
  On vain pretensions either forms;
Alike to life's salubrious state
  Ye both are fatal—calms and storms.

TO LAURA,

ON HER RECEIVING A MYSTERIOUS LETTER FROM A METHODIST DIVINE.

THE Doctor wakes early—half drest in his cassock,
He steals from his consort to write; [hassock
She sleeps—and sweet Heaven is invok'd from his
To lengthen the trance of her night.

Now he writes to the fair, with what fervour he
Heaven's glory concern'd in her fame; [paints
How he raves upon grace, and the union of Saints,
Idolatry, raptures, and flame!

Equivocal priest, lay solemnity by,
Deceiver thyself, or deceiv'd!
When you kneel to the idol of beauty, and sigh,
Are your ardours for Heaven believ'd?

Will the heart that is kindled from passions below
Ascend in pure spirit above?
Ah! analyse better, as blended they glow,
The flames of religion and love.—

Quit the Teacher, my fair one, and listen to me,
A Doctor less grave and severe!
Who eternity's joys for the virtuous can see,
Consistent with happiness here.

Still reverence, I preach, those endearing relations
Of daughter, of parent, of wife:
Yet I blame not your relish for slighter sensations
That sweeten the medicine of life.

Know, the virtue it cherishes Heaven will reward,
  But attend to no blasphemous tales,
That the blaze of the Deity shines unimpair'd,
  Though human infirmity fails.

Know your God as he is, wise, good, beyond measure,
  No tyrant in horrors array'd,
But a Father, who smiles on the innocent pleasure
  Of amiable creatures he made!—

Still please, and pursue his benevolent ends,
  Still enrapture the heart and the ear!
I can swear for myself, and believe for my friends,
  Our morals improve as we hear.

If the passions are waken'd by harmony's charm,
  Their breezes waft health to the mind;
What our reason but labours, vain toil! to disarm,
  By virtue and song are refin'd.

Ah! listen to me, in whose natural school
  Religion leads Truth by the hand!—
Who regulates faith by a mystical rule,
  But builds his foundation on sand!

By the winds of unreconcil'd principles driv'n,
  Still fluctuates the Methodist's plan;
Now he wishes you chaste for the glory of Heav'n,
  —Now frail—for the pleasure of man.

TO THE SAME.

ON POLITICS.

From moments so precious to life,
  All politics, Laura, remove;
Ruby lips must not animate strife,
  But breathe the sweet language of love.

What is party?—a zeal without science,
  A bubble of popular fame;
In Nature and Virtue's defiance,
  'Tis Reason enslav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madness, or fashion,
  Where knaves only guess what they mean;
'Tis a cloak to conceal private passion,
  To indulge, with applause, private spleen.

Can I, plac'd by my Laura, inquire,
  If poison or claret put out
Our Churchill's satirical fire,
  If Wilkes lives with ears or without?

When you vary your charms with your patches,
  To me 'tis a weightier affair
Than who writes the northern dispatches,
  Or sits in the President's chair.

When, by Nature and Art form'd to please,
  You sing, and you talk, and you laugh;
Can I forfeit such raptures as these,
  To dream of the Chamberlain's staff?

Secure under Brunswick and Heaven,
  I trust the state-vessel shall ride;
To Bute let the rudder be given,
  Or Pitt be permitted to guide.

At Almack's when the turtle's well dress'd,
  Must I know the cook's country, or starve?
And when George gives us Liberty's feast,
  Not taste, till Newcastle shall carve?

Yet think not that wildly I range,
  With no sober system in view;
My notions are fix'd, though they change,
  Applied to Great Britain and you.

There, I reverence our bright constitution,
  Not heeding what Calumny raves;
Yet wish for a new Revolution,
  Should rulers treat subjects as slaves.

Here, the doctrine of boundless dominion,
  Of boundless obedience is mine;
Ah! my fair, to cure schism in opinion,
  Confess non-resistance is thine.

TO LAURA.

FAREWELL TO THE ROSE.

Go, Rose—in gaudy gardens wilt thou bloom,
  Far from the silent vale of peace and love?
On fluttering insects lavish waste perfume,
  Or deck the fickle wreath that folly wove?

And yet the fragrance of thy evening hour,
  Ambrosial odours, yet to me refuse?
To me, who pay thy sweets, ungrateful flow'r!
  With rich returns of incense from the Muse?—

Who but the Muse transplants thee, short-liv'd Rose!
  From mortal regions to celestial seats?
By memory's fountain, where thy buds disclose
  Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.

SONG TO * * * *.

WHAT! bid me seek another fair
  In untried paths of female wiles?
And posies wreathe of other hair,
  And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah, no!—my dying lips shall close,
  Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;
Nor praising him who life bestows,
  Forget who makes that gift a blessing.
My last address to Heaven is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

PENROSE.

Before his sage revolving eyes
Various phantoms seem'd to rise

Drawn by Rich.d Westall R.A.

Engraved by N. Schiavonetti.

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OF

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COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

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CONTENTS.

	Page
To three Ladies on the Death of a favourite Parroquet	5
A Tale	6
On a Disappointment	7
To Miss Slocock	9
Elegy on leaving the River of Plate	11
Elegy to the Memory of a Sister	12
To Mrs. Penrose, on her Wedding Day	15
Madness	16
Mortality	19
Poverty. A Fragment	21
The Hermit's Vision	25
Carousal of Odin	29
The Harp. A Fragment	30
The Field of Battle	32
Friendship	34
Disappointment. A Fragment	ib.
The Curate. A Fragment	35
The Helmets	38
Donnington Castle. A Fragment	40
Address to the Genius of Britain	42
Essay on the Contrarieties of public Virtue	47

Page
The Justice..... 55
The Navy. A Fragment..... 57
A Fragment..... 58
Early Grey Hairs..... ib.
Bagatelle..... 59
On the Birth-Day of Miss S. C..... ib.
Verses written at Bristol..... 60

ADDRESSED TO

THREE LADIES,

ON THE

DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROQUET.

DEEP from your hallow'd silent shades,
Attend, attend, ye tuneful maids;
Ye Muses, haste along:
Inspire the tender, moving lay,
For surely such a mournful day
Demands a serious song.

See where with pity's force oppress'd,
(While rising sorrows heave each breast)
Three gentle Sisters weep.
See how they point with streaming eyes,
Where Parroquetta slumbering lies,
Her last, eternal sleep.

In vain the pride of beauty's bloom,
The vivid dye, the varied plume
O'er her fair form were spread:
In vain the scarlet's blushing ray,
Bright as the orient beam of day,
Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection,—all
Together undistinguish'd fall
Before the' opposing Fates.
The lisping tongue, the silver hairs,
One common ruin overbears,
One common lot awaits.

Then calm, dear Maids, your woes to peace,
With unavailing sorrow cease
Your favourite to deplore;
For know, the time will surely come
When *you* (though now in beauty's bloom)
When *you* shall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,
Ere yet those moments fly;
For Fate has doom'd this lot severe,
The brightest belle, the loveliest Fair,
Like Parroquets, must die.

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT AT ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS, 1779.

High on the cliffs tremendous side,
That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,
Three lasses chanc'd to stray;
To pluck the casual flowerets bent,
Regardless of the rough ascent,
They wound their dangerous way.

Till slowly mounted to the height,
They turn'd their view in wild affright,
  And shuddering mark'd the steep:
O! then, what grief bedew'd each eye,
To think one slip, one step awry,
  Might plunge them in the deep!

A priest, whom soft emotions press
To succour damsels in distress,
  That instant trod the shore:
With happy strength and steady pace,
Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd base
  Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth;—the careless hour
May seek a gay, but treacherous flower,
  Whose honey turns to gall:
While the kind parson's timely aid
May rescue many a tottering maid,
  And—save from many a fall.

WRITTEN

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRURY 5, 1762, IN THE CLOISTERS OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXON;

On being disappointed of going to the Assembly at Newbury, Berks.

Loud howl the winds around this awful pile,
  A dusky light the pale-eyed moon-beams shed;
While I amid the long-drawn cloister'd isle,
  Silent and sad, the letter'd pavement tread

Where, low in earth——ah! never more to rise,
  Unnotic'd, unregarded, and unknown,
Full many a shrouded student sleeping lies,
  O'er whom still weeps the monumental stone.

Here, as I pace the hallow'd gloom along
  Where at this hour no other foot dares rove;
Quick on my mind what dear ideas throng,
  How heaves my heart, and melts with faithful love.

See, see my Chloe rises to my view,
  In all the pride of youth and virtue's charms!
Swift as the winds the fair one I pursue,
  But clasp an empty phantom to my arms.

Methinks I see the dance's circling round,
  The cheerful music, hark! methinks, I hear!
The viol sweet, and hautboy's gladsome sound,
  And sprightly tabor strike my wondering ear.

But ah! again the pleasing dream is gone;
  Swift as the gales, see! see! it flies away;
And leaves me wretched, darkling, and alone,
  Amidst this melancholy scene to stray.

O! hear, ye gods, accept my humble pray'r!
  Grant me, O! grant my heart's fond, best desire;
Give to my faithful arms, my constant Fair;
  Give this——nor wealth, nor honours I require.

TO

MISS SLOCOCK,

OF NEWBURY, BERKS,

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE AMBUSCADE, JAN. 6th, 1763, A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE ATTACK OF NOVA COLONIA DO SACRAMENTO, IN THE RIVER OF PLATE.

THE Fates ordain, we must obey;
This, this is doom'd to be the day;
The hour of war draws near:
The eager crew with busy care
Their instruments of death prepare,
And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breast with such an ardour warms,
As Britons only know:
The flag of battle waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye;
With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere Death his conquests swell;
Let me to Love this tribute pay,
For Polly frame the parting lay;
Perhaps, my last farewell:

For since, full low among the dead,
Must many a gallant youth be laid,

Ere this day's work be o'er;
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes
Who saw this morning's sun arise,
Shall see it set no more.

My love, that ever burnt so true,
That but for thee no wishes knew;
My heart's fond, best desire!
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,
And only with my latest breath,
With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heart-felt sigh)
My past sad errors, O forgive!
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But hark! the voice of battle calls;
Loud thundering from the towery walls
Now roars the hostile gun;
Adieu, dear maid!—with ready feet,
I go prepar'd the worst to meet,
Thy will, O God, be done!

ELEGY

ON LEAVING THE RIVER OF PLATE,

After the unsuccessful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 Guns, the Ambuscade of 40, and the Gloria of 38, in which the former was unfortunately burned, with the greatest Part of her Crew[1]*; and the two latter obliged to retire in a very shattered Condition.*

WHILE the torn vessel stems her labouring way,
  Ere yon blue hills sink ever from my view;
Let me to sorrow raise the tribute-lay;
  And take of them my long, my last adieu!

Adieu! ye walls; thou fatal stream farewell;
  By war's sad chance beneath whose muddy wave
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
  Full many a Briton found an early grave.

Beneath thy tide, ah! silent now they roll,
  Or strew with mangled limbs thy sandy shore;
The trumpet's call no more awakes their soul!
  The battle's voice they now shall hear no more!

In vain the constant wife and feeble sire,
  Expectant, wish their lov'd return to see;
In vain their infant's lisping tongues inquire,
  And wait the story on their father's knee.

[1] Out of 340 persons on board, only 78 escaped.

Ah! nought avails their anxious, busy care;
  Far, far they lie, on hostile seas they fell;
The wife's, sire's, infant's joy, no more to share,
  The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.

Learn then, ye Fair, for others' woes to feel,
  Let the soft tear bedew the sparkling eye;
When the brave perish for their country's weal,
  'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt sigh.

Ah! glorious Drake! far other lot was thine,
  Fate gave to thee to quell the hostile pride;
To seize the treasures of Potosi's mine,
  And sail triumphant o'er La Plata's tide.

But Providence, on secret wonders bent,
  Conceals its purposes from mortal view;
And Heaven, no doubt with some all-wise intent,
  Denied to numbers what it gave to few.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARY PENROSE,

WHO DIED DECEMBER 18, 1764, IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

Heard ye the bell from yonder dusky tow'r?
  Deep, deep it tolls the summons of the dead;
And marks with sullen note the solemn hour,
  That calls Maria to her earthy bed.

O! come, ye mournful virgin train, attend;
  With musing step, the hallow'd place draw near;
View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,
  Now silent, slumbering on the sable bier.

Come ye, who join'd in friendship's sacred tie,
  With her engag'd in pleasure's guiltless scene;
Who shar'd with her the tender, social joy,
  Wove the gay dance, or trod the flowery green;

Mark here, O! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies
  The breast that once with youth's warm tide beat
    high;
Read your own fate in her's;—in time be wise,
  And from her bright example learn to die!

Like drooping lilies cropt by wintry wind,
  For fate has doom'd the hour when die you must,
Must leave the world's fantastic dreams behind,
  And sleep, and mingle, with your parent dust.

Say, are your forms with youth's soft graces dress'd?
  Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brightest bloom?
So once was her's—by you—by all confess'd,
  Till death untimely swept her to the tomb.

Her eyes beam'd out, how innocent, how meek!
  At whose rebuke vice shrunk abash'd and pale;
Like vernal roses blush'd her modest cheek,
  Like them as lovely, and like them as frail.

How was she skill'd the softest breasts to move!
  Of hardest hearts the passions rough to bend;
How was she skill'd to win the general love!
  How form'd to bless the husband or the friend!

With meek-soul'd charity, with pitying hands,
  To misery oft her little store she gave;
Now she herself our flowing tears demands,
  And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her dusty couch in firm repose,
  Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumberer lies;
Her beauty faded like the blasted rose,
  Mute her sweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant eyes.

Full many an hour of agonizing pain
  She, patient sufferer, bore her lot severe;
Well did the anguish of her soul restrain,
  Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.

Midst life's last pangs Religion lent her aid,
  And wip'd with lenient hand her misty eyes;
With bless'd assurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,
  And bade her hopes, high-soaring, reach the skies.

There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,
  Whose hallow'd hymns their Maker's glories raise,
She shines, refulgent in the blaze of light,
  And swells with raptur'd voice the note of praise.

Look down, bless'd saint, O! turn a pitying eye!
  If yet in Heaven a brother's name be dear:
In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,
  And lead me far from vice's baneful snare.

Teach me, whate'er my future lot shall be,
  To God's just Will my being to resign:
Teach me to sail through life's tempestuous sea:
  And like thy latest parting hour be mine!

TO

MY DEAREST WIFE,

ON OUR WEDDING-DAY, 1768.

The happy morn's arriv'd at last,
That binds our nuptial union fast;
And knits our plighted vows in one,
With bonds that ne'er can be undone.
Can I be backward then, to pay
The tribute of this joyful day?
Can I refuse my voice to raise,
And hymn to God the song of praise?
No—surely gratitude demands
This humble action from my hands,
And bids me bless that God who gave
Safe passage o'er the stormy wave;
Who turn'd the shafts of war aside,
And bless'd me with so lov'd a Bride.
O! be that season ne'er forgot,
When Hope itself could flatter not,
When doubts were all my soul's employ,
Nor dar'd I paint the present joy.
But yet, my love, be mine the blame,
Thy goodness ever was the same;
The fault was mine, misguided youth!
When Folly held the place of Truth,
And Vice and Error's syren smile
My artless bosom did beguile.
What, though by heedless heat misled,
To war and foreign climes I fled,

Forsook thy love, and peaceful ease,
And plough'd, long plough'd, the Southern seas;
Yet, though unworthy of thy care,
Thy kind, dear love, pursued me there,
And midst the battle's horrid strife
Thy tender prayer preserv'd my life.
God heard thy prayers, my heart's lov'd queen!
His shield protected me unseen;
His favour kept me safe from harms,
And lodg'd me in thy faithful arms:
Be't then my task, with grateful breast
To hush thy every care to rest,
And make thee, while thy love survives,
The happiest of all happy Wives!
Yes, yes, my dear, the nuptial vow
Shall ever bind as strong as now;
My duty I shall ne'er forego,
No change, no other wish I'll know;
But still I'll prove to life's last end,
The kindest Husband, truest Friend.

MADNESS.

Swell the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires!
All thy answers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis Madness' self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee;*
Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Frenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge and Malice swell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
Hope in disappointment lost—
And injur'd Merit, with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
On Thule's desart shores,
Wild raving to the' unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming [hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight;
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black depair.

Not so the love-lorn Maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason, still the same:—
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to Pity's tears the poor distracted Fair.
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross'd,
She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things:
She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry mischief fills his brain.
Blanket-rob'd, and antic-crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around;
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles, [wiles.—
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmost soul!
'Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
To finish miseries equal to your own.'—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child:—
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all!

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and Heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide:
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingering, flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Fate's best dependance lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too close they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the descriptive song—
Nature shudders at the sight:—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group, low drop Compassion's veil.

MORTALITY.

'Twas the deep groan of death
That struck the' affrighted ear!
The momentary breeze—the vital breath—
Expiring sunk!—Let Friendship's holy tear
Embalm her dead, as low he lies.—
To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wise.

Wisdom! set the portal wide—
Call the young, and call the vain,
Hither lure presuming Pride,
With Hope mistrustless at her side, [Gain.
And Wealth, that chance defies, and greedy thirst of

Call the group, and fix the eye—
Show how awful 'tis to die—
Show the portrait in the dust:—
Youth may frown—the picture's just—
And though each nerve resists—yet yield at length
they must.

Where's the visage, that awhile
Glow'd with glee and rosy smile?
Trace the corpse—the likeness seek—
No likeness will you own:
Pale's the once social cheek,
And wither'd round the ghastly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of sight,
The windows of the soul?
No more with vivid ray they roll—
Their suns are set in night.

Where's the heart, whose vital power
Beat with honest rapture high—
That joy'd in many a friendly hour,
And gave to misery many a sigh?—

Froze to a stone!—And froze the hand
Whose grasp affection warm convey'd;
Whose bounty fed the suppliant band,
And nourish'd Want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief—
To silence agonizing grief—
To soothe the breast in tempest tost,
That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion lost?

'Tis the departed worth, though sure
To gash the wound, that works the cure:—
'Tis Merit's gift alone to bloom
O'er the dread horrors of the tomb;
To dry the mourner's pious stream,
And soften sorrow to esteem.

Does Ambition toil to raise
Trophies to immortal praise?
Trust not, though strong her passions burn,
Trust not the marble's flattering style,
—Though Art's best skill engrave the urn—
Time's cankering tooth shall fret the pile.—

POVERTY.

Hie thee hence! thou spectre foul,
Fiend of misery extreme;
Hence! nor o'er yon dwelling scowl
With blasting eye, while to thy haggard scream
The midnight wolf accords his famish'd howl,
And maddening wretches loud in agony blaspheme.

Hence!—from the artless bard keep wide aloof—
Fly rather to *his* hated roof,
Who, deaf to Mercy's soft control,
Can steel with rugged edge the soul;

Plundering, unmov'd the orphan's cry can hear,
Or from the widow'd lip the scanty morsel tear:—
But pass *him* by, the wooer mild
Of Genius, friend to all, Nature's ingenuous child.

Constant toil, and coarsest fare,
Long indeed the village hind
In silent apathy may bear,
While o'er his brow Health's rosy wreath is twin'd:
While his passions sluggish flow,
Borne on life's pacific round;
Nor aims his highest wish to know [bound.
Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandsire's farthest

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his lot,
When the pale visage of Disease
Frowns on his humble cot, [knees.
When sinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble

There, oft, unheeded on the ground,
May Sickness, Age, and Want be found,
United all in one forlorn abode,
Of grief each singly own'd a melancholy load.

From the damp and earthy bed
The sufferer lifts his aching sight in vain:—
Despair hangs weeping o'er his head:
Sad pallet this for ease! sad comforter in pain!

Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,
Pour your oil, and pour your wine:
Wipe from tears the misty eye;
Charity's a ray divine— [shine.
A ray that lights the soul with brightest beam to

Why withhold the little boon?
Seems it much, ye sons of wealth,
Glittering moths of sunny noon—
Plum'd with gold of joy and health? [soon!
O think! a blast may come, yourselves may perish

Yet, different in this common state,
What different care attends your happier fate!
Fading you may sure receive
All wayward fancy craves, all soothing art can give:
While, with equal wants oppress'd,
The child of Misery heaves his labouring breast,
Cheer'd by no kind assisting powers,
Scarce with such crumbs sustain'd as hungry Health devours.

Melt, in soft compassion melt,
Ye gentle, wail the' unletter'd peasant poor:
Yet keener far, as more severely felt,
Does Penury haunt the' ill-omen'd scholar's door;
He calls for all your tears; give these, if nothing more.

Warm'd his soul with genial flame
In youth's gay spring was bid to rise,
To pant for science, thirst for fame,
And hope fair Merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale
Of praise was echo'd to his ear;
Full many a promise (flattering gale!)
Foretold the wish'd-for port was near.

Awhile it blew—then died away,
Like breezes with declining day,
And left him, wondering wretch! forsaken quite,
In Poverty's dead calm, and Disappointment's night.

What avails the' expanded mind,
Tutor'd in the choicest lore?
The suffering body lags behind,
Nor lets the rising spirit soar:
Call'd home—what stoic pride the soul can steel,
When every sinew's rack'd, and every nerve must feel?

What avails the glowing heart,
The eye that glistens at distress;
The wish all blessings to impart,
Or make at least a brother's sorrow less?
From Trouble's spring the deepest draught he drew,
Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for others too.

At the sad mistaken gate
When the maim'd veteran takes his suppliant stand,
Struck with the hapless warrior's state,
Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.—
——'Tis empty—See! his lids o'erflow,
To send undol'd away the hoary son of woe.

Love too—for in the lowliest cell
Chaste love with purest flame may dwell—
His love—what sorer can befall?
Is doom'd to sour its sweets, and dash his cup with gall.

Before the husband's and the father's eyes,
Stormy clouds in prospect rise,
The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan;
These and more he makes his own—
For ah! the faithless world by him too well is known.

For these the homely robe, the scanty board,
While life in toil is lingering on,
The drudge of science may afford :—
But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor life is gone?

No friend may rise, but many a foe
Will deck his visage with a smile,
Will hide in softest words the basest guile,
And, while he soothes the most, will strike the deepest blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,
When his daughter's ripening bloom
Swells into agony his fear
Of the fell spoiler's den—fair Virtue's early tomb.

THE HERMIT'S VISION.

MILDLY beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing through the grey serene:
Silver'd by her modest light,
But faintly shone the solitary scene,
With deepening shadows mix'd, and glittering breaks between.

High on a cliffy steep, o'erspread
With many an oak, whose ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,
And cast an umber'd gloom and solemn awe beneath.

High on a cliffy steep a Hermit sat,
Weighing in his weaned mind
The various turns of mortal fate,
The various woes of human kind;

Meek pity's pearl oft started in his eye,
And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent sigh.

Silent was all around,
Save when the swelling breeze
Convey'd the half-expiring sound
Of distant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

'No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell,'
Struck the sequester'd Anchoret's ear;
Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,
For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to fear.

But still, the world's dark tempests past,
What though his skiff was drawn to shore,
And shelter'd in retirement fast,
Yet oft his voyage he would ponder o'er;
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle through!

Before his sage revolving eyes
Various phantoms seem'd to rise,
Now retreat, and now advance,
And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,
Thoughtless of the distant day;
Sweet Complacence, angel mild,
Hied from the frantic pageant far away;
For she was Wisdom's favour'd child,
In revelry untaught to stray.

Joy led the van—her painted vest,
Flowing to the' obsequious wind,
Hope had seiz'd, with fluttering breast,
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd, till busy Fear
Whisper'd in her startled ear,
'How many a cup is dash'd with gall,
How many an evil may befall!'
Aghast awhile, she heard the ruthful song,
Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hastier danc'd along.

Close Love follow'd in the train,
Love, the queen of pleasing pain:
Placid now in dear delight,
Maddening now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born Jealousy.

'Twixt Pride and lust of Grandeur led,
Next Ambition rear'd her head,
By Frenzy urg'd o'er every bar to rise,
And seize the visionary prize:
Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,
Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she found.

Pale as the waning moon,
With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,
Withering before life's sunny noon,
Grief crept along in sad amaze,
By many a stroke to keenest misery brought,
Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward thought.

As the rous'd tiger gaunt and fell
Kindles into cruel rage,
With flashing glare, and murderous yell—
Thus Anger past the' ideal stage,
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,
Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and slow,
Malice was content to go,
Patient the distant hour to wait,
And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate.
Secret long her wrath she'd keep,
Till Time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard deep.

To Malice link'd, as near allied,
Envy march'd with baneful lour;
Detraction halted by her side,
Upheld by Falsehood's feeble power.—

'No more!—no more!' the holy Seer exclaim'd,
Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,
Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,
And plunge in all the energy of woe.

'Grant then the boon, all-gracious Heav'n,
Let Reason ever take the helm;
Lest, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,
The pinnace frail some gust may overwhelm!

'Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear
From Error's perils she may safely steer;
Till Death shall bid each trial cease,
And moor the shatter'd bark in peace!'

THE

CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

FILL the honey'd beverage high,
Fill the skulls, 'tis Odin's cry:
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thundering through the vaulted hall?
'Fill the meath, and spread the board,
Vassals of the grisly lord.'—

The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome:
In stalk the various forms, and dress'd
In various armour, various vest,
With helm and morion, targe and shield,
Some quivering lances couch, some biting maces wield: [crest.
All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the

The feast begins, the skull goes round;
Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.
The gust of war subsides—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged brow.

'Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!'
Cries Hilda, with disorder'd breath:
Hell echoes back her scoff of shame
To the inactive revelling Champion's name.
'Call forth the song,' she scream'd:—the minstrels came——
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

'Joy to the soul,' the Harpers sung,
'When, embattled ranks among,
The steel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
(Banners waving o'er his plume)
Foremost rides, the flower and boast
Of the bold determin'd host!'

With greedy ears the guests each note devour'd,
Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faithful sword.
The fury mark'd the' auspicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

'Joy to the soul! a joy divine!
When conflicting armies join;
When trumpets clang, and bugles sound;
When strokes of death are dealt around;
When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;
And every gauntlet drips with gore.'—

The charm prevail'd, up rush'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along;
Fierce Odin's self led forth the frantic band,
To scatter havoc wide o'er many a guilty land.

THE HARP.

Borne on Fancy's wing along,
High soars the bard's enraptur'd soul:
Round him floats the joy of song,
Round him airs ecstatic roll:
Resistless charm! each swelling vein [strain.
Owns the accustom'd flame, and throbs to pour the

Spirit of Ossian!—through the gloom
Of ages deepen'd into night,
See it bursting from the tomb,
O'er it gleams a holy light!
See! it waves its master-hand; [band.
Assembling o'er the heath quick glide the minstrel

They wake the sleeping chords!—the magic tone,
(That sooth'd the dying warrior's groan,
That lur'd to sing the latest breath,
And mock'd with smiles the frown of death,)
Ideal, now renews the powerful spell;
The listening Shades, a grisly host,
Spring from the narrow cell, [mighty ghost.
And hail with lengthen'd shout the' enchanter's

Thine too, Cadwallo! whom to save
In vain the heavenly science sued,
Starts from Arvon's rocky grave,
With bloody streams embrued:
Bound in the brotherhood of woe,
The Druid-choir unites, their tears harmonious flow.

Wild as they sweep the' aërial lyre,
Arresting fast the passive ear,
Fiercer glows the poet's fire,
O melody belov'd! O art for ever dear!

Ruthless tyrant,—yield to fate:
Nor Folly's scorn, nor Rancour's hate,
Though opening wide the sluice of gore, [lore.
Could quench the skill divine, could drown the mystic

Long!—long indeed 'twas mute! thy feeble prey,
Fall'n the hoary minstrel's lay:—
While, sickening o'er the mournful ground,
The conquer'd bands oft turn'd the ear in vain:

No more was heard the soul-inspiring sound—
—But, faster in Despair's sad fetters bound,
Each hung his head amaz'd, and dragg'd the servile chain.

Wintry, thus the storm of war
Froze into sloth the captive mind:
Till growing Freedom burst the icy bar,
And loos'd the arts that hell for ever strove to bind.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting Terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung and lowr'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame:
With Edgar o'er the wintry main
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
  In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
  Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,
  (The torrent bursting from her eye)
She heard the signal for the fight—
  While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
  Yet scarce could urge the' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confess'd—
  Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few—but deadly words,
  Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
'That in the foremost strife of swords
  The young, the gallant Edgar fell.'

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
  At every sound her blood congeal'd;
With terror bold—with terror pale,—
  She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
  She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
  And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
  Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;
—Of comfort glad, the drear caress
  The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled
  When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-buried with the hostile dead,
  And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,
—The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the Fair,—though fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.

FRIENDSHIP.

Distill'd amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Though Pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near;
To Friendship's Sun alone 'tis given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

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So sigh'd Horatio, on a tomb reclin'd,
  Beneath a mouldering chapel's ivied wall:
His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his sickly mind,
  And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall.

Horatio, to whose lot was not denied
  Keen Sensibility with all her woes:
By many a painful test his heart was tried;
  His was the thorn, while others won the rose.

Yet, why should thorns his honest breast invade,
  Since all the Charities were fondled there?
Why should thy seat, Benevolence, be made
  The haunt of hapless Grief and pining Care?

Fill'd with an ample soul, that would adorn
  Fair Independence, he began his day:
Full many a promise smil'd upon his morn:
  Morn chang'd to eve—each promise died away.

He wish'd,—nor can you call his wishes bold;
  He hop'd,—for sure his friends were not a few;
He hop'd,—for many a flattering tale was told,
  And the safe harbour pointed to his view.

The soft delusion play'd before his sight
  Just to mislead;—for soon, alas! he found
His dawn of joy o'ercast with sudden night,
  His air-built vision totter'd to the ground.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

Oe'r the pale embers of a dying fire,
  His little lamp fed with but little oil,
The Curate sat, (for scanty was his hire)
  And ruminated sad the morrow's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
  The stated lectures of the coming tide;
No day of rest to him—but day of care,
  At many a Church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him spread his various sermons lay,
  Of explanation deep and sage advice;
The harvest gain'd from many a thoughtful day,
  The fruit of learning, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but tearful eye,
  Awhile he paus'd, for sorrow stopp'd his throat,
Arous'd at length, he heav'd a bitter sigh,
  And thus complain'd, as well indeed he mote:

'Hard is the scholar's lot, condemn'd to sail
  Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave;
Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
  To waft him to one port—except the grave.

'Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keel,
  With youthful ardour and bright science fraught;
Unanxious of the pains, long doom'd to feel,
  Unthinking that the voyage might end in nought.

'Pleas'd on the summer-sea I danced a-while,
  With gay companions, and with views as fair;
Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
  My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.

'Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
  To highest flights, to crosier and to pall,
Scarce could I mourn the missing of the prize,
  For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

'No towering thoughts like these engag'd my breast,
  I hop'd (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
  The scheme of duty suited to the man;

'Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
From vile dependence free, I might remain,
The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
The friend, the shepherd, of the village swain.

'Yet cruel fate denied the small request,
And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,
Beyond the chance of remedy, to rest
The slave of wealthy pride and priestly pow'r.

'Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
In distant chapels hastily to pray,
By nod scarce notic'd of the passing throng,
"'Tis but the *Curate*," every child will say.

'Nor circumscrib'd in dignity alone
Do I my rich superior's vassal ride:
Sad penury, as was in cottage known,
With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

'Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,
The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;
To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

'When at the altar, surplice-clad, I stand,
The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee;
The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
The splendid present centres not in me.'

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THE HELMETS.

A FRAGMENT.

The scene of the following event is laid in the neighbourhood of Donnington Castle, in a house built after the gothic taste, upon a spot famous for a bloody encounter between the armies of Charles and the Parliament.

The prognostication alludes to Civil Dissention, which some have foretold would arise in England, in consequence of the disputes with America.

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
Through the whole mansion, save an antique Crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep (fell harbinger of death)
Of a sick Boteler [1].—Above indeed
In a drear gallery (lighted by one lamp,
Whose wick the poor departing seneschal
Did closely imitate,) pac'd slow and sad
The village Curate, waiting late to shrive
The penitent when 'wake: scarce show'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
That grac'd the wall.—On this and t'other side
Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly group
Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
And horses' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient Chivalry.—Through the stain'd pane
Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of such pow'r
As mark'd the clouds, black, threatening over head,
Full mischief-fraught;—from these in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent blaze

[1] Bouteiller, butler.

Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind sung surly; with unusual clank
The armour shook tremendous:—on a couch
Plac'd in the oriel [2] sunk the Churchman down:
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?——
'I hear it!' cries the proudly-gilded Casque,
(Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy
In slaughterous deeds) 'I hear amidst the gale
The hostile spirit shouting—once, once more,
In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—
There will be work anon.'————
————'I'm waken'd too;'
Replied the sable Helmet (tenanted
By a like inmate) 'Hark!—I hear the voice
Of the impatient Ghosts, who straggling range
Yon summit, (crown'd with ruin'd battlements,
The fruits of civil discord). To the din
The Spirits, wandering round this Gothic pile,
All join their yell—the song is war and death—
There will be work anon.'
————'Call armourers, ho!
Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—
I brook no dallying'————
————'Soft, my hasty friend,'
Said the black Beaver; 'neither of us twain
Shall share the bloody toil—war-worn am I,
Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate
To my once master—since unsought, unus'd,
Pensile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride
Has nought to boast—the fashion of the fight
Has thrown your gilt and shady plumes aside,
For modern foppery;—still do not frown,
Nor lowr indignantly your steely brows,

[2] A projecting window.

We've comfort left enough. The bookman's lore
Shall trace our sometime merit ;—in the eye
Of antiquary-taste we long shall shine :
And as the scholar marks our rugged front,
He'll say, " this Cressy saw, that Agincourt:"
Thus dwelling on the prowess of his Fathers,
He'll venerate their shell. Yet, more than this,
From our inactive station we shall hear
The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints
Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls ;
Already hovering o'er the threaten'd lands
The famish'd raven snuffs the promis'd feast,
And hoarslier croaks for blood—'twill flow.'

————'Forbid it, Heaven!
O shield my suffering Country !—shield it !' pray'd
The agonizing Priest.

DONNINGTON CASTLE.

Blow the loud trump of war—wide to the gale
Unfurl the painted banner—from the breast
Tear the mild sympathies of charity,
And fan the battle's fire.—What boots it now
If Briton fight with Briton ! ——Is there one
To whom these shouts give joy? can there be one
So steel'd, so frantic with envenom'd rage
Of party feud, as to forego the mark
Of fair humanity?—Reckless to pluck
The blossoms from the olive, and dye them red
Deep in a brother's blood?—If such there be,
(Cain's heir legitimate) O let him turn
His fierce eye to the desolated crown
Of many a batter'd hill—to many a heap
Of ruins scatter'd through this worried land,

Scenes once of civil strife, but now become
Familiar to the lowliest village swain.
If there be one within this fertile vale [blood,
(Fertile through peace) who yearns for acts of
Direct his view, Divine Benevolence!
To yonder awful but instructive pile
Of grandeur fallen,—on the indented ridge
Stands eloquent the siege-worn monitor,
That speaks from every stone;—from every wound
That bor'd its strong yet vain resisting side,
Truth tells a solemn lesson.—To the ear
Of warm poetic fancy speaks the ghost
Of Chaucer, prime of bards, who caught the souls
Of Ladies born for love, and e'en could lure
For some soft season, the stout rugged hearts
That fill'd the steel-clad warriors of his age,
And made them listen to his syren voice
Half-angry—yet unwilling to be gone.
'Tis Chaucer hails, from the drear ivied tower,
The gaze of idle visitants,—but once
The seat of all the Muses—where his court
Kept Phœbus, gladden'd at the powerful call
That woo'd him to our Albion:—round him play'd
Old Comus jocular, with many a glee
Promoting social laughter;—many a Grace
Stole in amidst the cheerful throng, and sooth'd
The bashful maiden, while with blushing joy
She hearken'd to her all-accomplished Knight.
Chaucer, the prime of bards!—with festive song
Oft has he charm'd the variegated group
Within yon ancient walls—walls that no more
Resound with jocund minstrelsy.—The owl
There shrieks her ominous note, the raven hoarse
Joins in the horrid discord: direful change!

ADDRESS

TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

Come, genial spirit, to the earnest call
Of the true patriot! wheresoe'er thou art,
O! mark the summons! whether airy borne
In hasty progress, pleas'd, thou skimm'st the edge
Of the white bulwark; from the steepy height
Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain:
While on the pebbled shore, scarce heard so high,
The surf breaks foaming. In the distant view
Full frequent pass the womby labourers
Of Commerce, or the gaily floating pride
Of naval armament. Or whether deep
In midland occupation glad thou seest
The various labours of the cheerful loom:
Or Agriculture, whistling at the plough:
Whether the anvil-notes engage thy stay,
(Though dissonant, yet music to the ear
Of him who knows his country;) or the hum
Of the thick-crowded burse [1]; come and attend
To Britain's general good! 'Tis not the shout,
The din of Clamour, drunk with factious rage,
That hails thee; nor the well-dissembling tongue
Of mask'd Sedition, whose envenom'd rant
Urges the crowd to madness. Not to these
List heedful. 'Tis the cool persuasive voice
Of Reason woos.—Quick then, with brightest smiles
Of mild Humanity, adorn thy cheek:
Straight o'er the' Atlantic surge, with anxious haste,

[1] Exchange.

Seek out thy pensive daughter;—once as dear,
And closely twining round thy milky breast,
As was Augusta's self.—Yet now estrang'd—
Unhappily estrang'd! O by the hand
Take the fair Mourner; from her tearful eye
Wipe the dim cloud of sorrow;—to the throne
Present her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,
Most glorious boon, that to our latest sons
Will render thy soft influence doubly dear.
Look back, unmov'd by prejudice, look back
To Memory's mirror. Pictur'd there, we see
The happy times of Concord; when the arm
Of Manufacture plied the busy task
In various employment:—through the eye
Beam'd Cheerfulness, while all around her sons
Glad Industry pour'd forth from Plenty's horn
Abundant wealth:—hence to the crowded port
Pass, Thought; and mark the ants of Commerce store
The spacious hold; light ran the toilsome day,
Cheer'd by the hope of honest recompense.
The bark unmoor'd, see how the festive crew
Urg'd on her speedy course; not sad to quit
Their native soil, for in those happier days
America was home. There on the shore
Stood Expectation: friendly by her side
Smil'd Hospitality, with open breast,
Pleas'd to receive the sea-beat traveller:
Cherish'd, enrich'd, that traveller return'd
Blessing his double country.—These thy sweets,
Fraternal intercourse! But ah! how chang'd,
How sadly chang'd is now the present scene,
Pregnant with future griefs! in sullen state
Beneath the gloomy roofs dull Silence reigns,
Which erst in better times, resounded quick

With strokes of active business: at the forge,
Extinct, in pensive poverty the smith
Desponding leans, incapable to earn
The morrow's morsel, while with craving eye
Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,
Faint with despair.—O'er the deserted loom
The spider forms her web, poor evidence
Of human sloth or want.—Fain would the Muse
Suppress the mournful truth; yet forc'd to tell,
She weeps while she relates—How are they fall'n,
The sons of Labour, from their prosperous state
Degraded! How, alas! the crowded jail
Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope
Of fairer evenings to their toilsome morn!
Fill'd is each cell of sorrow and of pain
With daily victims:—debtors part, entomb'd
While living, and condemn'd to linger on
To life's last ebb, unpitied, unreliev'd.
Part felons, stamp'd the foes of social life
By Penury's rough hand, and driven to roam
The spoilers of the wealthy.—To distress
Abandon'd, scarce the ruin'd mind perceives
Its own peculiar sorrows; but sinks down
The creditor's fix'd prey—or to the law
Submits the needful sacrifice.—Sad fate [boast,
Of those, whom Heaven design'd their country's
The artizans of skill!—Nor on the banks
Of venerable Thames does woe preside
Less perilous;—Thames, the prolific sire
Of Britain's wealth: along his winding shores,
Unoccupied, moor'd to destructive sloth,
Whole fleets lie perishing: a forest, true,
But still a blasted forest: gloomy stalks
The unshipp'd mariner, and meditates

On foreign service.—Should some child of Hope,
Lur'd by the pleasing retrospect, once more
Spread his broad sail across the well-known sea;
Should he, amidst the wonders of the deep,
Give way to Fancy's dream, and fondly trust
To meet his wonted greeting: how recoils
The visionary voyage!—Not on the beach
Sit waiting Love and Amity to grasp
His hand, and lead him to their open bower.
No thronging crowds his proffer'd mart attend
With various traffic:—fled—affrighted—fled
Are all the little deities, that once,
Kind, o'er the social and commercial board
Hung hovering: in their room, sad change! appear
Stern Resolution, stoic Stubbornness,
And Independence;—in his hand each holds
His weapon, jealous of the passing breeze,
And deaf to ancient friendship.—In this pause,
This solemn pause, that halts 'tween peace and war,
O fly, bless'd spirit, in the royal ear
Whisper forgiveness;—midst the high behests
Of justice, let our ever-gracious Sire
Forget not mercy;—'tis the brightest gem
That decks the monarch's crown: nor thou, great
George,
Disdain the Muse's prayer; most loyal she,
In mild subjection down the tide of life,
Steers her light skiff.—Urg'd by the plaintive call
Of meek Humanity, O! pardon, now
If warm she pleads her cause.—The savage race,
That prowl the desart, or that range the wood,
Are won to tameness by the' attentive care
Of the kind gentle keeper.—Shame not man;
Nor say his heart's more fell:—'Tis easier far

To soothe by tenderness, than awe by pow'r,
Quit then the bloody purpose, nor persist
To conquer when the field is fairer gain'd
By reconciling.—To the' ungrateful toil
Commission'd, shuddering beats the soldier's heart.
Not so, when from the plough in eager haste,
Rous'd by the call to arms, the shouting bands
Rush'd emulous, reluctant none, nor held
By loves or home;—each burning to supply
The waste of war, and anxious to advance
The common glory.—Spiritless now and sad
Embark the destin'd troops: the veteran brave,
That dauntless bore the variegated woes
Of long-protracted war:—the veteran brave,
That won on many a plain the bloody palm
Of Victory, amidst the dying groans
Of slaughter'd thousands firmly undismay'd;
Now hangs in tender thought his honest front,
Averse to slay his brother:—at the word,
(Awful, yet sacred to his patient ear)
He lifts indeed the steel, while down his cheek
The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the wound
That bores his vitals, than the stroke he gives.
Say therefore, 'Sword be sheath'd,'—fair in the sky,
Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will spread
Its warm reviving ray—and every eye
That's misty now with sorrow, will grow bright,
And smile away its tears: the sunny beam
Of mild returning confidence will cheer
The kindred countries:—Commerce, on her couch
Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head,
Charm'd into health;—and from her various store
Will cull the sweetest flowers, and form a wreath
To crown the temples of her Patriot-King.

ESSAY

ON THE CONTARIETIES OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

SOCIETY, like thong of leather,
Fast binds in clusters men together;
And though it cannot be forgotten,
That some are ripe, and some are rotten,
Yet,—let it still be understood,
They all promote the general good.
For this the Patriot's fire arises,
That glows at every trying crisis,
With each inferior strife, and stir too,
Whence spring they? but from public virtue.
Though different plans, like streams, 'tis true,
By different rills their course pursue;
Though oft they seem, to mortals blind,
Repugnant to the end design'd,
Appearing, as by error led,
To flow through many a mazy bed;
Yet still at length we see them glide,
Meandering to the common tide.
  Smile on, ye grave, in deep derision,
I shrink not from my proposition,
But still aver all Britons merit
The praise of Patriotic Spirit;
As far as e'er their power can stretch,
From N—— descending down to Ketch.
That statesmen guard the public weal,
We all must own, for all must feel:
'Tis their's to watch with ardour keen,
And careful drive the grand machine;

To charm the passengers from fretting,
And keep the whole from oversetting.
But still inferior hands may bring
Some little help,—may oil a spring,—
May point,—'There, round that corner turn ye,'
And wish the folks a pleasant journey.
All have their use,—there's nothing plainer,
From this each traveller's a gainer;
And, though the merits be but few,
Let's give to every imp his due.
This social fire though all possess,
In some there's nothing blazes less;
So many a close attempt is made,
O'er the bright flame to hold a shade,
To keep their worth from being known,
While conscience hugs itself alone:
As some of alms will never boast,
And look least pleas'd when giving most.
But, Cynics, spare the odd behaviour,
If well you walk, ne'er blame the pavier.
Should you, when wandering in the night,
Some scoundrel urge to set you right,
Now, though he blasts you with a curse,
You'll take the better from the worse,
Nor think the greeting ill-bestow'd,
If while he damns, he shows the road;
But straight jog home, no more affrighted,
Than if an honest watchman lighted.
Learn then the best to cull from evil,
As Saints take warning by the Devil.
And,—if the Muse, whose judgment nice is,
Shows public good in private vices,
The holiest tongue must cease to stir,
But instant own without demur,

While modest matrons start at Drury,
The thief's as useful as the jury,
Since both the mind strong truths impress on,
And teach the world an awful lesson.
Our various Patriots then revere,
Their hearts are sound, though manners queer:
Though some to outward vision seem
To sport in phrensy's antic dream,
The aims of each laborious self are
Intended for the public welfare.
This glorious end alone pursuing,
They, bold like Curtius, laugh at ruin;
For this, if we their schemes unravel,
They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.
  Enthusiast in the paths of Science,
Banks bade the stormy waves defiance;
Fair Nature's volume to explore,
He [1] fought with seas unsail'd before,
And earn'd, by Argonautic toil,
Fresh honours for his native soil:
Him Wisdom lov'd, thus worthy found,
And Britain hail'd him as she crown'd.
  But say—' Can one Adventurer's claim
Exhaust the trumpet voice of fame?
No garland has my country now,
To bind another pilgrim's brow?
Be mine the merit,'—Florio cries,
And cross the Channel gaily flies;
Through thick and thin, drives mad and giddy on,
Now here, now there, now in meridian,
(Unless perchance when Louis fail)
A meteor—with a fiery tail.

[1] With such mad seas the daring Gama fought.
THOMSON.

Think you his aim in each manœuvre,
Is but to scare the' astonish'd Louvre?
Ah no!—in all the dissipation
He loves the interest of his nation,
And, mindful of the Patriot rule,
For our instruction—plays the fool.
  Connubial faith,—the' unbroken vow,—
How bless'd! Who dares to disallow?
Lothario strong in this agrees,
And—urges every wife he sees;
Sure—if the' attack should fail upon her,
The sex is happy in her honour:
And,—if his stratagems surprise her,
Her fall may make the' unsteady wiser.
The husband from his doze may start,
And, though he long disdain'd her heart,
May look the thief with visage fierce on,
Who dar'd defile the slighted person.
'Draw—draw to set the matter right,'—
But is Lothario wrong to fight?
No,—Public Virtue swells his veins,
Whoever falls,—his country gains:
This none can doubt; your feelings ask, all;
For 'tis a gain to lose a rascal.
  When trade unclogg'd can turn its wheels,
The influence kind the kingdom feels;
Each hand, in fit degree and measure,
Contributes to the public treasure.
These truths Northumberland convince,
Who lives in just magnificence,
And,—while his bounty wide distils
For England's welfare—pays his bills.
  But different notions Cotta strike,
For why should Patriots judge alike?

It shocks his greatness to describe
How 'Peasants gall the Courtier's kibe,'
An upstart race, that no one knows,
Who yet have folly to suppose,
That honest wealth is better far
Than guilt and want beneath a star.
'Let every man preserve his station;
What's rule—without subordination?'
Till wiser heads confess the flaw,
And plan a sumptuary law,
Impatient some redress to get,
See Cotta plunges into debt,
(From bailiffs safe)—and much commends
This practice to his hungry friends:
So war is wag'd with every trader,
Dear Honour! lest the rogues degrade her:
And what contrivance is more sure
To humble,—than to keep them poor?
When in contention sharp of old,
As legendary tales unfold,
Two [2] rival deities design'd
Their choicest presents to mankind,
With envy kindling,—warm enforcer!
This gave an olive, that a courser.
Thus some,—as other plans have miss'd them,
Revere the vegetable system,
And think their virtue grounded sure
In growth of timber, and—manure.
Hence, up the slope plantations spread,
And crown the hill's once dreary head;
Hence, downward as the vale descends,
The harvest ocean wide extends;

[2] Minerva and Neptune.

Glad Britain—how these prospects charm her!
Her Medal[3] decks the Patriot Farmer,
Who counts his stock,—and hopes he's shown
His country's riches in his own.
Not so the 'Squire of boistrous spirit,
Who, studious of equestrian merit,
To thrifty care makes no pretences,
But scours the fields, and breaks the fences.
Vain may the tenant urge his speeches,
New till the soil, and mend the breaches,
Yet no restraint his landlord clogs;—
Devoted as a prey to dogs,
He hates ignoble frugal ways,
And—wild in the career of praise,
Cries, as he spurs his foaming steed,
'To me Old England owes the breed.'
Do various loads the nation press?
'Tis noble sure to make them less:
This Vigil does, and labours hard
To cog the die, or palm the card:
Profuse in packs, as round they lie,
He often turns the' applauding eye;—
And,—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,
Since his dear country shares the profit.
Keen Censure then her frown relaxes,
Without consumption what are taxes?
Taxes! But, 'why' Thersites growls,
Must every bird be stripp'd by owls?
Shall two or three, in pamper'd ease,
Lay contributions as they please,
While all the rest, in station humble,
Tame bear the loss,—nor dare to grumble!'

[3] Medals given by the Society for the encouraging Art and Sciences.

Peace, Snarler,—know, with steady soul
The Patriot can applaud the whole;
And justly crowns with equal praise
The man who levies, and who pays.
'Tis true, the Doctor of finances
By nostrums oft his fund enhances:
But then his skill in physic's great,
He knows the ailments of the state,
Intent, as suits the sad disaster,
To cup, prick, purge, or spread a plaister.
A plethora's now the case, there's needing
Strict regimen, and copious bleeding.
He therefore acts the subject best
Who scorns the order to contest;
But claps a calm contented face on,
And yields the most to fill the bason.
To give his part, through various stages
The Manufacturer engages;
And thinks there's merit at his door,
Whose business feeds the labouring poor,
While to the keen Exciseman's eyes
Accumulating duties rise.
'Curse on the drudge's dirty toil,'
Exclaims my haughty lord of soil,
(Though oft his title-deeds may rest
Safe in the usurer's iron chest;)
'Unpaid let other calls remain,
I'll still uphold my menial train;
Economy!—'tis base to court her,
Each Footman [4] is a state-supporter;
To balk the cause a coward's sin is,
I'll bravely pay the hundred guineas.'

[4] New tax on servants.

Deep Bibo soaks, and boasts the reason,
'Wine's the best antidote to treason,
Our bumpers large revenues bring,
I drink my claret for my King.'
Yet still his zeal by far surpasses,
Who empties first, then breaks the glasses[5].
How Fungus glows with patriot pride;
While credit pours an even tide!
Thus buoy'd along, through fairy scenes,
He clubs his share to ways and means;
At length the dun's incessant clamour
Dooms every chattle to the hammer;
Still there's decorum in his fall,
Since now the Auction[6] closes all.
Smile, Walpole's ghost[7], untaught to feign,
For private folly's public gain:
And bid old Cecil[8] smooth his brow,—
If England thrives,—no matter how.
Vespatian thus, the bee of money,
From every weed could gather honey:
Though squeamish Titus leer'd and laugh'd,
The wiser father bless'd the craft;
And, when his bags the cash was sure in,
Ne'er thought the tribute smelt of urine.

[5] New tax on glass-wares.

[6] Ditto on auctions.

[7] Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford.

[8] Probably William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, is here designated.

THE JUSTICE:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

COMPOS'D, the Justice sat in easy state;
A crowd assembling, thunder'd at the gate:
The porter, to his post accustom'd long,
First ask'd the cause, then introduc'd the throng:
Midst these, a sire enrag'd, two culprits brought,
Her swelling waist proclaim'd the damsel's fault;
The young seducer look'd abash'd and pale,
While thus the father urg'd his angry tale:

SONG.

See that wretch, base ends pursuing,
  Low has brought my child to shame—
See in her my honour's ruin,
  Death of honour, death of fame!

Well to match her ripening beauty
  Oft I've form'd the fondest schemes;
But this fall, this breach of duty,
  Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—

Curse the traitor's late repenting—
  Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
War recruits is ever wanting—
  Let him die on foreign land.

RECITATIVE.

He paus'd—for rage his faltering voice oppress'd—
The magistrate the trembling youth address'd,
Dispell'd his terrors with a rising smile—
And thus the youth began in artless style:

SONG.

If the laws I have offended,
  Here for pardon let me sue:
'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
  Love's the only crime I knew.

Love I plead, (be this prevailing)
  Love in early youth begun;—
We had never known this failing,
  Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
  Oft have own'd our mutual flame:
Wretched therefore if we've made him,
  On himself must rest the blame.

RECITATIVE.

He spoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,
Who deep encrimson'd made this short reply:

AIR.

Gracious sir, this faithful youth
Well has spoke the voice of truth.
Kind dispenser of the laws,
Show compassion to our cause—
Hear me on my bended knee—
Spare his life, and pity me.

RECITATIVE.

The Judge not long in useless silence sate,
But instant rose, and thus announc'd their fate:

AIR.

Relentless parent, since to me
Is now refer'd the last decree,
Mark and observe my just command,—
I doom him not to foreign land,

But to a sentence mild and kind—
Be both at Hymen's altar join'd;
And may their passion ne'er decay,
Till ebbing life shall sink away.

RECITATIVE.

The listening crowd the fair award approv'd,
The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.
While thanks and praises did their tongues employ,
They thus in chorus testified their joy:

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
  Friendship, when you fear'd a foe!
While the year revolves around,
  May your bliss revolving flow!

Parents, to your children's pleasure
  Be your close attention paid;
Nor for titles, pomp, or treasure,
  Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,
  Our best gratitude is due;
May each couple love like these—
  May each Justice act like you!

THE NAVY.

A FRAGMENT.

Down the variegated side
Of Edgecombe's far-recorded knoll,
(Joy of nereids, Cornwall's pride)
Where Art extends her mild control

But just to check what Nature's liberal hand
Has spread in gay luxuriance wide,
Of rocks, dells, groves, a fairy land;
The Muse, astonish'd, trac'd her lingering way,
Unsettled what to leave, and wondering where to
stay.

* * * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Scrannel pipe, of scanty tone,
Yield the prize, and yield it due—
Pan, if here, must surely own
From thee no heavenly rapture grew—
Thine's the frolic to advance
Rustic joy, and rustic dance.—
Merry glee, in many a round
Tripping o'er the daisied ground,
Prais'd thy note, while rival feet
Strove thy movements fast to meet.—

* * * * * *

EARLY GREY HAIRS.

O'er my head, e'en yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early snow—
Care, be gone!—a steady joy
Soothes the heart that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain
Endless winter's hoary wreath;
Vines, and fields of golden grain,
Cheer the happy sons beneath.

BAGATELLE.

Every hour a pleasure dies—
  What is thought, but nurse to sorrow?—
He, that wishes to be wise,
  Lives to day, and mocks to-morrow.

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF MISS S. C.

Exulting on the balmy gale,
  When Flora wakes the May-dew morn,
The Rose-bud all with rapture hail,
  Sweet glory of the loveliest thorn!
Each day refines the rich perfume—
  Glad Flora smiles—the zephyr blows—
While opening with a gradual bloom
  The favourite ripens to a Rose.

Thus in our Susan's shape and face,
  Respondent to her angel soul,
The growth of each attractive grace
  We mark—as annual circles roll.
Advance, ye years!—And every charm,
  Which Venus boasts, shall sure be given;
While fostering Friendship joys to form
  Her mind, the fairest work of Heaven.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THAT A GENTLEMAN AT THE HOTWELL, BRISTOL, HAD WRITTEN SATIRICAL VERSES ON A LADY. 1779.

For nobler purposes design'd
  Than puny war to wage,
What cause can sink a hero's mind
  To worse than woman's rage?

What female fault can rouse the soul
  To dip the rancorous quill?
How justify the' envenom'd scroll
  One female fame to kill?

If frailty aims the slight offence,
  What man perceives the smart?
O! let not bravery and sense
  Return the feeble dart.

O'er the soft sex love gladly throws
  Its adamantine shield,
And few are ever known their foes,
  Or try the' inglorious field.

Thus on the form of Beauty's queen
  One only Greek was found,
Rough Diomed, with weapon keen,
  Who dar'd inflict a wound.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.

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